

The Rabbit's Blue Bicycle



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In a garden full of daisies, Little Rabbit woke up to a wonderful surprise. A tiny blue bicycle stood by the gate, shiny and new, with a silver bell and a basket woven from grass. Little Rabbit squealed with joy and hopped around it three times. "It is the most beautiful bicycle in the whole wide world!" she said, wiggling her long pink-lined ears. "I want to ride it right now, this very minute!"



Little Rabbit wore her sky-blue overalls with the yellow star patch and pulled on her red helmet. Her fluffy white tail wiggled with excitement as she climbed onto the little seat. The bicycle felt wobbly under her tiny paws. She pushed the pedals once, twice, and the wheels began to turn. "Look at me!" she called, wobbling this way and that. "I am riding! I am really riding!"



Down the garden path she rolled, past the roses and the tall sunflowers. But the front wheel turned too far, and the bicycle tipped right over. Little Rabbit landed in a soft pile of leaves with a bump. Her round dark brown eyes went wide. Her chubby cheeks turned pink. "Oh dear," she whispered. "That was a little bit scary."



The very next morning, Little Rabbit tried again. She pedaled and wobbled, wobbled and pedaled, and down she fell once more. Her red helmet tipped sideways, and one long ear flopped over her face. "Maybe bicycles are not for rabbits," she sighed. She sat on the grass and hugged her knees, feeling small and very wobbly inside.



Just then, her friend Tortoise came slowly up the path, wearing his round wire glasses and orange neckerchief. He carried a small canvas satchel full of chalk and little flags. "I saw you practicing," he said gently, with a wrinkled smile. "Falling is part of learning, you know. Every wobble teaches you something." Little Rabbit looked up and sniffed. "But I keep falling down," she said.



Tortoise opened his satchel and pulled out a piece of chalk. "Then let us make the falling softer and the learning sweeter," he said. Slowly and carefully, he drew a gentle winding path across the garden. He set little flags along the way and placed soft cushions where the turns were tricky. "This is your own special practice course," he told her. "Take it one little wobble at a time."



Little Rabbit climbed back onto her little blue bicycle. Her paws were trembling, but Tortoise stood nearby and cheered, "You can do it! Just look ahead!" She pedaled slowly along the chalk line, wobbling less than before. When she reached the first flag, Tortoise clapped his sturdy little hands. "Wonderful! You made it to the flag!" Little Rabbit giggled. Her confidence grew just a tiny bit.



The next day, she tried the gentle course again. This time she steered around the first soft cushion, and her front wheel stayed steady. "Bravo!" called Tortoise from behind his glasses. "You turned all by yourself!" Little Rabbit rang her silver bell, ting-a-ling, and smiled so wide her whiskers curled. "I did it!" she said. "I really, truly did it!" The chalk path felt less scary every time she rode it.



Day after day, Little Rabbit practiced on her blue bicycle. Sometimes she wobbled. Sometimes she stopped. But every single time she tried, Tortoise cheered, "Hooray! You tried again!" And every time she tried, she got a little better. Her tiny paws grew steadier on the handlebars, and her pedaling grew smoother and rounder, like a happy little song.



One breezy morning, Little Rabbit zoomed around the whole course without stopping once. She steered past every flag and turned around every cushion. "Look, Tortoise!" she shouted. "I did not wobble at all!" Tortoise waved his orange neckerchief in the air like a flag. "You practiced and practiced, and look at you now!" he called. Little Rabbit's heart felt big and brave and bright.



Now Little Rabbit wanted to try something new. She pedaled right off the chalk path and onto the grassy garden lane. Her long ears streamed behind her, and the wind tickled her nose. "I am steering!" she cried. "I am pedaling! I am riding all by myself!" Tortoise hurried after her as fast as his short legs could go, cheering every happy second.



Little Rabbit rode past the sunflowers, around the daisy patch, and under the old apple tree. She rang her bell and laughed out loud. Tortoise clapped and clapped. "You did it!" he said. "You did not give up, and now you can ride anywhere you like!" Little Rabbit hopped off her bicycle and gave her friend the biggest, warmest hug. "Thank you for cheering for me," she whispered.



That afternoon, the two friends planned a celebration. Tortoise tied little colorful ribbons to the garden fence, and Little Rabbit filled her bicycle basket with fresh daisies. They set out a picnic blanket with carrot muffins. "Today we celebrate trying," said Tortoise, raising a tiny cup of apple juice. "And we celebrate never, ever giving up." Little Rabbit beamed and rang her bell twice.



Then came the best part of all. Little Rabbit climbed onto her little blue bicycle, and Tortoise climbed onto his wooden wagon, which she had tied gently behind her seat. "Ready?" she asked. "Ready!" he cheered. Slowly, carefully, and very happily, she pedaled around the garden with her friend rolling along behind her, past the flags and the flowers and the softly fading chalk.



The sun was setting, and the garden glowed warm and golden. Little Rabbit parked her bicycle by the gate and patted its silver bell. "You know," she said to Tortoise, "at first I thought I could never ride. But every little try made me a little braver." Tortoise nodded wisely. "Practice builds confidence," he said, "one wobble at a time."



And from that day on, Little Rabbit rode her blue bicycle every single morning. Sometimes she still wobbled, but she never felt scared for long. When a new friend in the garden wanted to learn something new, Little Rabbit would cheer, "Try again! One little wobble at a time!" The two friends would smile, remembering chalk paths, little flags, and the happy day a wobbly rabbit learned to ride.