

The Little Pronghorn



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On the wide, sunny grassland, a little pronghorn stood on long, thin legs. His soft tan fur had white stripes on his neck, and his big brown eyes looked at everything. He wore a woven grass bracelet in green and gold. The wind blew, and the grass waved like a green sea. The little pronghorn felt small but happy in the big, open world.



Nearby, a cheerful prairie dog popped out of a hole. He was plump and short, with sandy brown fur and round cheeks. His bright black eyes sparkled. He carried a small woven pouch of seeds on a string. "Hello!" he chirped. "I know every path on this grassland!" The little pronghorn smiled. "I'm new here," he said. "Will you show me around?"



The prairie dog grinned. "Follow me!" He led the pronghorn through the tall grass. They raced and played until the sun went down. The prairie dog showed the pronghorn where the juiciest grass grew. They laughed and kicked up their heels. From that day on, the two were fast friends. They loved to play together on the wide, wide grassland.



One morning, dark clouds rolled across the sky. The wind blew hard, and the grass bent low. "A big rain is coming," said the prairie dog, twitching his tiny ears. "We should find shelter." The little pronghorn nodded. He trusted his friend. They hurried toward the prairie dog's burrow and squeezed inside just as the first drops fell.



The rain fell and fell. It drummed on the grass and filled the little streams. The prairie dog and the pronghorn huddled together, warm and dry. "I hope the rain stops soon," said the little pronghorn. The prairie dog patted his friend's leg with a small paw. "Don't worry," he said. "We'll be safe. I know this land."



After two days, the rain stopped. The friends crawled out of the burrow. The sun shone, but the valley was not the same. Water covered the low ground, shining like a giant mirror. The little pronghorn's eyes grew wide. "Oh no!" he cried. "Our valley is flooded! How will we get to the other side?"



The prairie dog stood on his tiptoes and looked across the water. "The usual path is under water," he said. "But I know a hidden path. It goes along the ridge and around the flooded valley." The little pronghorn looked at his friend. "Can you lead me?" he asked. "I trust you." The prairie dog nodded bravely. "Stay close to me."



The prairie dog led the way. He hopped over stones and slipped between tall grass. The little pronghorn followed on his long, thin legs. The ground was squishy, and the water was close. But the prairie dog knew every turn. "Watch your step here," he called. "This way is dry and safe." The little pronghorn stepped carefully and kept close.



They climbed a small hill. From the top, they could see the flooded valley below. Water covered the fields where they used to play. "It looks so different," said the little pronghorn. The prairie dog pointed a small paw. "See that line of trees? The hidden path goes beside them. It's a safe grassland route around the water." The pronghorn felt hopeful.



The friends walked along the ridge. The prairie dog's seed pouch bounced as he hopped. "Are you hungry?" he asked. He shared a few seeds with the little pronghorn. They ate as they walked. The sun was warm, and the grass was soft. The flooded valley was behind them, and the safe route lay ahead.



Suddenly, the little pronghorn slipped on a wet stone. He tumbled into a shallow puddle with a splash! The prairie dog rushed to him. "Are you hurt?" he asked. The little pronghorn shook off the water. "I'm okay," he said. "But I'm scared." The prairie dog held his friend's leg. "You're brave," he said. "Just stay with me."



The prairie dog helped the pronghorn up. "We're almost there," he said. "The hidden path goes through that tall grass." The little pronghorn took a deep breath. He looked at his friend's bright black eyes and felt brave. "Lead the way," he said. "I'm right behind you." Together, they pushed through the tall grass.



On the other side, the grass was dry and green. The flooded valley was far behind them. The prairie dog jumped for joy. "We made it!" he cheered. The little pronghorn kicked up his heels. "You led us safely!" he said. "Thank you, my friend." They danced in the warm sunshine, proud and happy together.



That night, they rested on the safe grassland. The little pronghorn looked at his grass bracelet. "You knew the way," he said. "You were brave and clever." The prairie dog smiled. "And you trusted me," he said. "Friends help each other stay safe." They promised to look after each other always.



The next day, the sun rose over the wide grassland. The flood was gone, and the valley was green again. The little pronghorn and the prairie dog played together. They knew every hidden path now. They knew that with a friend, no problem was too big. And they knew they would always be there for each other.



From that day on, the two friends explored the grassland. They shared seeds and stories and lots of laughter. Whenever the sky turned gray, they remembered the hidden path. They remembered how they helped each other. And they knew, deep in their hearts, that friends help each other stay safe, always.