



# Ririro

READ ANYWHERE, ANYTIME

## Mr. Pricklepin's Cozy Stump

*Ririro*

Once upon a time, in the deepest depths of the Dappled Wood, where the sunbeams peeked through the canopy and the dew sparkled on the leaves, lived a rather peculiar fellow. His name was Old Mr. Pricklepin, a hedgehog unlike any other.

Mr. Pricklepin had a coat of prickles, sharp as needles, with nowhere to stick them in when he wanted a break. For you see, unlike other hedgehogs, he had no soft cushion to rest upon. His nose was as black as a raven's feather, contrasting with his thick, gray beard that rustled when the wind blew.

Mr. Pricklepin lived in a cozy ash stump, snug and warm, over the way, just beyond the babbling brook and the crimson clover field. He had chosen this stump because of its wide and inviting hollow, perfect for a hedgehog of his size.

But Mr. Pricklepin had a problem. He longed for a cushion to stick his pins in when he desired to feel a little less prickly. Every day, he would venture into the Dappled Wood in search of something, anything, that could serve as his pin cushion.

One day, while rummaging through the forest, he stumbled upon a family of rabbits. "Hello, Mr. Pricklepin," they squeaked, their eyes wide with surprise. "Whatever are you looking for?"

"I seek a cushion for my pins," he explained. "Do you know where I might find one?"

The rabbits, always helpful and friendly, suggested, "Why don't you try the feathery meadow? There are plenty of soft things there."

Thanking the rabbits, Mr. Pricklepin headed towards the meadow. It was a beautiful sight, filled with soft, colorful flowers swaying gently in the breeze. He tried sticking his pins into the flowers, but they wilted under his prickles. Saddened, he left the meadow.

On his way back, he met a family of squirrels. They offered him a pile of fallen leaves. The leaves were crunchy and fun to play in, but they crumbled under his prickles. They were no good as a cushion.

Dejected, Mr. Pricklepin returned home. But as he entered his ash stump, he noticed something he had overlooked. The stump was lined with a thick layer of soft moss, grown over years and years. It was green and plush and surprisingly... cushiony.



With hope in his heart, Mr. Pricklepin gently pressed his pins into the moss. To his delight, the moss held firm, cradling his pins with ease. It was soft enough to provide comfort, yet sturdy enough not to wilt or crumble. He had found his cushion right at home!

From then on, Old Mr. Pricklepin was never seen without a smile on his face. His ash stump became the most welcoming home in the Dappled Wood, filled with joy and the softest moss cushion.

This story teaches us that sometimes what we seek may very well be right in front of us, within the comfort of our home. And that every prickly problem, much like Mr. Pricklepin's, always has a solution waiting to be found.

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