

The Singing River



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In the heart of Green Valley, a river sang every morning. Its clear water danced over smooth stones, making melodies that floated through the trees. The woodland friends woke to its cheerful tune. Birds chirped along, and rabbits thumped their feet in time. The singing river was the happiest sound in the whole valley, and everyone loved it.



Ollie the otter lived by the riverbank. He was small and slender, with glossy chestnut-brown fur, a cream belly, and big round dark eyes. His long whiskers twitched as he listened to the water's song. Each morning, he slipped his pale green reed satchel over his shoulder and swam out to greet the day. The river's music made his heart feel light.



Ollie's best friend was Pip, a bright bluebird with an orange breast and a tiny red scarf around her neck. Pip loved to sing along with the river, her small black beak opening wide. 'Isn't it lovely today?' she chirped, fluttering above the water. Ollie nodded, his dark eyes shining. Together, they followed the melody downstream, where their friends waited.



But one morning, the valley was silent. The river's cheerful song had stopped. The water lay still and dull, and the animals gathered on the bank, worried. Pip flew from tree to tree, her red scarf fluttering. 'The song is gone!' she tweeted. 'What will we do?' The woodland friends looked at one another, unsure. Even the rabbits forgot to thump.



Ollie stepped forward, his whiskers quivering. 'I'll follow the river upstream,' he said bravely. 'Maybe something is blocking the waterfall.' Pip landed on his shoulder. 'I'll scout ahead!' she chirped. Bramble the hedgehog, round and spiky in his little brown apron, nodded. 'We'll come too,' he said. 'You shouldn't go alone.' So the friends set off together.



The river grew narrower as they walked. Ollie led the way, his thick tail swishing behind him. Pip flew above the trees, calling back news. 'The water is getting shallower!' she tweeted. Bramble trundled along, his short legs working hard. Willow the deer stepped gracefully beside them, her white spots glowing in the dappled light. 'We must be close,' she said softly.



Soon they heard a strange gurgling sound. Through the trees, they saw the magical waterfall—but it was not flowing. A tangle of fallen branches and rubbish blocked the stream. Plastic bottles, old leaves, and broken twigs were piled high. The water struggled to push through, but it couldn't. 'Oh no!' gasped Ollie. 'This is why the river can't sing!'



Pip flew down and landed on a branch. 'We have to clear it!' she chirped. Bramble rolled up his sleeves. 'I can push the small branches,' he said. Willow nodded. 'I'll lift the heavier bits with my strong neck.' Ollie looked at the mess and took a deep breath. 'Let's work together,' he said. 'We can do this if we try.'



Bramble braced his sturdy legs and pushed a fallen branch. It was heavy, but he didn't give up. Willow bent her slender neck and lifted a tangle of twigs with her teeth. Pip flew overhead, spotting rubbish caught in the rocks. 'Over here!' she called. Ollie dragged a plastic bottle from the water, his cream belly getting muddy. They all worked hard, side by side.



The sun climbed higher as they cleared the waterfall. Bramble's apron pocket was full of twigs. Willow's garland of wildflowers bobbed as she worked. Pip's red scarf fluttered like a flag. Ollie pulled and pushed, his small black nose twitching with effort. Slowly, the pile of branches and rubbish grew smaller. The water began to trickle through the gaps.



At last, with one final tug, the last branch came free. The waterfall burst into life! Water rushed over the rocks, sparkling in the sunlight. The friends stepped back, wet and tired but happy. Then, a soft hum rose from the stream. It grew into a melody, and the singing river's voice returned, clear and joyful. 'We did it!' cheered Ollie, his dark eyes bright.



The song spread through Green Valley like a happy secret. Birds sang along, and rabbits thumped their feet. The woodland friends gathered at the waterfall, watching the water dance. Willow smiled, her large dark eyes gentle. 'When we care for nature,' she said, 'its beauty comes back to us.' Bramble nodded, and Pip chirped a happy tune. The river sang on, filling the valley with joy.



Ollie sat on the bank, his reed satchel resting beside him. He watched the sparkling water and listened to the song he loved. Pip landed on his shoulder and nuzzled his cheek. 'You were brave,' she tweeted. Ollie shook his head. 'We were all brave,' he said. 'Together.' The sun set over the valley, and the river's melody drifted through the trees like a lullaby.



From that day on, the woodland friends promised to keep the river clean. They picked up any rubbish they found and cleared fallen branches before they could block the stream. The singing river never stopped again. Its cheerful melodies filled Green Valley every morning, reminding everyone that caring for nature protects its beauty for all to enjoy.



Ollie learned that even a small otter can make a big difference. With courage, kindness, and the help of friends, any problem can be solved. The singing river flowed on, its song a gift to the valley. And every morning, when the melody began, the animals smiled and knew that their home was happy and safe.



So if you ever visit Green Valley, listen closely. You might hear the singing river, bubbling and laughing over the stones. And if you see a small otter with a green satchel, a bluebird with a red scarf, a hedgehog in an apron, and a deer with wildflowers, say hello. They will be glad to know you care for nature too.