

The Girl and the Little Rabbit



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On a sunny morning, a little girl named Mia skipped into the garden with a basket. Inside the basket sat a small rabbit with cream-white fur and long ears with pale pink insides. Mia's hazel eyes grew wide with joy. "You're my new friend!" she whispered. The rabbit twitched his tiny pink nose and looked around quietly.



Mia was six years old, with curly dark brown hair in two short puffs. She wore a mustard yellow dress with tiny white dots and red canvas sneakers. She loved to help and hug. "I will take care of you every single day," she promised the little rabbit. The rabbit just blinked his round dark eyes and stayed very still.



Mia set up a small woven willow basket in a corner of her room. She lined it with a soft blue blanket. "This is your cozy bed," she said. The rabbit hopped inside and sat alert, his fluffy round tail tucked close. Mia smiled her gap-toothed smile. She couldn't wait to play with him all day long.



Right away, Mia scooped up the rabbit for a big hug. She held him close and squeezed him tight. But the little rabbit felt scared. His ears went flat and his small body wiggled. "Why won't you cuddle?" Mia asked, her button nose wrinkling with a frown. The rabbit hopped away and hid under a chair.



Mia's mom saw what happened. "Rabbits are shy," she said gently. "Sudden hugs can feel scary to a little friend. Try gentle ways instead." Mia thought about it. She wanted the rabbit to feel safe. "I can be gentle," she said. "I will learn how." She put on her soft green cardigan and got to work.



The next morning, Mia fed the rabbit at the same time. She filled his bowl with fresh greens and a little hay. "Breakfast time!" she called softly. The rabbit peeked out from under the chair. His whiskers twitched. Mia sat quietly on the floor and waited. After a moment, the rabbit hopped over to eat.



Mia gave the rabbit a quiet corner just for him. She put his willow basket there and added a small cardboard box to hide in. "This is your own space," she told him. The rabbit explored the corner, sniffing every inch. He liked the blue blanket. He liked the quiet. Mia watched from a few steps away, kneeling gently at rabbit height.



Every morning, Mia kept the same routine. She woke up, put on her green cardigan, and fed the rabbit at the same time. Then she sat still and let him eat in peace. She didn't grab him. She didn't hug him. She just stayed nearby. The rabbit began to watch her with curious dark eyes.



One day, Mia sat on the floor with a book. The rabbit hopped out of his corner and sat near her feet. Mia's heart thumped, but she stayed very still. "Hello, little friend," she whispered. The rabbit's pink nose twitched. He hopped a tiny bit closer. Mia smiled her gap-toothed smile and kept reading softly.



Each day, the rabbit grew a little braver. He hopped closer to Mia's red sneakers. He sniffed her green cardigan. He even nibbled a leaf from her hand. Mia stayed gentle and patient. "You're doing great," she told him. The rabbit's long ears stood up tall and proud. He was beginning to feel safe.



Then came the turning point. Mia was sitting quietly in her room. The rabbit hopped out of his basket all on his own. He crossed the floor, one hop at a time. He came right up to Mia's knee. Mia held her breath and stayed still. The rabbit nudged her hand with his tiny pink nose.



Mia didn't grab him. She didn't squeeze. She just let her hand rest open on the floor. The rabbit climbed into her palm and sat there, warm and soft. Mia's hazel eyes filled with happy tears. "You trust me," she whispered. The rabbit's whiskers twitched like he was smiling too. It was the best feeling in the world.



From that day on, the rabbit hopped to Mia whenever he was ready. Sometimes he sat in her lap. Sometimes he explored her green cardigan. But he always came on his own. Mia learned that gentle care and a steady routine helped her little friend feel safe and happy. She never grabbed him again.



Mia told her friends about the rabbit. "He likes a quiet corner and breakfast at the same time every day," she said. "And he hops to me when he's ready." Her friends listened with wide eyes. Mia felt proud. She had learned to respect what the rabbit needed. That made their friendship even better.



Now every morning, Mia puts on her green cardigan and feeds the rabbit. They have a cozy routine. She kneels gently at rabbit height and waits. The rabbit hops over and nibbles from her hand. His cream fur is soft, his dark eyes are bright, and his little tail wiggles with joy. Mia smiles her gap-toothed smile.



The girl and the little rabbit became the best of friends. Mia learned that trust grows with gentle hands, quiet voices, and a steady routine. She learned to let her friend come to her when he is ready. And the little rabbit learned that he was safe and loved. They were both very happy.