



MORTY

and the
Littlest
Bunny



Australian
Childhood
Foundation

childhood.org.au

© 2020, Australian Childhood Foundation

Morty Monster lives a lonely kind of life in a hollow at the base of the Big Tree. He is very large, and furry, and loud when he talks or sneezes. Everything about him is big and takes up lots of space. Morty doesn't go out much, unless he really needs to. He tries to avoid others because they often seem frightened around him and this makes him feel even more on his own.



Morty was up early because he needed to go to the supermarket. He dreaded shopping trips and always went early to avoid crowded shops. He knew the other forest creatures didn't know what to say to him. He watched as they would avoid eye contact and some even crossed the street so they didn't have to pass him by. This hurt Morty's feelings, a lot.



Morty arrived at the supermarket and wandered up and down the largely empty aisles trying not to take up space, while looking for groceries. As he turned into aisle 3 he felt a light thud on his lower leg. He looked down and there was a tiny bunny with large eyes looking up at him. The little bunny had accidentally driven her tiny sized trolley with big orange flag into his ankle. She was frozen staring up at him. Morty gave her a weak smile, then she let out the most enormous shriek. "Muuuuuuuuuuuummmmmmmmm!!!!!"



Morty sprang backwards in surprise at the volume of the tiny bunny's voice. It rivalled his. He stepped back into a giant display of toilet paper which went everywhere as he lost his footing and landed in the scattered pile of toilet rolls. The small bunny scuttled away. Morty felt the most embarrassed that he could remember. His heart was beating out of his chest and he felt everyone's eyes on him. He scrambled to his feet and sprinted off home to his hollow. This was a new low. Morty didn't know how to come back from this. How would he ever show his face at the supermarket again?



Morty paced around his hollow until night fell. He had felt rotten all day and now the night had come he could finally go outside without being seen. It began raining as he set off. Morty didn't care, he just needed to move his body. As he walked the wind picked up and the rain blew into a storm. That was when he heard a voice carried on the wind. A big little voice screaming for help.



Morty followed the sound. His size and strength allowed him to keep moving through the terrible weather. The voice led him to an enormous limb that had come down off a nearby tree. Morty heaved the branch up off the ground and realised there was a hole beneath it. A tiny bunny sprung from the black space. The little wet, shivering creature snuggled into his fur. She was followed by five other soaking bunnies. "Is that everyone" yelled Morty over the storm? "Yes" screamed the bunnies. Morty turned and carried the entire family of rabbits back through the storm to his hollow.



The rabbits fell onto his floor, dripping wet and shaking. Morty fetched everyone a towel. The children huddled together quietly, in shock. The parent bunnies thanked Morty. "The storm flooded our home and we couldn't get out because that enormous branch fell across our exits" explained the mother bunny. "Thank-you for coming to our rescue." Morty smiled. "I recognised the voice yelling out" he said as he looked toward the littlest bunny he had met at the supermarket that morning. The bunnies couldn't go home. Morty had house guests that night for the first time ever.



The next morning the littlest bunny and Morty were the first to get up. She said, "I'm sorry that I yelled out in the supermarket. I misjudged you. I didn't realise that you were so"... she searched around for the right word... "Strong?" offered Morty. "Kind" said the bunny.



A few days after the big storm, Morty heard a knock on his front door. He opened the door to the littlest bunny. "I was headed to the supermarket and wondered if you might like to join me?" Morty was delighted. His heart felt warm as he walked along the way with the littlest bunny, with his shoulders back and his head held high.





Have you ever felt left out or lonely?

Have you ever felt like you don't want to be seen?

Have you ever felt misjudged like Morty?

What are your strengths? Do you think you might have any hidden strengths like Morty?

What do other people see as your strengths?