

The Little Prairie Dog



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Little Prairie Dog lived in a big, busy underground neighborhood. His sandy tan fur was always dusted with soft earth, and his red neckerchief fluttered as he scurried through the tunnels. He carried a small brown satchel filled with rolled-up maps that he had drawn himself. Every morning, he popped out of his burrow to greet the sun and check on his neighbors.



One sunny morning, Little Prairie Dog noticed something new. A burrowing owl had moved in nearby! The owl had speckled brown and white feathers, long legs, and bright yellow eyes behind round blue spectacles. A small green pencil was tucked behind one wing. The owl looked a little shy. 'Hello,' said Little Prairie Dog warmly. 'Welcome to the neighborhood!'



The owl blinked and gave a small smile. 'Thank you,' she said softly. 'I'm still learning all the tunnels. It's a bit confusing down here.' Little Prairie Dog nodded. 'Don't worry,' he said. 'I know every twist and turn!' He patted his satchel. 'I have maps to help. Would you like a tour?' The owl's yellow eyes brightened.



Little Prairie Dog led the way through the winding tunnels. 'This is the main tunnel,' he explained. 'It leads to the big chamber where we all gather.' The owl followed, her long legs stepping carefully. But when they reached a fork, she stopped. 'Which way is my burrow?' she asked. Little Prairie Dog scratched his head. 'Hmm, I'm not sure. I've never had a neighbor who lives in a cozy nook like yours.'



They tried to share the underground neighborhood, but it wasn't easy. The owl liked quiet corners for napping, while Little Prairie Dog loved to dash through the main tunnels. One day, the owl accidentally blocked a path with her cozy nest. 'Oh dear,' she said. 'I didn't mean to cause trouble.' Little Prairie Dog sighed. 'Maybe we need a better way to share.'



The owl adjusted her round blue spectacles and said, 'I have an idea. We could draw a map together! You show me the tunnels, and I'll show you the cozy nooks.' Little Prairie Dog's big brown eyes sparkled. 'What a wonderful idea!' He pulled a blank map from his satchel. 'Let's start right now!' The owl took out her green pencil and they got to work.



Little Prairie Dog unrolled the map on a flat stone. 'Here's the main tunnel,' he said, drawing a line. 'And here's the big chamber.' The owl leaned over with her green pencil. 'I found a lovely nook under the old oak root,' she said, sketching a tiny circle. 'It's perfect for quiet reading.' They both giggled as the map filled up with squiggles and dots.



They worked side by side. Little Prairie Dog showed the tunnels that led to the grassy field. The owl showed the cozy nooks where she liked to nap. 'This map is fun!' said Little Prairie Dog. 'I never knew there were so many nice spots.' The owl smiled. 'Me neither. You know the tunnels so well, and I know the quiet corners.' Their pencil marks danced across the paper.



When the map was finished, they hung it on the wall of the big chamber. All the neighbors came to see. 'Now everyone can find their way!' said Little Prairie Dog proudly. The owl pointed to a spot. 'See? Your burrow is here, and mine is there.' The neighbors cheered. The map made the whole underground neighborhood feel friendly and connected.



From that day on, Little Prairie Dog and Burrowing Owl helped each other every day. He showed her the best tunnels for finding tasty roots. She showed him the coziest nooks for a quiet rest. When a new family of mice moved in, they used the map to help them find a home. Everyone felt happy and safe.



One afternoon, a sudden rainstorm flooded the main tunnel. Water gushed in, and everyone was worried. Little Prairie Dog and Burrowing Owl looked at each other. 'The map!' they said together. They quickly found a dry path to higher ground. The owl led the way with her long legs, and Little Prairie Dog made sure everyone followed.



All the neighbors gathered in a cozy nook, safe and dry. 'The map saved us!' squeaked a little mouse. Little Prairie Dog smiled at Burrowing Owl. 'We made it together.' The owl nodded, her spectacles shining. 'Good neighbors help one another. That's what makes a neighborhood strong.' Everyone agreed, and they shared a warm, happy feeling.



After the rain, the neighbors worked together to fix the tunnels. Little Prairie Dog dug, and Burrowing Owl carried twigs. They drew a new map with the repairs marked. The whole neighborhood felt proud. 'We can solve anything when we help each other,' said Little Prairie Dog. The owl smiled. 'And we can have fun doing it!'



Little Prairie Dog and Burrowing Owl became the best of friends. They often sat outside their burrows, watching the sun set over the prairie. 'I'm glad you moved in,' said Little Prairie Dog. 'You make our neighborhood special.' The owl adjusted her blue spectacles and smiled. 'And you made me feel at home. That's the best gift of all.'



So, if you ever visit a prairie dog town, look for a little dog with a red neckerchief and a brown satchel. You might just see him drawing a map with his friend, the burrowing owl. Their map still hangs in the big chamber, a reminder that sharing and helping make every neighborhood a happy home.



And every evening, when the stars come out, Little Prairie Dog and Burrowing Owl sit together and listen to the prairie wind. They know that good neighbors help one another, and that friendship grows when we work together. The whole neighborhood feels warm and safe because two friends decided to share.