The Little Lorikeet

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In a bright, sunny garden filled with flowers, lived a little lorikeet named Lori. Lori was small, about the size of a hand, with emerald-green feathers, a red chest, and an orange-yellow face. He wore a tiny woven leaf hat in soft green and yellow. Every morning, he zipped from flower to flower, sipping sweet nectar and singing a happy tune. The garden was his favorite place in the whole world.

Lori loved the garden in the daytime. The sun made the petals sparkle, and the bees buzzed softly. He would chat with the butterflies and chase sunbeams through the leaves. 'This garden is perfect!' he chirped. 'There's no better place to play!' He fluffed his bright red chest and looked around proudly. Everything felt just right.

But one evening, as the sun set, Lori heard a rustling sound near the big fig tree. Out crept a possum named Pogo. Pogo had soft grey-brown fur, a pale belly, and a fluffy curled tail. He carried a little twig-and-leaf satchel over one shoulder. 'Hello,' said Pogo shyly. 'I come here at night to play. The garden is so quiet and peaceful.' Lori blinked his tiny dark eyes. 'But this is my garden!' he said.

Lori hopped onto a low branch. 'I play here every day,' he said. 'The flowers are mine to enjoy.' Pogo sat back on his haunches. 'And I play here every night,' he replied gently. 'The leaves and fruit are mine.' They looked at each other. Neither wanted to share. 'We can't both have the garden,' said Lori. 'It's mine!' 'No, it's mine!' said Pogo.

The two animals argued back and forth. Lori flapped his emerald wings. 'I found it first!' he squawked. Pogo twitched his pink nose. 'But I need it too,' he said softly. They went on and on, getting louder and louder. The garden, which had been so peaceful, now felt cross and noisy. Neither of them noticed the flowers drooping or the leaves trembling.

Finally, Lori flew up to his favorite perch and sat down with a huff. Pogo curled his fluffy tail around himself and sighed. They were both tired of arguing. 'Maybe we should just stay away from each other,' said Lori. 'I'll play in the day, and you can play at night, but we can't be friends.' Pogo nodded sadly. 'I suppose so,' he murmured. But deep down, they both felt unhappy.

That night, Lori couldn't sleep. He kept thinking about Pogo's gentle face and his twig-and-leaf satchel. 'He seemed nice,' Lori thought. 'Maybe there's a way we can both enjoy the garden.' He remembered how much fun it was to share with his brothers and sisters. Sharing made everything better. A tiny idea began to grow in his mind, like a seed in the soil.

The next morning, Lori flew to find Pogo. He found him curled up in the hollow of the old oak tree. 'Pogo, wake up!' Lori chirped. 'I have an idea!' Pogo opened his large shiny eyes and yawned. 'What is it?' he asked sleepily. 'Let's make the garden a shared garden,' said Lori. 'A place where daytime and nighttime visitors can both come and play.'

Pogo sat up, interested. 'How would that work?' he asked. Lori explained his plan. 'We can plant flowers that bloom in the day and flowers that bloom at night. We can put up little signs and make paths for everyone to follow. And we can share the garden's gifts—you can share fruit and leaves at night, and I can share flowers and seeds by day.' Pogo's sleepy face lit up with a smile.

Pogo thought about it. 'I like that idea,' he said. 'I have some fruit seeds in my satchel. We can plant them together.' Lori clapped his wings. 'And I know where to find the best flower seeds!' They shook hands—well, wing and paw—and got to work. First, they cleared a small patch of soil. Then they planted seeds side by side.

All day, they worked hard. Lori flew to gather seeds from his favorite flowers, while Pogo dug little holes with his paws. They planted sunflowers for the day and moonflowers for the night. They made a tiny sign that said 'Welcome All' with a leaf and a twig. They laughed and chatted as they worked, and the garden began to feel friendly again.

As the sun began to set, the first moonflower opened its white petals. 'Look!' cried Lori. 'It's blooming!' Pogo smiled. 'And the sunflowers will open tomorrow for you,' he said. They sat together and watched the moon rise. 'Thank you for sharing,' said Pogo. 'Thank you for helping,' said Lori. They both felt warm and happy inside.

From that day on, the garden was a shared garden. In the daytime, Lori invited butterflies and bees to sip nectar from the bright flowers. He shared seeds with the little birds and told everyone about his friend Pogo. At night, Pogo welcomed moths and fireflies, sharing fruit and leaves with them. The garden was full of life and laughter, day and night.

Lori and Pogo became the best of friends. They learned that compromise means finding a way for everyone to be happy. Sometimes Lori would stay up late to watch the moon with Pogo, and sometimes Pogo would wake early to see the sunrise with Lori. They shared stories and secrets and lots of giggles. Their friendship grew stronger every day.

The garden became a happy place for everyone. Birds sang in the morning, and crickets chirped at night. Flowers bloomed in every color, and fruit hung from the branches. All the animals felt welcome. Lori and Pogo would sit together at dusk and dawn, watching the sky change colors. 'This is the best garden ever,' said Lori. 'Because we share it,' agreed Pogo.

And so, the little lorikeet and the possum showed that friendship requires compromise. By working together and sharing what they had, they made a beautiful garden where everyone felt at home. The garden is happy all day and all night, and so are Lori and Pogo. The end.