

The Little Quail



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In a big, wide field, a little quail lived all by herself. Her feathers were soft golden-brown with cream speckles, and she had big, dark, round eyes. She was small and plump, about the size of a child's fist. Every day she pecked at seeds and bugs, and every night she slept under the tall grass. But lately, she felt a little worried. The field was changing, and she didn't know why.



The days grew shorter, and the air turned cool. The little quail noticed that the tall grass was turning yellow and brown. She heard a rumble in the distance, and her tiny heart beat fast. 'What is that sound?' she wondered. She fluffed her speckled feathers and looked around with her big, dark eyes. She didn't know what was coming, but she felt scared.



One morning, the little quail heard a soft rustling near a stone. Out popped a field mouse with warm grey-brown fur and a pale cream belly. He had large, rounded ears and bright black eyes. A small woven straw satchel hung across his body. 'Hello!' he squeaked. 'You look worried. What's wrong?' The little quail was surprised but happy to see a friendly face.



'The field is changing,' said the little quail. 'I hear strange sounds, and I don't have a safe place to nest.' The mouse twitched his pink nose and smiled. 'Don't worry,' he said. 'I know this field well. The harvest is coming, but we can find a cozy spot together.' The little quail felt a tiny bit better. 'Really?' she asked. 'You'll help me?'



The mouse nodded. 'Of course! My name is Milo. I've lived here all my life.' He patted his straw satchel. 'I have a few things that might help.' The little quail introduced herself. 'I'm Quilla,' she said. 'I'm new to this part of the field.' Milo's bright eyes sparkled. 'Then let's start looking,' he said. 'We'll find the perfect place for your nest.'



Milo led the way through the tall grass. Quilla followed, her thin pinkish legs moving quickly. 'Where should we look?' she asked. Milo pointed with his tiny pink paw. 'First, let's check under the tall grass,' he said. 'It's soft and hidden.' They searched and searched, but the grass was too thin. 'We need something safer,' Milo said. 'Let's keep looking.'



Next, they looked beside some soft stones. Milo scurried ahead, his long thin tail swishing. Quilla peeked around the stones. 'Is this a good spot?' she asked. Milo shook his head. 'It's too open,' he said. 'The wind blows here.' Quilla's tuft feather drooped. 'Will we ever find a place?' she sighed. 'Don't give up,' said Milo kindly. 'We'll find it together.'



They walked further into the field. The sun was warm, and the grass was thick. Quilla began to feel tired. 'Maybe I should just stay where I am,' she said. Milo looked at her with his bright black eyes. 'But you want to be safe, don't you?' he asked. Quilla nodded. 'Then let's try one more place,' said Milo. 'I know a special spot.'



Milo led Quilla to a quiet corner of the field. There was a big, bushy plant with lots of leaves. 'What about under here?' Milo suggested. Quilla looked closely. The leaves made a soft roof, and the ground was dry. 'It's nice,' she said. 'But is it safe from the harvest?' Milo thought for a moment. 'The harvester might not come here,' he said. 'But let's check around.'



They explored around the bush. Milo found a small hole that led to a cozy space. 'Look!' he squeaked. 'This could be perfect!' Quilla peeked inside. It was warm and dry, and the walls were made of soft earth. 'It's wonderful!' she chirped. But then she looked worried. 'Is it too small for me?' she asked. Milo measured with his tail. 'It's just right,' he said.



Quilla stepped inside the little nest. It was cozy and safe. 'I love it!' she said. 'But will you stay with me?' Milo smiled. 'I can dig a little tunnel nearby,' he said. 'Then we can be neighbors.' Quilla's big dark eyes shone. 'That would be wonderful!' she said. 'I won't be alone.' Milo took some straw from his satchel and began to make a soft bed.



Together, they worked. Quilla gathered soft grass with her small curved beak, and Milo arranged it neatly. They made the nest warm and snug. 'This is the best nest ever,' Quilla said. 'And I couldn't have done it without you.' Milo's pink nose twitched happily. 'That's what friends are for,' he said. Quilla felt happy and safe. She wasn't afraid of the harvest anymore.



The next day, they heard the rumble again. But this time, Quilla didn't feel scared. She knew she had a safe place and a good friend. 'The harvest is here,' she said calmly. Milo nodded. 'We're ready,' he said. They watched from their cozy spot as the big machine rolled by. It didn't come near their little home. 'See?' said Milo. 'We're safe.'



After the harvest, the field was quieter. Quilla and Milo sat outside their nests. 'Thank you for helping me,' Quilla said. 'I was so worried, but you made everything better.' Milo smiled. 'I'm glad we're friends,' he said. 'Now we can enjoy the field together.' They shared seeds and stories, and Quilla's tuft feather stood up proudly. She felt brave and happy.



From that day on, Quilla and Milo were best friends. They played hide-and-seek in the tall grass and shared tasty seeds. Quilla learned that even when things change, friendship makes everything easier. 'I'm not afraid of the harvest anymore,' she said. 'Because I have you.' Milo's bright eyes twinkled. 'And I have you,' he said. 'We're safe together.'



And so, the little quail and the field mouse lived happily in their cozy corner of the big field. Quilla's soft golden-brown feathers gleamed in the sun. She knew that no matter what season came, she would always have a friend to help her. Friendship had turned her worry into joy, and she felt safe and loved. The end.