

Pip the Brave Little Acorn



A Cozy Forest Tale





High in the branches of Old Oak
lived a tiny acorn named **Pip**.



Pip dreamed of seeing
the world below.
But he was very, very small.



One windy day —
— **WHOOSH!** —
— Pip tumbled from the tree.



He landed with a soft plop
in a pile of crunchy leaves.



“Hello there!”
said a friendly voice.
It was Hazel the squirrel.



“The forest is big,”
said Hazel.

“But I’ll show you the way.”



They splashed through puddles
and climbed over mossy logs.



They met a wise owl,
a shy hedgehog,
and a singing robin.



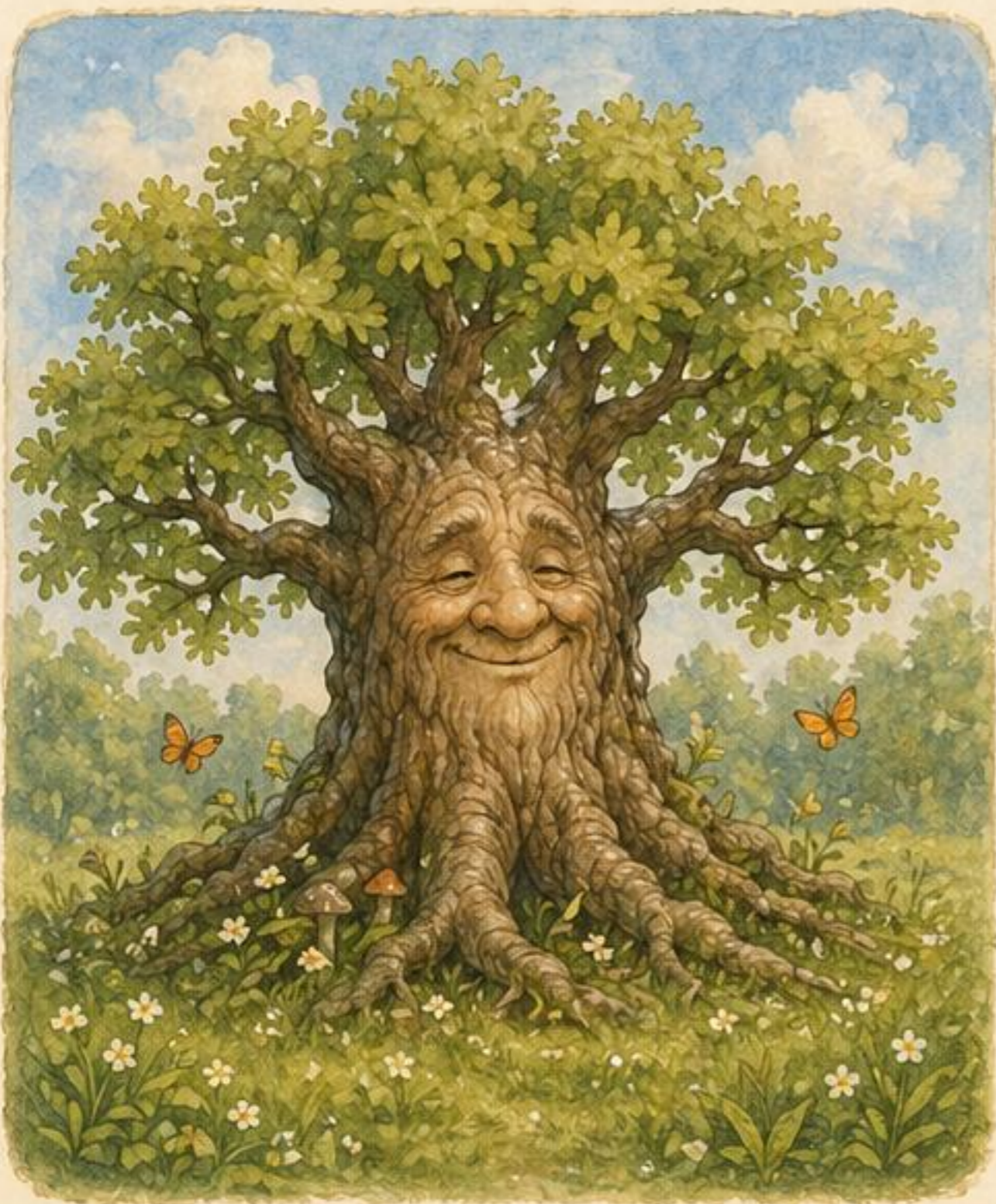
When night came,
the stars twinkled like
tiny lanterns.



“I want to grow up tall, just like Old Oak,”
whispered Pip.



So Hazel tucked him gently
into the soft, warm earth.



Seasons passed.
Snow fell. Rain came. The sun returned.



And one bright morning,
a tiny green sprout
reached for the sky.



Pip was no longer small.
He was brave, and strong,
and growing.



The End.

