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In the sunny bushland, where gum trees swayed and birds sang sweet songs, lived a little quokka. Her fur was golden-brown, and her cheeks were rosy. She carried a green grass satchel with a red flower tucked in the strap. Every morning she hopped along the winding path, smiling at everyone she met. 'Hello, bushland!' she chirped. 'What a lovely day!' The bushland seemed to smile back.

One morning, the little quokka saw someone new near the tall ferns. It was a wallaby with soft grey-brown fur and a light blue scarf. He stood very still, his big amber eyes looking down at his toes. His long tail rested on the ground. 'Hello,' said the quokka gently. 'I'm Quokka. What's your name?' The wallaby whispered, 'I'm Wallaby. I'm new here.'

'Welcome to the bushland!' said the quokka, her smile wide. 'Would you like to explore with me?' Wallaby peeked up shyly. He nodded just a little. Quokka showed him the best climbing logs and the cool, shady creek. 'It's nice here,' Wallaby said softly. 'But I don't know anyone.' 'You know me,' said Quokka. 'And I promise to always be kind.' Wallaby's ears perked up a tiny bit.

The next day, Quokka had a wonderful idea. 'Let's have a picnic!' she said. 'We can invite all the bushland animals.' Wallaby's eyes grew wide. 'But what if they don't like me?' Quokka patted his paw. 'They will love you. And I'll be right there.' They made little leaf invitations and hopped from burrow to nest, delivering them with cheerful hellos.

At the burrow of the old wombat, Quokka knocked politely. 'Picnic on Saturday!' she announced. The wombat smiled. 'I'll bring my famous honey cakes.' At the birds' nest, the magpies chirped, 'We'll sing a song!' The possum promised fresh berries. Wallaby watched as Quokka invited everyone with warmth. 'You make it look easy,' he whispered. 'It's just being friendly,' Quokka said.

On picnic day, the bushland buzzed with excitement. Quokka packed her satchel with sweet apples. Wallaby tied his blue scarf neatly. 'I'm nervous,' he admitted. 'What if I say something silly?' Quokka squeezed his paw. 'Just be yourself. Everyone gets nervous.' They hopped to the clearing where a big blanket was spread under a shady tree.

The animals arrived one by one. The wombat brought honey cakes, the possum brought berries, and the magpies brought a basket of seeds. 'Welcome, Wallaby!' they called. Wallaby hid behind Quokka at first. But Quokka smiled and said, 'This is my friend Wallaby. He's new.' The animals gathered around, curious and kind. 'Hello, Wallaby,' they said. 'We're glad you're here.'

Wallaby's ears twitched. He gave a tiny wave. 'Hello,' he said, his voice small. The wombat offered him a honey cake. 'Try one,' she said. Wallaby took a bite and his eyes lit up. 'It's delicious!' he said. The animals cheered. Quokka beamed. 'See?' she whispered. 'They like you.' Wallaby's tail gave a happy little thump.

After the food, the magpies sang a lively tune. The possum taught everyone a hopping game. Wallaby was unsure at first, but Quokka took his paw. 'Let's play together.' They hopped and laughed, and Wallaby forgot to be shy. He even showed the others how far he could jump with his long legs. 'Wow!' cried the animals. Wallaby smiled a real smile.

Then it was time for stories. The wombat told a tale about a brave little bird. Wallaby listened closely, his amber eyes shining. When the story ended, he said, 'I have a story too.' Everyone leaned in. Wallaby told about his old home and how much he missed it. 'But now I have new friends,' he said. 'And that makes me happy.' The animals clapped softly.

Quokka stood up and raised her paw. 'I made a promise to always be kind,' she said. 'And I promise to be your friend, Wallaby, and everyone's friend, forever.' The animals cheered. Wallaby's heart felt warm and full. He looked at Quokka and said, 'Thank you for welcoming me.' Quokka smiled her gentle smile. 'That's what friends do.'

As the sun began to set, the animals packed up the picnic. 'Same time next week?' asked the possum. Everyone nodded. Wallaby helped gather the plates. He didn't hide behind Quokka anymore. 'I'll bring something too,' he said. 'My mum's seed biscuits.' The animals cheered. 'We can't wait!' they said. Wallaby felt proud and happy.

On the way home, Wallaby hopped beside Quokka. 'I was so scared this morning,' he said. 'But now I have so many friends.' Quokka smiled. 'Friendship is like a picnic,' she said. 'Everyone brings something, and together it's wonderful.' Wallaby nodded. 'I'm glad you said hello to me.' 'I'm glad too,' said Quokka. 'And I always will.'

From that day on, Wallaby was no longer shy. He greeted new animals with a wave and a smile. 'Welcome to the bushland!' he would say. Quokka watched proudly. The two friends often sat together, watching the sun set over the gum trees. 'You kept your promise,' Wallaby said. 'And I'll keep mine: to be kind to every new friend.'

The bushland became a warmer, happier home for everyone. Animals came from far and near to join the picnics. Quokka's satchel always held extra treats for newcomers. Wallaby's blue scarf fluttered as he hopped around, making everyone feel at home. 'There's always room for one more,' he'd say. The bushland echoed with laughter and songs.

And so, the little quokka and the shy wallaby showed that a simple hello can change everything. Their friendship grew stronger every day, and the bushland thrived on kindness. Quokka kept her promise, and Wallaby passed it on. Together, they made sure every animal felt welcome. The end.