

The Little Dik-Dik



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On the sunny savanna, where the grass grew tall and the acacia trees spread wide, lived a little dik-dik. He was no bigger than a small dog, with a warm tan coat, a cream belly, and big dark eyes. His slender legs and tiny hooves stepped lightly on the earth. He loved to nibble leaves, but he always stayed close to home.



One morning, the little dik-dik heard a cheerful call. "Ka-ka-kee! Ka-ka-kee!" A round bird with dark polka-dotted feathers strutted by. Her bare blue-grey head bobbed, and her red wattle wiggled. "Hello! I'm a guinea fowl," she said. "What's your name?" The dik-dik blinked his gentle eyes. "I'm just a little dik-dik," he said shyly.



The guinea fowl laughed kindly. "Just a little dik-dik? That's a wonderful name!" She flapped her short wings. "I'm new here. Will you show me around?" The dik-dik felt a warm glow. He nodded. "I can show you the safe paths I know. But the tall grass over there is scary. I never go in." "Then let's go together!" she said.



The guinea fowl marched toward the tall grass. The dik-dik's tiny hooves trembled. "Wait!" he called. "It's too dark and deep. I can't see the way." The guinea fowl turned her bright orange-yellow beak toward him. "Don't worry," she said. "We'll use our senses. You sniff and listen. I'll look and call. Together, we'll find a safe route."



The dik-dik took a deep breath. He lifted his small upright ears and listened. "I hear a soft rustle to the left," he whispered. "That might be a snake." The guinea fowl peered with her sharp eyes. "No, it's just the wind in the leaves," she said. "But I see a clear path to the right. Let's go there." Step by step, they moved forward.



The tall grass brushed against the dik-dik's soft tuft of forehead hair. He sniffed the air. "I smell water," he said. "A stream must be nearby." The guinea fowl called out, "Ka-ka-kee!" Her loud voice echoed. "I see the stream sparkling ahead!" They walked toward it, the dik-dik's tiny hooves clicking on the pebbles.



At the stream, the dik-dik took a sip. "That was scary," he admitted. "But we did it." The guinea fowl puffed up her polka-dotted feathers. "Of course we did! You listened and sniffed. I looked and called. We make a great team." The dik-dik smiled. "I guess my small ears are useful after all."



They rested by the stream. The dik-dik noticed a rustle in the bushes. He froze. "What's that?" he whispered. The guinea fowl tilted her head. "I hear it too. Let's listen." They stood still. The rustle came again. "It's just a tortoise," the guinea fowl said. "Look, there's his shell." The dik-dik let out a breath. "I'm glad you're here."



The guinea fowl led the way back toward the tall grass. "We should return before dark," she said. The dik-dik's heart beat fast. "But the grass is still scary." She nudged him gently. "Remember, we'll use our senses. You sniff and listen. I'll look and call. We'll find the safe route again." The dik-dik nodded. "Okay. Together."



This time, the dik-dik felt a little braver. He sniffed the air. "I smell fresh grass," he said. "That way is open." The guinea fowl looked ahead. "Yes, I see a gap in the grass. Let's go there." They walked side by side. The dik-dik's slender legs moved quickly. The guinea fowl's yellow legs pattered along.



Suddenly, the guinea fowl stopped. "Wait," she said. "I hear a new sound. A low hum." The dik-dik listened. "Bees," he whispered. "They might sting." The guinea fowl looked around. "I see their hive in that tree. We should go around." They turned left, following the dik-dik's nose. "I smell flowers," he said. "This way is safe."



They found a clear path lined with flowers. "You did it!" the guinea fowl cheered. "You sniffed out the safe way." The dik-dik's big dark eyes sparkled. "And you saw the bees before I did," he said. "Your eyes are so sharp." They continued through the grass, step by step, until they reached the open savanna again.



The sun was setting, painting the sky orange. The dik-dik looked back at the tall grass. "It's not so scary now," he said. "Because I know I can find my way with you." The guinea fowl fluffed her feathers. "And I know I can always count on your nose and ears." They smiled at each other. "Friends make everything easier," the dik-dik said.



From that day on, the little dik-dik and the guinea fowl explored together. They used their senses to find safe routes through the grass. The dik-dik learned that courage is not measured by size. It is measured by the friends who stand beside you. And the guinea fowl learned that a tiny friend can have a big heart.



The little dik-dik still had big dark eyes and a warm tan coat. He still had slender legs and small upright ears. But now he also had a brave heart. He knew that with a good friend, he could face any tall grass. And the guinea fowl knew that her cheerful calls and sharp eyes made every adventure better.



So if you ever see a tiny dik-dik and a polka-dotted guinea fowl walking through the grass, step by step, sniffing and listening, looking and calling, you'll know they are on another adventure. And you'll know that courage is not measured by size, but by the friends who walk beside you.