

The Little Quokka's Picnic



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One sunny morning in the bushland, a little quokka woke up with a big smile. He put on his red neckerchief with white polka dots and picked up his woven picnic basket. 'What a perfect day for a picnic!' he chirped. He hopped outside, his short tail wiggling with excitement. The bushland was full of green leaves and bright flowers, and the quokka couldn't wait to share the fun.



The quokka found a lovely spot under a gum tree. He spread out a checkered blanket and began to unpack his basket. There were crunchy carrots, sweet berries, and tiny sandwiches. 'This picnic will be the best ever!' he said. But as he looked around, he noticed someone peeking from behind a bush. It was a wallaby, and he looked very shy.



The wallaby wore a blue knitted scarf and carried a small green satchel. He watched the quokka with gentle amber eyes but didn't come closer. The quokka waved. 'Hello! Would you like to join my picnic?' he called. The wallaby's small pink nose twitched, and he took a tiny step back. He felt nervous about meeting someone new.



The quokka hopped over with his warmest smile. 'My name is Quokka. I have plenty of food and lots of room on my blanket. Please come and sit with me.' The wallaby hesitated, then whispered, 'I'm Wallaby. I don't know anyone here.' Quokka patted the blanket. 'Well, now you know me! And I know that sharing makes everything more fun.'



Wallaby slowly hopped to the blanket and sat down. Quokka offered him a crunchy carrot. 'These are my favourite,' Quokka said. Wallaby took a small bite and his amber eyes grew wide. 'This is yummy!' he said. Quokka beamed. 'Have some berries too!' They shared the food, and Wallaby's nervousness began to melt away like butter on warm toast.



After eating, Quokka pulled out a little ball. 'Do you want to play?' he asked. Wallaby nodded shyly. They tossed the ball back and forth, and Wallaby even did a little hop to catch it. 'You're good at this!' Quokka laughed. Wallaby smiled for the first time. 'I haven't played like this in ages,' he said. The bushland echoed with their happy giggles.



As they played, Quokka noticed more shy faces peeking from the bushes. A little possum with big round eyes, a tiny bandicoot, and a nervous numbat. They watched the two friends but didn't dare come out. 'Looks like we have more friends who want to join,' Quokka whispered to Wallaby. 'What should we do?'



Wallaby remembered how nervous he had felt. 'Let's invite them to share our picnic,' he said. 'I know how scary it is to be new.' Quokka nodded. 'That's a wonderful idea!' They waved to the shy animals. 'Come and join us! We have plenty of food and games!' The little animals looked at each other, unsure.



Wallaby hopped over to the possum. 'Don't be shy,' he said gently. 'Quokka is very friendly, and the berries are delicious.' The possum smiled and stepped out. Quokka welcomed the bandicoot and the numbat with a big grin. 'There's room for everyone!' Soon, all the shy neighbours were gathered around the blanket, feeling brave and happy.



More and more animals arrived. A little echidna, a blue-tongued lizard, and a tiny sugar glider all joined the fun. Quokka shared his food, and Wallaby passed out berries. 'Try a sandwich!' Quokka said. 'Have some water!' Wallaby offered. Everyone laughed and chatted. The bushland was filled with the sound of friendship and joy.



Then Quokka had an idea. 'Let's play a game where everyone wins!' he said. 'We'll do a hopping race, but we all hop together and cheer for each other.' Wallaby loved the idea. 'Yes! And the slowest hopper gets the biggest cheer!' They all hopped in a line, laughing and encouraging one another. No one felt left out.



After the race, they sat in a circle and shared stories. Wallaby told a funny tale about a wobbly hop, and everyone giggled. Quokka shared his berries with the numbat, who had never tasted them before. 'Sharing is the best part of a picnic,' Quokka said. Wallaby nodded. 'And sharing smiles makes everyone happy.' The animals all agreed.



As the sun began to set, the animals knew it was time to go home. But before they left, they all thanked Quokka and Wallaby. 'Thank you for inviting us,' said the possum. 'I was so nervous, but now I have new friends.' Wallaby smiled. 'I was nervous too, but Quokka's kindness helped me. Now we can help others.'



Quokka packed up his basket, and Wallaby folded the blanket. 'Today was the best day ever,' Wallaby said. 'I'm so glad you invited me.' Quokka gave him a warm hug. 'I'm glad you came. And now we have so many new friends!' They promised to have another picnic soon. The bushland felt warm and friendly, even as the sun went down.



As they walked home, Wallaby thought about how much had changed. He had started the day feeling shy and scared. Now he had a best friend and a whole group of new friends. 'Sharing food, time, and smiles really does make everyone happy,' he said. Quokka nodded. 'And it all started with one little invitation.' They smiled at each other, hearts full of joy.



Back at his burrow, Quokka hung up his red polka-dot neckerchief and put away his picnic basket. He thought about the wallaby's blue scarf and how it had fluttered when they played. He felt warm and happy inside. 'Friendship is the best picnic of all,' he whispered. And he drifted off to sleep, dreaming of the next bushland picnic with all his friends.