

The Little Woodland Newspaper



Aysel Banu YAVUZAL

The Little Woodland Newspaper

Aysel Banu YAVUZAL



Deep in the heart of the green woods stood a tall oak tree with a hollow door. That was Scribble the squirrel's home, and inside it she kept a tiny wooden desk, a pot of acorn ink, and a round green reporter cap with a pencil tucked behind one ear. Every morning she looked out at the busy forest and wished she could tell everyone all the news at once.



One sunny morning, Scribble met her friends under the oak. Hoppity the rabbit wore his blue vest and small round glasses, and he carried a notepad everywhere. Pip the robin fluttered down with a red scarf around her neck and a tiny camera on a strap. 'Let's make a forest newspaper!' said Scribble, her fluffy tail swishing with excitement. 'We can share true news with everyone!'



The three friends set to work. Pip flew high above the trees to spot what was happening, snapping pictures with her little camera. Hoppity hopped from bush to bush, asking gentle questions and writing careful notes. Scribble sorted every fact and printed the pages with acorn ink. Their first forest newspaper was a big hit, and friendly neighbors read it from top to bottom, laughing at the funny bits.



Every week the little newspaper grew. It told about a new nest in the tall pine, a berry bush ripening by the stream, and a mole who found a shiny pebble. Pip's photos made everyone smile. Hoppity always checked each story twice before it was printed. 'True news helps us care for each other,' he said, tapping his notepad with a pencil. The forest felt closer than ever.



Then one morning, something strange happened. A mole whispered to a mouse that a huge shape had been seen near the old hollow log. The mouse told a hedgehog that the shape had big glowing eyes. Soon the whole forest was buzzing. 'Have you heard?' cried the animals. 'There's a mysterious visitor in the woods!' Scribble frowned. Nobody seemed to know what was true.



Scribble called her friends to the oak tree. 'Everyone is telling a different story,' she said, unrolling a fresh sheet of paper. 'Some say the visitor is ten feet tall. Some say it has spiky fur.' Hoppity pushed his round glasses up his nose. 'Rumors grow bigger each time they are told,' he said. 'We should not print anything until we know the facts.'



Pip raised a brown-grey wing. 'I can fly over the woods and look,' she chirped bravely. 'If there is a visitor, I'll find them.' Scribble nodded and tucked her pencil more firmly behind her ear. 'Hoppity and I will check the ground. We'll ask questions, not spread guesses.' The three friends promised to meet back at the oak before sunset. Off they went.



Pip flew high above the treetops, her red scarf flapping in the breeze. She scanned the paths and the shadows, her shiny black eyes missing nothing. Near the old hollow log, she spotted a tall figure quietly picking berries. Pip did not swoop or shout. She perched on a branch and watched, taking one careful photo. Then she flew back fast to tell her friends what she had seen.



On the ground, Hoppity asked the hedgehog where the story started. 'A friend of a friend told me,' said the hedgehog, scratching his nose. 'I never saw the visitor myself.' Hoppity wrote that down. Scribble asked the mouse, who said the same. 'Nobody saw the big glowing eyes,' Scribble said. 'That is not true news. That is a rumor.' Her hazel eyes sparkled with determination.



The three friends met under the oak. 'The visitor is real,' said Pip, 'but they didn't look scary at all. They looked gentle and shy.' Hoppity read his notes aloud. 'Every story changed a little. Nobody saw a huge shape or glowing eyes.' Scribble looked at the half-written page on her desk. 'We almost printed guesses,' she said. 'But real reporters check first, then share.'



That evening, the three friends walked to the hollow log together. Behind a curtain of ferns sat Maple, a tall gentle creature with mossy green fur and big amber eyes. Maple wore a knitted brown vest and held a woven basket of berries. 'Hello,' Maple said softly. 'I just moved in. I was too shy to visit anyone.' Pip smiled her friendliest smile. 'Welcome to the woods!'



Scribble stepped forward. 'I'm sorry if we scared you,' she said. 'Some stories were being told that weren't true.' Maple's long soft ears drooped a little. 'I heard whispering,' Maple said. 'I thought nobody wanted me here.' Hoppity shook his head kindly. 'We didn't know you yet. Now we do. Would you like to meet our neighbors?' Maple's amber eyes lit up with hope.



Maple followed the three friends to the center of the woods, carrying the basket of berries. 'Everyone, this is Maple,' Hoppity announced. 'Our new neighbor!' The animals gathered close. Maple shared the sweet berries, and the hedgehog said thank you, and the mouse said hello. Soon everyone was chatting and laughing. The scary mystery was gone, and in its place was a warm new friend.



That night, Scribble wrote the true story. Hoppity read it twice and checked every word. Pip added a photo of Maple smiling beside the berry basket. The headline read: 'New Neighbor Maple Joins Our Woods.' The next morning, the forest newspaper arrived at every door. The animals read it together and smiled. 'So that was the mysterious visitor!' they laughed. 'We are glad we know the truth.'



After that, Maple helped the newspaper team every week. Maple carried heavy baskets of paper and knew where the sweetest berries grew. Pip took photos of new friends, Hoppity asked careful questions, and Scribble printed the pages with acorn ink. 'True news makes our forest kind,' Scribble said, tucking her pencil behind her ear. The friendly neighbors nodded, and the tall oak tree rustled happily.



From then on, whenever a strange story floated through the woods, the animals knew what to do. 'Check with the reporters!' they said. Scribble, Hoppity, and Pip would investigate together, and Maple would bring berries for the walk. The little woodland newspaper grew and grew, full of true stories and friendly faces. And every page reminded everyone that sharing accurate news keeps a community kind, happy, and connected.