

The Little Jungle Tailor



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In the heart of the green jungle, a little monkey named Miko lived in a tall fig tree. He had warm brown fur, a tan face, and bright amber eyes. His long curling tail swung from branch to branch. Miko loved to make things with his nimble fingers, and he always wore a leaf-green apron with a pocket full of vine thread.



One morning, Miko found a shiny needle and a spool of vine thread. 'I will be a tailor!' he cheered, tucking the needle behind his ear. He tied a measuring vine around his neck. 'I will make raincoats for all my friends,' he said, 'so nobody gets wet in the jungle rain.' His amber eyes sparkled with ideas.



Miko's first customer was Tilly, a tiny tree frog with smooth green skin and huge golden eyes. She hopped onto his workbench. 'I want a rain cape that keeps me dry,' she said. Miko measured her with his vine and stitched a tiny blue cape. It looked perfect. 'Try it in the rain,' he said, feeling proud.



That afternoon, dark clouds rolled over the jungle. A big tropical storm whooshed through the trees. Tilly hopped out in her new blue cape, but the rain soaked right through. 'Oh dear,' she said, hopping back, dripping and honest. 'It looks lovely, Miko, but I'm all wet.' Miko's tail drooped. His first design had failed.



Miko did not give up. 'I need a better idea,' he said, scratching his tuft of fur. He watched the rain fall on the big rainforest leaves. Water rolled off them in shiny drops. 'The leaves stay dry!' he cried. 'Their shape must shed the water.' He picked a broad leaf and studied it closely.



Just then, Bumba the young elephant stomped by. He was round and sturdy with floppy ears and a short trunk. 'Can I have a raincoat too?' he asked. 'I'm the biggest, so I need the biggest one.' Miko measured Bumba's wide back with his vine. 'I will try my best,' he said, already thinking of leaf shapes.



Miko worked all day on a wide grey-brown poncho with big leaf-shaped panels. He tied it with a vine belt. Bumba looked smart, but the poncho was heavy and stiff. 'It's a little clumsy,' Bumba said gently, 'but thank you for trying.' Miko smiled. 'We'll test it in the next storm,' he said.



Olive the toucan flew down, her huge orange beak shining. She wore a small red hood shaped like a folded leaf. 'I heard you're making raincoats,' she said, tilting her head. 'Mine leaks at the shoulders.' She was sharp-eyed and practical. 'You should look at how leaves overlap,' she added, pointing with her beak.



Miko watched Olive's red leaf hood. He saw how the leaf folded over itself, making water slide away. 'Overlapping leaves!' he gasped. 'That's the secret.' He hurried to collect more rainforest leaves, studying their shapes and how they shed rain. His amber eyes grew wide with excitement. 'I can fix the designs,' he said.



The next storm came fast and fierce. Tilly hopped out in her blue cape, but water crept in at the seams. Bumba's poncho sagged and soaked his back. Olive's hood dripped onto her chest. 'We're all wet again,' Tilly said, but she smiled kindly. 'Don't worry, Miko. You'll find a way.' Miko nodded, determined.



Miko sat under a big leaf and thought hard. He looked at the leaves around him: wide ones, narrow ones, and ones that folded like cups. He noticed how water rolled off their smooth, waxy tops and how their shapes overlapped like tiles. 'I need to copy the leaves exactly,' he said. 'Their shape is the key to staying dry.'



Miko started again with fresh vine thread and a big needle. He cut leaf-shaped panels that overlapped like fish scales. He stitched them so water would slide off. For Tilly, he made a tiny blue cape with a pointed leaf hood. For Bumba, a light poncho with wide overlapping panels. For Olive, a red hood with a folded brim.



When the next storm arrived, the animals gathered under the fig tree. Tilly hopped out first. The rain rolled off her new cape in shiny drops. 'I'm dry!' she cheered. Bumba stomped out and his poncho shed water like a big leaf. Olive's hood kept her beak dry. 'You did it, Miko!' they all cried.



Miko beamed with pride. His leaf-green apron was splattered with rain, but his heart was warm. 'I couldn't have done it without you,' he said. 'Tilly told me the truth, Olive showed me the leaves, and Bumba was patient.' The animals hugged him with their soft, dry hugs. The jungle storm rumbled on, but nobody minded.



From that day on, Miko the little jungle tailor was famous. Animals came from all over for his leaf-shaped raincoats. He kept his measuring vine and needle close, always ready to help. 'Every problem has a shape,' he liked to say. 'You just have to look at the leaves.' And the jungle stayed cheerful, even in the rain.



The little jungle tailor had learned that creativity can solve practical problems. His friends stayed dry and happy, and they all played in the rain together. Tilly hopped, Bumba stomped, and Olive flew loops in her red hood. Miko watched them and smiled. 'A good idea,' he said, 'is like a leaf—it sheds the water and keeps you cozy.'