

The Emerald Parrot



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Deep in the green jungle, where the river sang a soft song, lived a parrot named Pico. His feathers were emerald green, his chest was bright yellow, and his tail tips were red as berries. Pico loved to listen to every sound in the jungle. He could copy the call of a faraway bird or the chirp of a tiny frog. All day long, he practiced his sounds.



Pico's favorite game was to fly high above the treetops and repeat the sounds he heard. He would mimic Mama Tortoise's slow, rumbling laugh from the left bank. Then he would copy Bumble the Monkey's quick, chattering giggle from the right bank. The animals would look around, puzzled and happy. 'Who's there?' they'd call. Pico just cocked his head and chirped.



Mama Tortoise lived on the left bank with her slow, wise smile and mossy brown shell. She carried a small grass satchel and often shared stories with the younger animals. Bumble the Monkey lived on the right bank, always springing from branch to branch. He wore a red leaf around his wrist and loved to play. The two groups rarely met, but Pico's copied calls made them feel close.



One day, dark clouds rolled over the jungle. The rain fell in big, heavy drops. The river rose higher and higher until it flooded its banks. The water rushed between the left and right sides, wide and muddy. The animals could no longer cross to visit each other. They stood at the edges, looking across with worried eyes.



At first, the animals tried to call across the water. But the roar of the flood was too loud. Mama Tortoise's slow voice was lost in the noise. Bumble's quick chatter couldn't be heard. The animals grew quiet. They began to imagine things. 'Maybe they don't like us,' whispered a little frog on the left bank. 'Maybe they're unfriendly,' squeaked a squirrel on the right.



Without friendly sounds, fear grew. The animals on each side stayed in their own groups. They stopped sharing stories and songs. Mama Tortoise sighed and looked across the river. Bumble scratched his head and frowned. They missed the happy sounds of the jungle. But nobody knew how to reach the other side.



Pico saw the sadness. He flew up to a high branch and thought, 'I can copy sounds. Maybe I can help.' He took a deep breath and called out Mama Tortoise's slow, rumbling laugh. It echoed across the water. The animals on the right bank lifted their heads. 'That sounds like a friendly tortoise,' said Bumble. 'But where is she?'



Pico flew across the river to the right bank. He perched near Bumble and copied the monkey's quick, chattering giggle. Then he flew back to the left bank and repeated it for Mama Tortoise. 'That's a happy monkey sound,' she said, her wise eyes opening wide. 'I remember that giggle!' The animals began to listen carefully.



Pico kept flying back and forth. He copied the left bank's cheerful morning song. Then he repeated the right bank's playful afternoon whistle. The animals on both sides heard their own friendly calls coming back to them. They realized the sounds were kind, not scary. Slowly, they began to call back and forth through Pico.

hello. hello.



Bumble stood at the water's edge and called, 'Hello, left bank! We miss your stories!' Pico carried the call across. Mama Tortoise smiled and replied, 'We miss your games, right bank!' Pico repeated her words. The animals cheered. They understood each other again. The fear melted away, and friendship returned to the jungle.



Mama Tortoise called a meeting on the left bank. 'We need a bridge,' she said. 'We can build it together.' Bumble heard the plan and gathered vines and branches on the right bank. Pico flew between the two groups, sharing ideas and keeping everyone connected. Everyone had a job. The animals worked side by side, even though the river still rushed between them.



The tortoises carried heavy stones. The monkeys tied strong vines. The birds brought twigs and leaves. Pico flew above, calling out friendly encouragement. 'Heave-ho!' he squawked. 'Together we can do it!' The animals laughed and worked harder. Slowly, a sturdy bridge began to stretch across the muddy water.



At last, the bridge reached the other side. Mama Tortoise slowly walked across, her grass satchel swinging. Bumble ran to meet her, his red leaf bracelet fluttering. They hugged and laughed. The other animals followed, cheering. They had built the bridge with teamwork and good communication. Pico perched on the railing, his emerald feathers shining in the sun.



That evening, the jungle was full of happy sounds again. Mama Tortoise told stories on the right bank. Bumble taught games on the left bank. Pico sat among them, copying each friendly call so everyone could hear. 'Your talent saved us,' said Mama Tortoise. Pico cocked his head and chirped, 'I just repeated what was already there.'



The animals learned that talking and listening can stop misunderstandings. They promised to always share their sounds and solve problems together. The bridge stood strong, a reminder of teamwork. Pico flew over the river, his wings spread wide, calling out the many friendly voices of the jungle. And everyone called back, happy and united.



From that day on, Pico was known as the parrot who connected two banks. Whenever a disagreement started, the animals remembered the flooded river and the bridge they built. They would listen to each other and find a way to work together. And Pico, the emerald parrot with the yellow chest and red tail tips, kept copying sounds and bringing smiles to all his friends.