

The Rainbow Chameleon



Yavuz DEMİRKIRAN

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High in the leafy treetops of a bright green jungle, a little chameleon lived on a branch. His name was Hue, and his skin shimmered with every color of the rainbow. When the sun was hot, he turned coral pink and sky blue. When clouds rolled in, he faded to soft gray. The other animals often stopped to stare at him, whispering about his strange, shifting scales.



Mona the monkey swung down on her long curling tail, a green leaf tucked behind one ear. 'Why don't you turn green like the leaves?' she teased with a playful grin. 'You're supposed to blend in!' Hue's large turquoise eyes swiveled independently, looking at his own bright scales. He wanted to belong, but his colors never matched the jungle around him.



Tilo the toucan perched on a high branch, his huge orange and yellow beak catching the light. He watched Hue with a calm, watchful expression. 'A chameleon should match his surroundings,' Tilo said thoughtfully. 'That is how chameleons stay safe.' Hue's spiral tail curled tightly. He felt small and odd, but he kept changing to match the sky instead of the leaves.



Pip the tree frog hopped up beside Hue, his bright green skin and blue flower petal cap bright in the sun. 'Your colors are pretty,' Pip said, his huge golden eyes wide, 'but they don't hide you at all.' Hue sighed. He didn't want to hide; he wanted to be like everyone else. Yet every morning, his scales shifted to mirror the wide, open sky above the treetops.



One day, Hue noticed something strange in the sky. The blue turned a deep, angry gray, and the wind began to swirl. His scales flashed bright yellow, then orange, then a warning red. 'A storm is coming!' he called, but the other animals were busy playing and didn't listen. Mona swung from vine to vine, laughing, while Tilo preened his glossy feathers.



Hue tried again. He climbed to the very top of the tallest tree and changed color faster than ever before. His scales flickered like a rainbow beacon, sending bright flashes across the darkening sky. 'Please look up!' he cried. His tiny voice was almost lost in the rising wind, but his colors were impossible to miss.



Mona was the first to notice the flashing rainbow. She stopped swinging and stared. 'Look at Hue!' she shouted, pointing with her long nimble arm. 'His colors are flashing like crazy!' Tilo turned his bright yellow eye-ring toward the sky. He watched the churning clouds and the warning colors, then nodded slowly. 'He's right,' Tilo said. 'A storm is coming.'



Pip let out a nervous croak. 'Where can we go?' he asked, his springy legs trembling. Mona grabbed a vine and swung toward the others. 'Follow me!' she called, and they hurried to a hollow tree where they could hide. Hue stayed high on his branch, flashing his bright colors to guide them, even as the first raindrops began to fall.



The wind howled and the rain poured down, but Hue's rainbow flashes cut through the gray sky like a friendly lighthouse. Mona, Tilo, and Pip huddled together inside the hollow tree, safe and dry. 'He's still up there,' Mona whispered, her big dark eyes worried. 'He's warning everyone,' Tilo said softly, watching the colors dance across the storm.



Deep in the hollow, Pip held his blue flower petal cap tight and listened to the storm. 'I was wrong about Hue,' he said, his voice small. 'His colors aren't strange. They're wonderful.' Mona nodded, her teasing grin gone. 'He's the bravest little chameleon I know,' she said. Tilo said nothing, but his calm, watchful eyes never left the flashing rainbow.



At last, the wind grew quiet and the rain stopped. The animals crept out of the hollow tree and looked up. There was Hue, still on his high branch, his scales now soft and pale. He was tired but safe. 'You warned us!' Mona shouted, swinging up to him. 'Your bright colors saved us all!' Tilo flew up and landed gently beside him.



'We're sorry we called you strange,' Tilo said, his huge beak close to Hue's small face. 'Your difference is a gift.' Hue's turquoise eyes blinked with surprise. 'You really mean it?' he asked. Mona laughed and tucked her leaf behind his ear. 'We really do,' she said. 'You're our hero, and our friend.'



Pip hopped up last, his golden eyes shining. 'Your colors are the best colors in the whole jungle!' he croaked happily. He began to sing a cheerful croaking song, and the others joined in. Hue's scales shimmered with joy, turning coral pink, sky blue, and sunny yellow all at once. For the first time, he didn't try to match anything at all.



From that day on, the four friends were always together. Mona shared her favorite fruits, Tilo told stories of faraway skies, and Pip taught Hue how to hop from leaf to leaf. Hue kept changing colors to match the sky, and nobody thought it was strange anymore. They loved him just as he was, rainbow scales and all.



When the sky turned gray again, the animals didn't worry. They simply looked for Hue's bright flashes and followed them to safety. The rainbow chameleon had found his place, not by hiding, but by shining. And the jungle was a happier place because one little chameleon dared to be different.



So if you ever see a chameleon whose colors match the sky instead of the leaves, remember Hue. Being different isn't something to fix; it's something to celebrate. True friends don't ask you to change. They love you for exactly who you are, and they stay by your side through every storm and every sunny day.