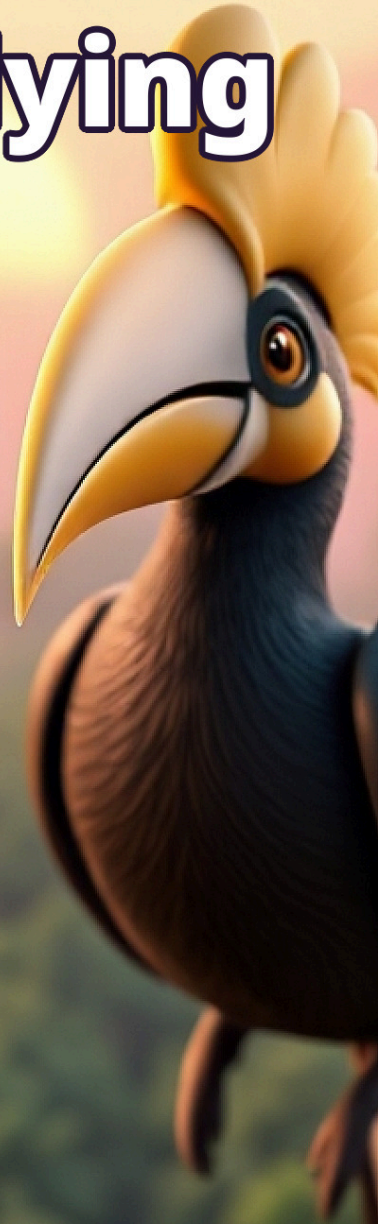


The Little Flying Fox



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High above the green forest, where the leaves whispered and the flowers nodded, lived a little flying fox named Pip. He was small and round, about the size of two cupped hands. His fur was soft and golden-brown, and his big dark eyes sparkled with curiosity. Every evening, when the sky turned pink, Pip woke up and stretched his wide, leathery wings.



Pip loved the forest more than anything. He loved the tall trees, the sweet flowers, and the juicy fruit that hung like little lanterns. His tiny pink nose twitched as he sniffed the warm evening air. "Time to find something yummy," he squeaked happily. Off he flew between the branches, his rounded ears listening to the sleepy songs of the forest.



One evening, a big whooshing sound made Pip stop in the air. A tall bird swooped down and landed on a branch nearby. The bird had glossy black feathers, a bright yellow-orange beak, and kind amber eyes. "Hello, little one," said the bird gently. "I am Kito the hornbill. Who are you?" Pip blinked his big eyes and smiled.



"I am Pip," said the little flying fox. "I am a fruit bat, and I love juicy fruit!" Kito tilted his head and chuckled. "I love fruit too," he said. "But I also love flying far and wide." Pip's wings fluttered with excitement. "I have never flown far," he said. "Would you show me the forest?" Kito nodded. "Follow me, little friend."



So Pip and Kito flew together over the treetops. Below them, the forest spread out like a giant green blanket. Pip saw rivers shining like silver ribbons and hills rolling like sleepy giants. He flapped his wide wings and laughed with joy. "This is wonderful!" he squeaked. Kito flew beside him, his white tail tips glowing in the moonlight.



Soon they found a fig tree heavy with ripe fruit. Pip landed and nibbled a juicy fig. It was so sweet and soft! He ate one, then two, then three. "These are the best figs in the whole forest," he said, licking his tiny nose. Kito pecked at a fig too and smiled. "Eat up, little friend. We have a long flight ahead."



As Pip ate, something surprising happened inside his tummy. The tiny seeds inside the figs traveled with him, tucked safely in his full belly. Pip did not know it yet, but he was carrying a little treasure. "My tummy feels round and happy," he giggled. Kito laughed. "A round tummy means a good meal!"



They flew on and on, farther than Pip had ever gone. The forest below grew different, with new trees and new smells. Pip's wings felt tired, but his heart felt light. Suddenly, a tiny seed slipped out and fell down, down, down to the soft ground far below. Pip watched it disappear into the grass. "Oh!" he said. "What was that?"



Kito smiled wisely. "That, little Pip, was a seed from the fig you ate," he said. "It fell into the earth. One day, a new tree might grow there." Pip's big eyes went wide. "A whole new tree? From my tummy?" he gasped. "That is amazing!" He flapped his wings with excitement. "I am helping the forest grow!"



Kito nodded. "I help too," he said. "I carry seeds in my beak and drop them in faraway places." He showed Pip a small seed he had picked up. "Watch this!" Kito flew high and let the seed fall gently onto a sunny hill. "Now new trees can grow in places far from the old ones," he said. Pip clapped his wings together. "Teamwork!" he cheered.



From that night on, Pip and Kito became the best of friends. Every evening, they flew over the forest together. Pip ate juicy fruit and let the seeds tumble out over new places. Kito carried seeds in his yellow-orange beak to distant hills. "We make a good team," said Kito. "Different animals, one big job," Pip agreed, grinning.



One night, a strong wind blew through the forest, and a little seed got stuck on a high rock. "It cannot grow there," said Pip sadly. "The rock is too hard." Kito thought for a moment. Together, they worked out a plan. Pip flapped his wide wings, and Kito used his strong beak. They gently moved the seed to soft soil.



"You see?" said Kito kindly. "When we help each other, even hard problems become easy." Pip nodded. "I could not do it alone," he said. "And neither could I," said Kito. They looked at the little seed in the soft earth and smiled. "Sleep well, little seed," whispered Pip. "Grow big and strong."



Weeks passed, and the forest began to change. Tiny green shoots popped up where Pip and Kito had dropped their seeds. Soon, little trees stretched their leaves toward the sun. Birds sang in the new branches, and flowers bloomed between the roots. "Look what we did!" said Pip, flying in happy circles. "Look what we did together!" said Kito.



The forest grew greener and happier than ever before. Other animals came to see the new trees. "How did this happen?" asked a curious squirrel. Pip and Kito looked at each other and smiled. "We shared seeds," said Pip. "We flew together," said Kito. "And we learned that friends can make the world greener," they said together.



And so, every evening, when the sky turns pink, you can see a little flying fox and a tall hornbill flying side by side over the forest. They share juicy fruit, carry tiny seeds, and sing a cheerful song. "Different animals, helping the forest grow!" they sing. And somewhere below, a new little tree is always sprouting, thanks to two good friends.