

The Squirrel and the Secret Sprout



Ada the squirrel saved one perfect acorn for a rainy day. She buried it beside the old fence and marked the spot with a small white stone.

Winter came. Snow covered the fence, and Ada ate the other acorns she had stored. When spring arrived, she remembered her special one. She hurried to the white stone, but the acorn was gone.

Ada searched beneath every leaf. Then she noticed a tiny green shoot rising from the soil beside the stone. Its two new leaves trembled in the breeze.

“Were you my acorn?” Ada whispered. The little shoot could not answer, but Ada knew. She fetched water from the stream and poured it gently around the roots.

Ada had hoped to find a snack. Instead, she found the beginning of a tree that might offer acorns to many squirrels one day.



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