

The Beaver, the Raccoon, and the Big Bully Hippo





Deep in Whisperwood Valley, Bramble the beaver and Pip the raccoon were the best of friends, sharing everything.



Together, they decided to build a magnificent wooden playground right by the sparkling, clear riverbanks.



Bramble used his strong, sharp teeth to gather perfect, sturdy logs from the nearby birch grove.



Pip used his nimble hands to tie the logs securely with strong, flexible forest vines.



After days of hard work, their beautiful forest playground was finally complete and ready for fun.



Suddenly, a loud, heavy stomping noise shook the ground, making the wildflowers tremble.



Out from the thick bushes burst Barnaby, a massive, grumpy hippo with a permanent scowl.



'This river belongs to me!' Barnaby bellowed, his loud voice echoing across the quiet valley.



With one giant, careless stomp, Barnaby crushed their beautiful hand-built wooden slide into splinters.



Bramble and Pip watched in deep sadness as their hard work was ruined in an instant.



Barnaby laughed a mean laugh and splashed lazily into the cool river, taking it over completely.



The sad friends retreated to the safety of the old oak tree to think of a clever plan.



'We cannot let him ruin our home,' Pip whispered determinedly, adjusting his blue bandana.



They decided to build a harmless but very funny trap to teach the grumpy bully a lesson.



Under the cover of twilight, they crept back to the riverbank to set up their clever trap.



They hung a bucket of sticky honey and a sack of fluffy feathers high up in the branches.



The next morning, Barnaby marched out of the water, looking for more things to destroy.



Barnaby did not see the thin vine, and his giant foot tripped, sending him tumbling forward.



As he tripped, the vine pulled the rope, tipping the wooden bucket of sticky honey directly onto him!



Instantly, the sack of fluffy white feathers opened, coating the sticky hippo from head to toe.



Barnaby looked down at himself, completely covered in white feathers, looking absolutely ridiculous.



Bramble and Pip couldn't help but giggle from behind their safe hiding spot in the bushes.



All the other forest animals gathered around, pointing and laughing at the funny feathered giant.



Barnaby's face turned bright red with shame. He had never felt so silly in his entire life.



'I am sorry,' Barnaby mumbled softly. 'I was mean because I wanted to play, but I didn't know how.'



Bramble and Pip looked at each other, their kind hearts melting. They decided to forgive him.



Together, they helped wash away the sticky honey and feathers, cleaning Barnaby up completely.



To make amends, Barnaby used his immense strength to lift giant, heavy logs to rebuild the playground.



With Barnaby's help, they built the grandest, most beautiful playground the valley had ever seen.



From that day on, the valley was filled with laughter, and the three unlikely friends played together every day.



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