

The Last Of The Tasmanian Tigers

Once upon a time, deep in the wild forests of Tasmania, there lived a young Tasmanian tiger named Timmy. Though Timmy was different from the other animals, with his striped back and big, curious eyes, he often felt lonely because he was the last of his kind.

Halloween was coming, and all the animals were busy preparing for the big celebration. The forest would be full of glowing pumpkins, costumes, and treats, but Timmy wasn't excited. He worried that his differences would make him stand out even more.

"I can't join the fun," Timmy sighed. "I'll just stay hidden like I always do."

But as Timmy walked through the forest, he heard a soft voice. It was Ollie the Owl, perched on a high branch, watching the preparations. "Why aren't you excited about the party, Timmy?" Ollie asked.

"I don't fit in with the others. My stripes are strange, and I'm the only Tasmanian tiger left. Everyone else has friends and looks the same."

Ollie hooted gently. "But that's what makes you special, Timmy. You're unique. Your differences are your strength, not something to hide."

Timmy wasn't sure what Ollie meant, but he nodded politely and decided to take a walk. As he wandered deeper into the forest, he saw a group of baby wallabies gathered around a huge, carved pumpkin. They were trying to move it to the center of the clearing for the party, but it was far too heavy.

"We'll never make it!" cried one of the wallabies.

Timmy watched from behind a tree, and his heart ached. He wanted to help, but he was nervous. "What if they laugh at me?" he whispered to himself.

But then, he remembered Ollie's words: **"Your differences are your strength."**

With a deep breath, Timmy stepped out from behind the tree and approached the wallabies. "Maybe I can help?" he asked shyly.

The wallabies looked up at him, wide-eyed. “You’re... a Tasmanian tiger!” one said in awe.

Timmy nodded, feeling his stripes tingle with nervousness. “I am. But I’m also really strong, and maybe I can push the pumpkin for you.”

The wallabies cheered excitedly. “Yes, please!”

Timmy used his powerful legs and strong back to push the pumpkin, and slowly but surely, it rolled into the center of the clearing. The wallabies clapped and danced around the pumpkin, thanking Timmy for his help.

“Wow, Timmy!” said a little wallaby. “You’re amazing! We couldn’t have done it without you.”

For the first time, Timmy smiled brightly. “Thanks,” he said. “I’m glad I could help.”

As the night went on, Timmy stayed with his new friends. They dressed up in costumes, played games, and shared treats. Timmy even won the award for **‘Most Unique Costume’**—even though he wasn’t wearing one!

Before the night ended, Timmy looked up at Ollie, who was perched high on a tree, watching the party below. Ollie winked at him, and Timmy understood: it was okay to be different. In fact, his differences made him valuable and special in ways he never imagined.