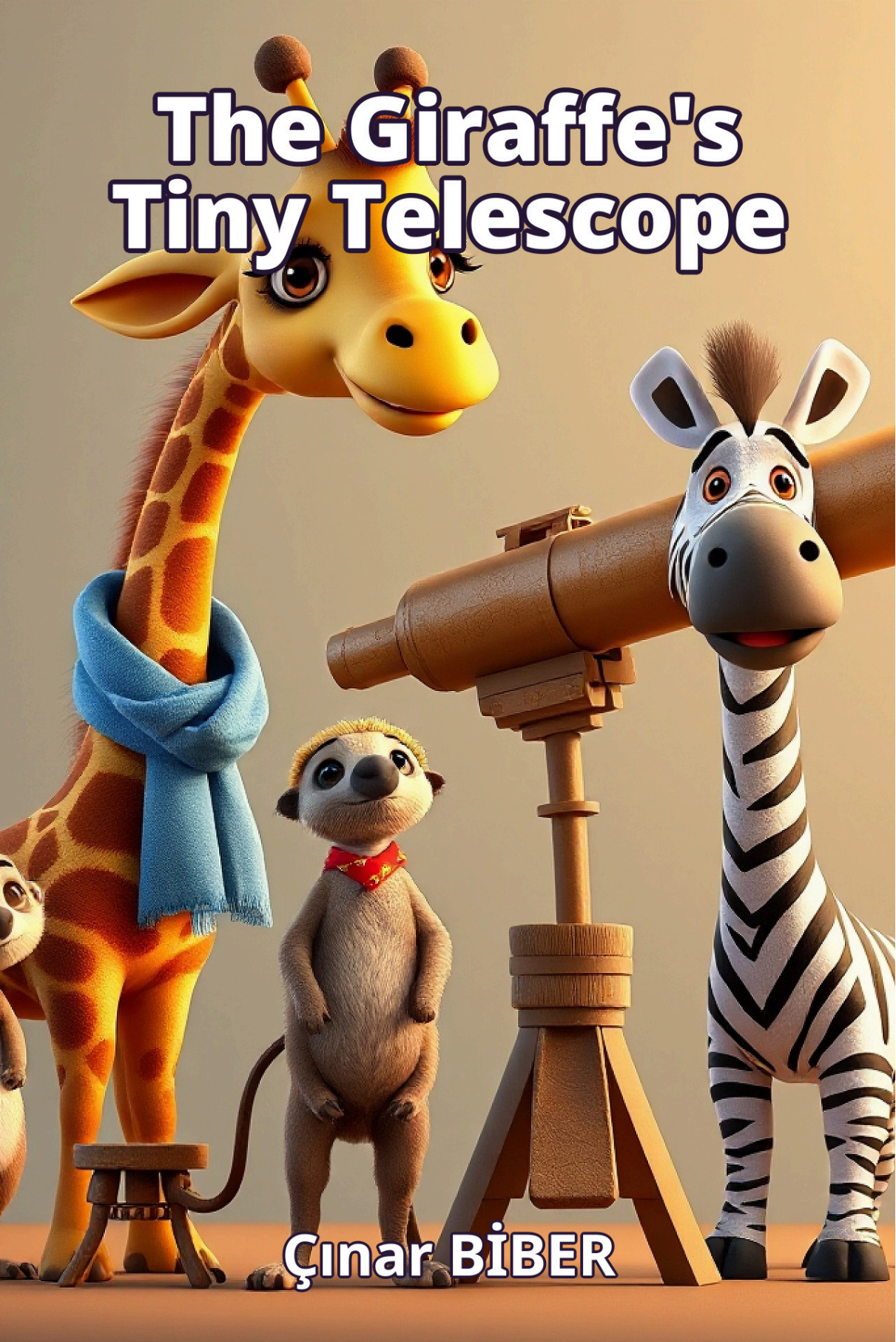
The Giraffe's
Tiny Telescope
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On the wide golden savanna, where the grass whispered and the acacia trees spread like umbrellas, lived Tallulah the giraffe. She was the tallest animal for miles, with a warm golden coat and soft brown patches. Every evening, she wrapped her sky-blue scarf around her long neck, perched her round spectacles near her eyes, and gazed at the stars. The night sky was her favourite storybook, and she read it every clear evening.

Tallulah knew the stars by name. She knew the bright one that twinkled first and the dim ones that hid behind the moon. Her long neck let her see over the tallest trees, right up to the sparkling darkness. 'Each star is a tiny sun,' she murmured, adjusting her spectacles. 'And each one has a story.' The savanna breeze ruffled her tufted tail as she watched the constellations slowly turn above her.

Down below, a tiny meerkat named Pip stood on his hind legs, straining to see. Pip was small, only as tall as a blade of tall grass, with sandy tan fur, dark eye patches, and a little red neckerchief tied at his throat. He tipped his head back, but the stars were too high. 'I wish I could see them,' he sighed. 'Just once.' His bright amber eyes blinked hopefully in the darkness.

Tallulah looked down and noticed Pip's hopeful posture. Her gentle dark brown eyes softened. 'You want to see the stars too?' she asked. Pip nodded eagerly. 'They're always up there, but I'm always down here,' he said. Tallulah smiled a kind, curved smile. 'Then we must find a way,' she said. 'No one should miss the stars just because they are small.'

The next morning, Tallulah set to work. She gathered a long cardboard tube, a pair of round lenses, and a roll of sticky tape. With her long neck bent low, she fitted the lenses into the tube. 'This is a telescope,' she explained to Pip. 'It will bring the stars closer.' Pip watched, his little black nose twitching with excitement. The savanna sun warmed Tallulah's golden coat as she worked.

When the telescope was ready, Tallulah placed it on a flat rock. 'Look through this end,' she said. Pip stood on his tiptoes and stretched his slender paws, but the eyepiece was too high. He jumped, but still couldn't reach. 'It's no use,' Pip said, his tiny ears drooping. 'I'm too small.' Tallulah frowned, thinking hard.

Just then, Olive the elephant ambled over. She was large and sturdy, with soft grey wrinkled skin and wide floppy ears. Her woven grass hat shaded her small friendly eyes. 'What's the trouble?' she asked, her long trunk curling gently. Tallulah explained. Olive lifted the telescope with her trunk and held it low. 'Try now,' she said. Pip peered through, but the image was blurry. 'It's still not right,' he said.

Zeb the zebra trotted up, his black and white stripes bright in the sun. His yellow bandana flapped as he moved. 'I have an idea!' he neighed. 'We need a stand that can go up and down.' He dashed off and returned with a sturdy branch and some vines. 'We can make it adjustable,' he said, his dark eyes sparkling. 'Then anyone can use it.'

Tallulah watched her friends work. Olive held the branch steady with her trunk while Zeb tied the vines. Pip fetched small stones to balance the base. 'Higher,' Pip directed. 'Now lower.' They tested the stand again and again. Tallulah adjusted her spectacles and smiled. 'Teamwork is a wonderful thing,' she said. The savanna buzzed with happy effort.

At last, the adjustable stand was ready. It had a sliding wooden arm that could be raised or lowered with a simple peg. Pip climbed onto a small stool Zeb had found. He reached the eyepiece easily now. 'I can see!' he squealed. 'The stars are so bright!' But then he paused. 'Wait, the eyepiece is still a bit high for my friend the tortoise.'

Tallulah realized something important. She had built the telescope for Pip, but she had measured it by her own height. Kindness, she thought, means seeing things from another's view. 'We need to make it so every animal can use it,' she said. 'Big or small.' Pip nodded. 'Yes! Let's make it adjustable for everyone.' The others agreed, and they set to work once more.

They lowered the stand to the ground and added a second eyepiece at meerkat height. Olive suggested a step for shorter animals, and Zeb painted arrows to show where to look. Tallulah tested it herself, bending her long neck. 'Perfect,' she said. 'Now the stars are for all of us.' The sun set, and the first star appeared.

That night, the savanna animals gathered around the new observatory. Pip took the first look, his red neckerchief fluttering. 'There's the Big Dipper!' he cheered. The tortoise saw the moon's craters. The rabbit spotted a shooting star. Tallulah watched them all, her heart full. 'Kindness is making sure everyone gets a turn,' she said softly. The stars twinkled as if they agreed.

From that night on, the adjustable observatory stood on the savanna. Tallulah and Pip took turns being stargazing guides. Olive kept the stand steady, and Zeb kept it fun. Every animal, big or small, could gaze at the stars. And Tallulah learned that true kindness means seeing things from another's view. The savanna nights became a time of sharing and wonder.

Tallulah wrapped her sky-blue scarf a little tighter and smiled at Pip. 'You taught me something important,' she said. Pip's bright amber eyes shone. 'We taught each other,' he replied. And under the vast, starry sky, the friends knew that the best view is the one shared with others.

So if you ever visit the savanna, look for the tall giraffe with spectacles and the tiny meerkat in a red neckerchief. They'll be at the observatory, inviting everyone to see the stars. Because kindness, they'll tell you, is building a telescope that fits everyone—no matter how big or small.