

# The Little Cassowary



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Deep in a magical rainforest, where the leaves were always green and the air smelled sweet, lived a little cassowary. He was knee-high to a child, with glossy black feathers and a bright blue head and neck. His tiny red wattle wobbled when he walked on sturdy grey legs. He had big round amber eyes that sparkled with curiosity. Every morning he set off to explore the wonderful green world.



The little cassowary loved his rainforest home. Tall trees stretched up to the sky, and vines hung down like ropes. He pecked at fallen fruit and listened to the birds singing. 'What a beautiful place!' he chirped. But sometimes, when he walked alone, he wished he had a friend to share it with. He wondered if anyone else wanted to explore too.



One day, as he wandered near a fig tree, he heard a rustle above. Down from the branches came a tree kangaroo, landing softly on the mossy ground. She had soft reddish-brown fur and a cream belly. Her long thick tail curled behind her. 'Hello!' she said. 'I'm a tree kangaroo. Who are you?' The cassowary smiled. 'I'm a cassowary, and I'm looking for a friend.'



'A friend?' said the tree kangaroo, her round dark eyes shining. 'I'd love to be your friend!' She hopped closer and gave a cheerful grin. The little cassowary felt a warm glow inside. 'Let's explore together,' he said. And so they did, wandering through the ferns and under the giant leaves, talking and laughing as they went.



The two friends made a great team. The cassowary could run fast on his strong grey legs, and the tree kangaroo could climb high with her curved claws. They found secret paths and hidden streams. They shared sweet berries and crunchy seeds. 'This forest is full of surprises,' said the tree kangaroo. 'And it's more fun with you,' said the cassowary.



One afternoon, they found a pile of bright red seeds on the ground. 'Where did these come from?' asked the cassowary. The tree kangaroo looked up and pointed. 'I think they fell from that tall tree.' She climbed up to see. High in the branches, she found a fruit tree loaded with ripe fruit. She tossed some down to her friend. 'Try these!' she called.



The cassowary gobbled the fruit happily. 'Yum! But what happens to the seeds we don't eat?' he wondered. The tree kangaroo shrugged. 'I don't know. Maybe they just disappear?' They looked around and noticed seeds scattered everywhere—under bushes, near rocks, even in the mud. 'There are so many!' said the cassowary. 'Who puts them there?'



Just then, a large shadow passed over them. A wise old hornbill landed on a branch. He had black and white feathers and a huge curved yellow-orange beak. 'Hello, little ones,' he said in a gentle voice. 'I heard you wondering about seeds.' The friends nodded. 'Do you know where they come from?' asked the tree kangaroo. The hornbill chuckled. 'Let me tell you a secret.'



'When animals eat fruit,' the hornbill explained, 'they often drop the seeds far away. Those seeds can grow into new plants.' The cassowary's amber eyes grew wide. 'So every time we eat fruit, we help plant new trees?' he asked. 'Exactly!' said the hornbill. 'And animals like you, who travel through the forest, carry seeds in your feathers or fur, or in your tummies.'



The tree kangaroo looked at her furry paws. 'So when I climb and drop fruit, I'm planting trees?' she asked. 'Yes,' said the hornbill. 'And when you, little cassowary, walk through the forest and drop seeds, you help too.' The friends looked at each other with amazement. 'We're helping the forest grow!' they cheered. The hornbill nodded wisely.



From that day on, the cassowary and the tree kangaroo became seed planters. They ate fruit and wandered far and wide, dropping seeds as they went. They watched tiny green shoots push up from the soil. 'Look!' cried the cassowary. 'Our seeds are growing!' The tree kangaroo clapped her paws. 'We're making the forest bigger and greener!' They felt proud and happy.



Other animals noticed too. Birds dropped seeds from the sky, and monkeys scattered them from the trees. The rainforest was buzzing with life. The cassowary and the tree kangaroo realized that every animal, big or small, helped the forest grow. 'We all have a part to play,' said the tree kangaroo. 'And together, we keep the forest happy and full of life.'



The wise old hornbill smiled from his branch. 'You see,' he said, 'friendship supports forest life. When you work together, you make the world a better place.' The cassowary and the tree kangaroo nodded. They promised to always help the forest and each other. And they knew that their friendship would last forever, just like the growing trees.



As the sun set, painting the sky pink and gold, the two friends sat together. 'I'm so glad we met,' said the cassowary. 'Me too,' said the tree kangaroo. 'We make a great team.' They watched the first stars twinkle above the canopy. They knew that tomorrow would bring more adventures and more seeds to plant. And they would face it together, side by side.



Back at the fig tree, the hornbill watched over them. He knew that the little cassowary and the tree kangaroo had learned a wonderful lesson. Every animal helps the rainforest grow, and friendship makes it all the more magical. The forest whispered its thanks in the rustling leaves. And the two friends fell asleep, dreaming of the green world they were helping to create.



And so, in the magical rainforest, the little cassowary and the tree kangaroo remained best friends. They explored, they planted seeds, and they kept the forest alive. Their story reminds us that even the smallest creatures can make a big difference. And that working together, with kindness and courage, keeps our world happy and full of life.