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Once upon a time, in a cozy little burrow right under the roots of a giant, ancient oak tree, lived a little rabbit named Pip. Pip had the softest white fur, one floppy ear that always seemed to have a mind of its own, and a heart full of curiosity.

Every morning, when the golden sunbeams peeked through the leaves, Pip would hop outside to explore the Whispering Woods. He knew all the best spots: the patch of sweet clover near the babbling brook, the sunny rock where the turtles liked to nap, and the giant stump where Mr. Owl told the best stories.

One sunny afternoon, Pip spotted something sparkling near the edge of the woods. He hopped closer, twitching his nose. It was a smooth, shiny blue glass marble, half–buried in the moss.

"Ooh!" Pip gasped. "That is the most beautiful thing I have ever seen!"

He rolled it with his paw. It caught the sunlight, throwing little dancing rainbows onto the ferns. Pip wanted to keep it all to himself. He scooped it up in his paws, tucked it safely into his burrow, and curled up around it. But somehow, the marble didn't feel as magical inside the dark, lonely hole. He couldn't play with it properly, and he kept worrying that someone might find his hiding spot.

The next day, Pip went out to the sunny rock, but he wasn't having fun. His mind kept racing back to the marble. Just then, he ran into his best friend, Barnaby the hedgehog, who was carrying a basket of crunchy autumn berries.

"Hi, Pip! You look a bit grumpy," Barnaby said, offering a red berry. "Want to share?"

Pip looked at Barnaby, then thought about the lonely marble in his burrow. He realized that keeping all the joy to himself wasn't making him happy at all.

"Actually, Barnaby, I found something amazing yesterday," Pip said, his floppy ear perking up. "Come with me!"

They raced back to the burrow. Pip gently rolled the blue marble out into the sunlight. When Barnaby saw the dancing rainbows splash across his nose, his eyes went wide as saucers.

"It's like holding a piece of the sky!" Barnaby whispered, gently tapping it with his paw.

The two friends spent the whole afternoon playing marble games, laughing as it rolled through the grass and bounced off tree roots. And the funniest thing happened: watching Barnaby's happy face made the marble feel a hundred times more magical than it had when Pip was keeping it all to himself.

Lesson from the Story:

Sharing your happiness makes it grow. When we keep wonderful things or joy all to ourselves, it can feel small and heavy. But when we share our treasures, our time, and our kindness with others, the joy multiplies and comes back to us even brighter.