

# The Little Dingo



Aysel Banu YAVUZAL

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In the wide, sandy desert, where the sun shines hot and the wind whispers over red dunes, lived a little dingo. His fur was the color of golden sand, and his big upright ears listened to every sound. He had bright amber eyes and a soft bushy tail with a white tip. But the little dingo was very lonely, for there was no one to play with in the empty desert.



Each day the dingo trotted over the dunes, hoping to find a friend. He sniffed the dry air and watched the horizon. Sometimes he saw a lizard scurry or a bird fly high, but no one stopped to play. At night, he curled up alone and listened to the wind. 'I wish I had a friend,' he sighed, his amber eyes sad and lonely.



One afternoon, dark clouds gathered, and a rare rain began to fall. Plip, plop, plip! The little dingo lifted his nose and felt the cool drops on his golden fur. He danced in the rain, happy and wet. When the rain stopped, the desert smelled fresh and new. 'Maybe something wonderful has happened,' he thought, and he set off to explore.



As he trotted along, the dingo noticed a patch of green ahead, glowing in the sunlight. He had never seen anything like it! He pushed through some dry bushes and gasped. There, hidden among the rocks, was a secret garden. Flowers of every color nodded their heads, and tall grasses swayed. 'How can this be?' the dingo whispered, his eyes wide with wonder.



The little dingo stepped into the garden, his paws sinking into soft, damp earth. He saw bright red flowers, yellow daisies, and purple blooms he didn't know. A little stream of water trickled between the stones. 'This is the most beautiful place in the desert!' he said. He felt happy, but also a little nervous. Was he alone here?



Just then, he heard a tiny rustle. From behind a leafy bush peeked a small creature with silvery-blue fur and long, rabbit-like ears. A faint sparkle seemed to drift from its fur. It had a tiny pink nose and big dark eyes that twinkled. Around its neck hung a little woven grass pouch. The creature stared at the dingo, then ducked back, shy and cautious.



'Hello!' said the dingo gently. 'I won't hurt you. My name is Dingo.' The creature peeked out again. 'I'm Bilby,' it whispered. 'This is my garden. I've never seen a dingo here before.' The dingo wagged his tail. 'Your garden is wonderful! I just found it after the rain.' The bilby twitched its whiskers and took a tiny step forward.



The bilby was still shy. He held his seed pouch close and watched the dingo with wide eyes. 'I water the plants every day,' he said softly. 'But the sun is so hot, and the water is low.' The dingo saw some drooping flowers. 'I can help!' he said. 'Show me what to do.' The bilby blinked, surprised. No one had ever offered to help before.



Together they watered the thirsty plants. The dingo carried water in his mouth from the little stream and let it trickle onto the roots. The bilby used his delicate paws to scoop water gently. They worked side by side, and the flowers began to lift their heads. 'You're good at this,' the bilby said, a small smile on his face. The dingo's tail wagged happily.



After working, the dingo felt hungry. He had some berries in his pouch—no, he didn't have a pouch, but he had found some sweet berries earlier. 'Would you like some?' he asked, offering them to the bilby. The bilby's eyes grew round. 'For me?' he whispered. He took a berry and nibbled it. 'Thank you,' he said. 'You are very kind.'



The sun climbed higher, and the garden grew hot. The dingo panted and looked for shade. 'Follow me,' said the bilby. He led the dingo to a cool spot under a big rock, where ferns grew and the air was fresh. 'This is my secret shade,' the bilby said. The dingo lay down, grateful for the coolness. 'You found the perfect spot,' he said.



The bilby brought the dingo to a tiny pool of clear water, hidden behind some stones. 'Drink,' he said. The dingo lapped the cool water, and it tasted sweet. 'This is the best water I've ever had,' he said. The bilby smiled. 'You helped my garden, so I help you.' They sat together in the shade, and the dingo felt a warm glow in his heart. He had a friend!



'Will you come back tomorrow?' the bilby asked, his voice hopeful. 'Of course!' said the dingo. 'We can take care of the garden together.' The bilby nodded, and a little sparkle danced around his ears. 'I would like that,' he said. 'And maybe, if we are lucky, more rain will come.' They looked at the sky and smiled.



From that day on, the dingo and the bilby met in the secret garden every day. They watered the plants, shared food, and played hide-and-seek among the flowers. The dingo learned that helping others made his heart feel full. The bilby learned that a new friend could be trusted. Together, they made the desert a little greener and a lot happier.



One evening, dark clouds gathered again. Plip, plop! Rain fell on the garden. The dingo and the bilby danced in the rain, laughing. 'Our garden will grow big!' said the bilby. 'And our friendship will grow too,' said the dingo. They stood together, watching the raindrops sparkle on the leaves, knowing they would always have each other.



And so, in the heart of the desert, a little dingo and a magical bilby found something better than any treasure: a true friend. They cared for their secret garden and hoped for more rain. For trust grows through helpful actions, and friendship makes every day brighter—even in the driest desert.