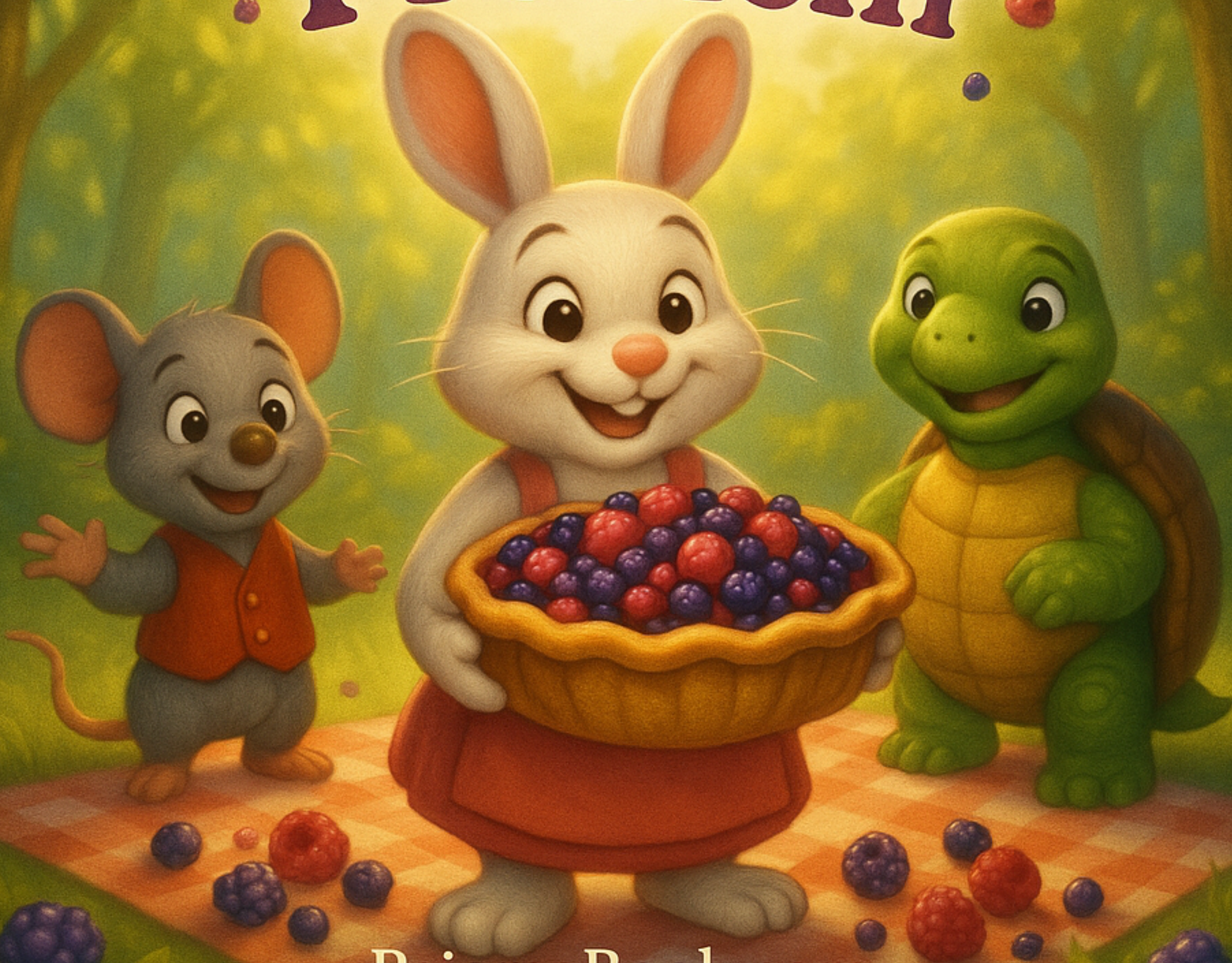


# The Picnic Pie Problem



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# The Picnic Pie Problem

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Rabbit Rosy woke up with a hop, a twirl, and a sparkle in her eye—because today was the big forest picnic!

She tied on her favorite pink apron, wiggled her nose three times for luck, and announced, “I’ll bake the biggest, juiciest berry pie the forest has ever seen!”

Blueberries, raspberries, and a special handful of giggleberries danced into the bowl as Rosy whisked and hummed. Soon, her whole kitchen smelled like sweet summer happiness—and just a little bit of mischief.







By midday, Rosy's pie was golden, warm, and bursting with berry goodness. She wrapped it carefully in a checkered cloth and balanced it on her head like a champion.

"Careful, careful," she told herself, hopping softly along the leafy trail toward the picnic meadow.

Squeaky Mouse and Finn Fox spotted her from afar. "Is that the famous pie?" squeaked Squeaky, nearly bouncing out of his tiny red vest.

"My tummy is rumbling already!" said Finn, patting his belly with a grin.







Rosy hopped into the sunny clearing where everyone was setting up picnic blankets and decorating with flower petals and shiny leaves.

“The pie is here!” the animals cheered, gathering around.

Just as Rosy bent to place the pie on the center mat, a tiny acorn rolled under her paw.

“Whooooaaa—uh oh!”

The pie flew into the air, tumbled in slow motion, and SPLAT!—landed right in a patch of soft, mossy ground. Bits of berry flew like fireworks. It was a pie-astrophe!







There was a stunned silence. Squeaky Mouse's eyes grew as round as walnuts. Finn Fox gasped, "Oh, crumb cakes!"

Rosy looked at the mess, ears drooping. Her perfect pie was now a splatter of berry goo and broken crust.

But before tears could fall, Tessa Turtle stepped forward with her gentle smile. She placed a flipper on Rosy's paw.

"We can fix this together," she said kindly. "One pie doesn't make or break a picnic."







With a burst of energy, Finn Fox dashed away and returned moments later with a basket of crisp, shiny apples.

Squeaky Mouse scurried off and came back holding a little pot of sweet golden honey.

Tessa Turtle gently slid out of her shell. “We can use this as a bowl!” she offered cheerfully.

Rosy blinked in surprise. “You’d do that for me?”

“Of course!” her friends said. “Let’s make something even better—berry-apple-honey surprise!”







Everyone got to work. Rosy mashed up the squishy pie remains with her spoon.

Squeaky poured in honey while doing his famous spin dance. Finn juggled three apples and dropped one—\*plop!\*—right onto Tessa's shell. She just chuckled.

Giggleberries rolled in every direction. Rosy caught them and tossed them in for extra joy.

The forest echoed with laughter. Sticky paws, syrupy noses, and one turtle-soup-shaped pie-in-progress made this the silliest baking session ever.







Finally, the new pie was ready.

It was lumpy, wobbly, gooey, and colorful—berry juice ran down the sides, apple chunks peeked through, and it smelled even sweeter than the original.

“Let’s serve it right here!” said Rosy, beaming.

Everyone scooted in close with wide eyes and eager spoons.

“Biggest slice for everybody!” shouted Finn.

“Second biggest for Tessa’s shell!” giggled Squeaky.







As the sun turned the trees gold, the friends munched and crunched around their giggle-covered pie.

There was smacking, slurping, and happy belly rubs.

When the very last bite disappeared, Rosy stood up and tapped her wooden spoon on a bowl.

“The best part of a picnic,” she said proudly, “isn’t what you eat—it’s who you eat it with.”

Everyone cheered. Even Tessa gave a tiny fist-pump with her flipper.







The sun dipped low, and the clearing glowed with warmth. The friends sprawled in the grass, bellies full and hearts fuller.

“I say we do this again next week,” yawned Finn.

“With extra giggleberries,” added Squeaky.

Rosy looked around at her friends and smiled. The splatted pie didn’t matter. What mattered was kindness, teamwork—and maybe a tiny bit of honey.

With one last silly group hug, the friends said goodbye and padded home, dreaming of their next berry-sweet adventure.



## **Before You Drift Off...**

Have you ever helped turn a mistake or accident into something fun or special?

Why do you think sharing made the new pie taste even better?