

A Little Story About a Great Friendship

In a big, bustling city lived a fluffy little ball — a tumbleweed.

It was light as a feather and round like a ball. Its shiny black eyes sparkled like beads.

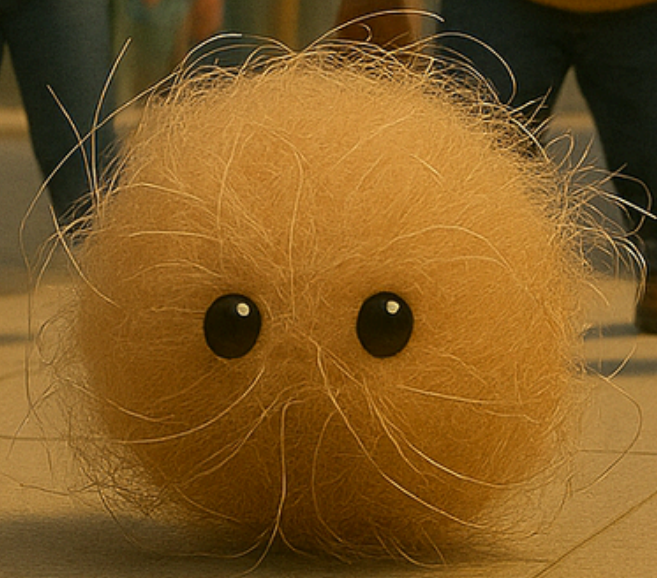
But no one in the city ever noticed its kind gaze.

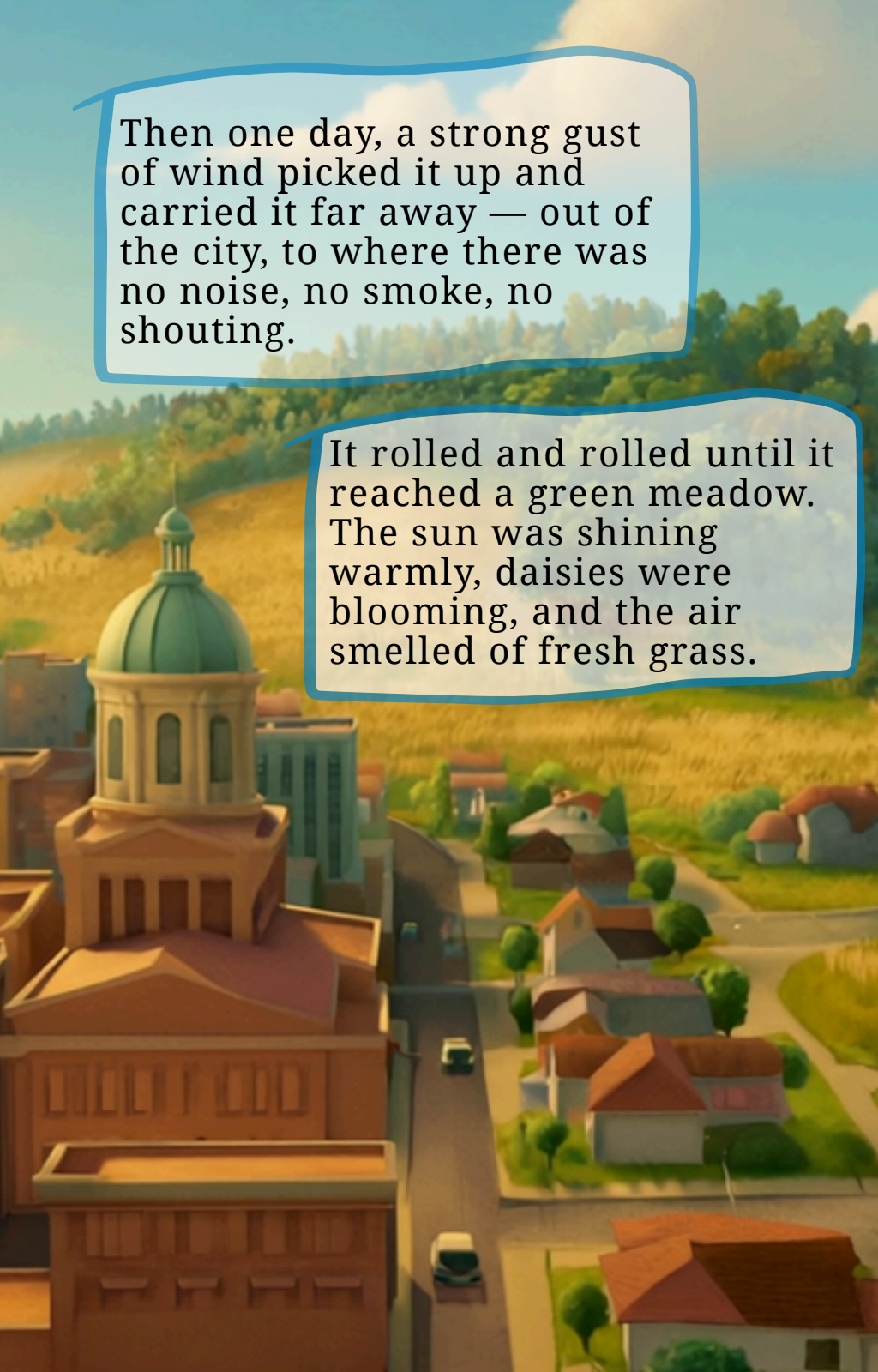
People were rushing by, kicking it with their boots.



Cars were honking, smoke was rising from chimneys, and the wind was chasing the tumbleweed down the sidewalks. It didn't belong there. Nobody needed it. It was alone.

"Oh! Excuse me... Am I in your way?" the little fuzzball would whisper softly whenever someone stepped on it.





Then one day, a strong gust of wind picked it up and carried it far away — out of the city, to where there was no noise, no smoke, no shouting.

It rolled and rolled until it reached a green meadow. The sun was shining warmly, daisies were blooming, and the air smelled of fresh grass.



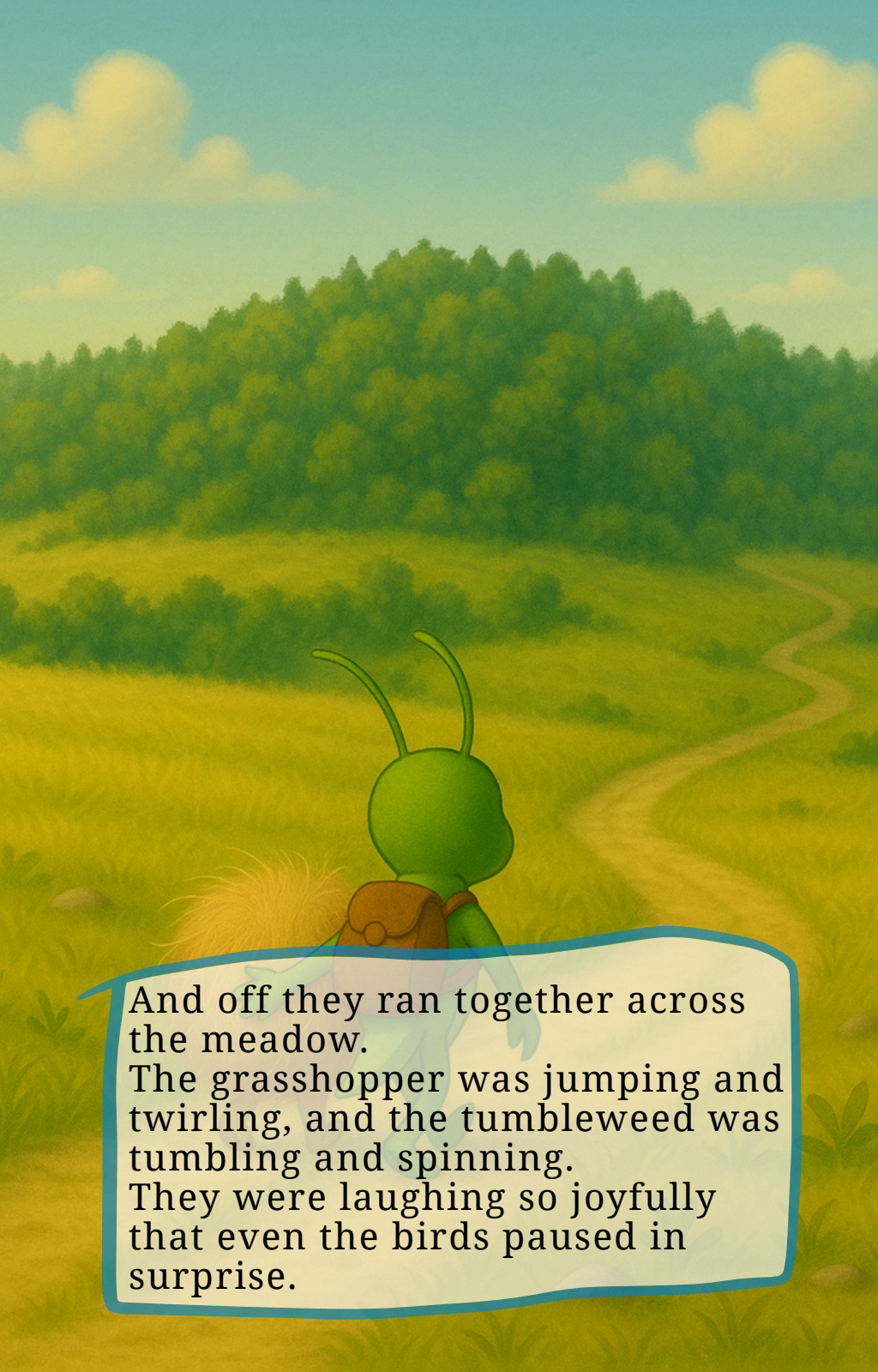
Suddenly, a cheerful grasshopper with a backpack on his back jumped out of nowhere. He stopped and stared at the little fuzzball.

“Who are you?” he asked, bouncing in place.

“I... I’m just a tumbleweed,” whispered the ball.

“Would you like to play?” asked the grasshopper with a wide smile.

“Oh yes!” said the tumbleweed happily.



And off they ran together across the meadow.

The grasshopper was jumping and twirling, and the tumbleweed was tumbling and spinning.

They were laughing so joyfully that even the birds paused in surprise.