

The Boy and the Little Dormouse



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In a cozy house at the edge of the woods lived a boy with warm light-brown skin and a mustard-yellow raincoat. Every morning, he pulled on his red rubber boots and filled his canvas satchel with a notebook and pencil. He loved to watch the little dormice that lived among the trees. They were tiny and golden-brown, with huge black eyes and fluffy tails that curled at the tip.



The boy walked along the safe paths through the forest, his grandmother beside him in her green cardigan. She carried a woven basket for collecting leaves. "Look," she whispered, pointing to a branch. A little dormouse peered down, its whiskers twitching. The boy smiled, showing the small gap between his front teeth. He carefully drew the dormouse in his notebook.



The boy's grandmother taught him about the trees: oak, hazel, and beech. "Dormice love hazelnuts," she said, her round glasses glinting. The boy watched a dormouse nibble a tiny hazelnut held in its paws. He noticed how the little creature hopped from branch to branch, never touching the ground. "They need trees to travel safely," he said. "The ground is full of dangers."



One day, the boy saw a dormouse trying to cross a wide, open path. The little creature hesitated, its big eyes wide. The boy held his breath. Finally, the dormouse dashed back into the bushes. "It's too risky," the boy thought. "They need connected trees, like green bridges." He opened his notebook and began to sketch a plan.



At home, the boy told his grandmother about his idea. "I want to build a model of safe tree corridors," he said. "Little green paths in the trees so dormice can travel without touching the ground." His grandmother smiled, her deep smile lines crinkling. "That's a wonderful idea," she said. "Let's gather twigs and moss from the forest to build it."



The next day, they walked the woods together. The boy collected twigs, moss, and small leaves. His grandmother helped him find the perfect pieces. "Trees are like a big family," she said. "They help each other, and they help the animals too." The boy nodded, thinking of the dormice. He couldn't wait to start building his model.



On the kitchen table, the boy laid out his materials. He built tiny trees from twigs and connected them with mossy bridges. He made little dormice from clay, with tiny tails that curled. His grandmother watched, her kind dark eyes twinkling. "You're making a safe path for our little friends," she said. The boy beamed.



When the model was finished, the boy called his friends to see. "Look!" he said. "The dormice can go from tree to tree on these green paths. They never have to cross the dangerous ground." His friends were amazed. They imagined the tiny dormice hopping along the mossy bridges. "That's so cool!" they cheered.



That evening, the boy took his model into the forest. He placed it gently on a stump. A little dormouse appeared, its huge eyes shining. It sniffed the model and then hopped onto a mossy bridge. The boy held his breath. The dormouse scurried across, its fluffy tail curling. "It works!" the boy whispered.



Word spread through the village about the boy's model. People came to see it. They marveled at the tiny trees and the little clay dormice. "This shows how important it is to keep our woods connected," the boy explained. "When trees are close together, wildlife can travel safely." Everyone nodded, understanding.



The boy's grandmother beamed with pride. "You've taught us all something important," she said. "Woodland connections support wildlife. We should protect our trees and keep them close together." The boy felt warm inside. He knew that even small actions could make a big difference for the forest and its creatures.



The villagers decided to plant more trees along the paths, creating real safe corridors for the dormice. The boy helped, his red boots muddy and his raincoat splattered. His grandmother worked beside him, her basket full of saplings. "We're building a green path for our little friends," she said. The boy grinned, showing his gap-toothed smile.



As the new trees grew, the dormice grew bolder. They were seen hopping from branch to branch, their golden-brown fur shining in the sunlight. The boy watched them from his favorite spot, his notebook open. He drew the little creatures, their tails curling around twigs. The forest felt like one big friendly home.



The boy's model stood in the village hall, a reminder of how connections help wildlife. People came to see it and learn. The boy explained his ideas to anyone who asked. "The dormice need trees to travel safely," he said. "And we can help by keeping the woods connected." His grandmother smiled, her silver bun bobbing.



One sunny afternoon, the boy sat under a big oak tree. A little dormouse scampered down and sat beside him, a tiny hazelnut in its paws. It nibbled happily while the boy watched. "We're friends now," the boy whispered. The dormouse twitched its whiskers, as if it understood. The forest was peaceful and safe.



The boy's grandmother came to sit with him, her woven basket empty but her heart full. "You've made a difference," she said. "The dormice are happy, and the forest is a friendlier place." The boy looked at his little friend, then at the green paths connecting the trees. He knew that with kindness and teamwork, anything was possible. And the forest truly felt like home.