

The Little Puffin



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On a windy cliff by the sea, a little puffin lived in a cozy burrow. His feathers were black and white, his face was white, and his beak was bright orange with a yellow ridge. He had round orange cheeks and a plump, round body. Every morning he watched the waves and wondered what adventures the sea might bring.



One day, a new bird landed on the cliff. It was a razorbill, slightly taller and slimmer than the puffin. His back was black and his belly was white, and his thick black beak had a neat white line. 'Hello,' said the puffin. 'I'm Puffin. Would you like to explore the sea with me?' The razorbill smiled. 'I'm Razorbill, and I'd love to.'



Puffin and Razorbill became fast friends. They fished together in the sparkling water and raced the waves. Puffin's orange webbed feet paddled quickly, while Razorbill's sleek black feathers helped him glide. 'You're so calm,' said Puffin. 'You're so cheerful,' said Razorbill. They laughed and played all day long, happy to have found each other.



One afternoon, the sky turned dark and the wind began to howl. 'A storm is coming!' cried Puffin. 'We need to find shelter!' Razorbill looked around. 'Over there!' he called, pointing with his beak. 'A sea cave!' They flapped their wings hard and flew toward the dark opening in the cliff, just as the first raindrops began to fall.



Inside the sea cave, the waves crashed loudly and the wind whistled at the entrance. Puffin huddled close to Razorbill. 'I don't like this storm,' he whispered. 'It's so loud and scary.' Razorbill stood steady and calm. 'We're safe in here,' he said gently. 'The cave will protect us.' Puffin felt a little better, but his heart still beat fast.



The storm grew fiercer. Thunder rumbled and lightning flashed outside the cave. Puffin trembled and pressed against Razorbill's sleek black side. 'What if the storm never stops?' he asked. Razorbill wrapped a wing around him. 'Storms always pass,' he said. 'We just need to wait together.' Puffin took a deep breath and tried to be brave.



Puffin remembered that kind words can help. 'You're a good friend, Razorbill,' he said softly. 'I'm glad we're together.' Razorbill nodded. 'So am I, Puffin. Your cheerful heart makes me feel strong.' They stayed close, sharing warm words while the storm raged. Puffin's round orange cheeks glowed with a tiny smile, and Razorbill's calm eyes watched over him.



To pass the time, they played a game. 'I spy something white,' said Puffin. 'My belly!' laughed Razorbill. 'I spy something orange,' said Razorbill. 'My beak!' giggled Puffin. They told stories about sunny days and silly fish. The cave felt less scary with each laugh. Their friendship was like a warm blanket in the cold storm.



Suddenly, a big wave splashed into the cave! Puffin jumped back, startled. 'Oh no!' he cried. Razorbill stayed calm. 'It's just water,' he said. 'We're seabirds—we love water!' He stepped forward and shook his sleek feathers. Puffin laughed. 'You're right!' He shook his plump body too. Together they splashed back at the waves, feeling braver.



The storm howled on, but Puffin and Razorbill helped each other. When Puffin felt scared, Razorbill reminded him to breathe slowly. When Razorbill grew tired, Puffin shared kind words to cheer him up. 'We make a good team,' said Puffin. 'Yes,' said Razorbill. 'Friends support each other, especially on stormy days.' They huddled close and waited.



After a long while, the thunder stopped. The wind grew quiet. A soft light peeked into the sea cave. 'Look!' whispered Puffin. 'The storm is ending!' Razorbill smiled his calm smile. 'I told you it would pass.' They stretched their wings and stepped toward the cave entrance, ready to see the world outside.



Outside, the sea was calm and the sky was clear. The sun shone on the wet rocks, making them sparkle. 'We did it!' cheered Puffin, hopping with joy. 'We were brave together!' Razorbill nodded. 'You were brave too, Puffin. Your kind words helped me stay calm.' They looked at each other and felt proud. Their friendship had grown strong.



Puffin and Razorbill flew back to their cliff. They told each other stories about the storm and laughed at the scary parts. 'I'm glad you were with me,' said Puffin. 'Me too,' said Razorbill. 'Friends make scary days feel safe.' They promised to always support each other, no matter what weather came their way.



From that day on, Puffin and Razorbill were the best of friends. They explored the sea, fished together, and watched the sky for storms. Whenever dark clouds gathered, they knew they could find a safe sea cave and help each other through. Their friendship was a treasure, shining brighter than any sunny day.



The little puffin learned something important: friends support each other. When you share kind words and stay calm together, even a big storm feels smaller. Puffin's orange beak smiled wide, and Razorbill's dark eyes twinkled. They knew that no matter what, they would always be there for each other.



And so, on the windy cliff by the sea, Puffin and Razorbill lived happily. They welcomed each new day with cheerful hearts, ready for adventures and ready to help each other. For they knew that true friendship means being there, especially on stormy days. And that is the story of the little puffin and his friend.