

The Little Honey Possum



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In a small sunny garden, where flowers nodded in the breeze, lived a little honey possum. She was no bigger than a child's finger, with soft golden-brown fur and a cream belly. Her long, pointed snout had a tiny pink nose, and her eyes were large and round and dark. Every morning she trotted along the branches, looking for something sweet to sip.



The garden was full of colour. There were red flowers and yellow flowers and flowers as blue as the sky. The little honey possum loved them all. She would push her long snout deep inside and lap up the sweet nectar with her tongue. Her slender tail curled around a twig to keep her safe. Nectar was her favourite food in the whole wide world.



One bright morning, a flutter of wings came near. A honeyeater landed on a branch beside her. He was a small songbird about the size of a sparrow, with a glossy olive-green back and a pale grey-white breast. A bright yellow patch shone on his wing, and his long curved black beak dipped into a flower. "Good morning!" he chirped. "Sweet nectar, isn't it?"



The little honey possum peeked out from behind a leaf. "It is," she said softly. "I come here every day for breakfast." The honeyeater tilted his head and looked at her with his dark eye, ringed with a thin pale line. "So do I," he said. "I fly here from the tall tree at the end of the garden. The flowers are always full of sweetness."



For a while they sipped side by side, and it was lovely. But then the little honey possum began to worry. She looked at the flowers, then at the honeyeater. "There are only so many flowers," she said quietly. "If we both drink all the nectar, will there be enough for both of us?" Her tiny pink nose twitched with worry.



The honeyeater stopped sipping and thought. "I have worried about that too," he said. "Some mornings the flowers are nearly empty, and I fly a long way to find more. I don't want to take your breakfast, little friend. But I need my breakfast too." He fluttered his quick wings and sighed a small bird sigh.



The little honey possum curled her slender tail around the branch and thought hard. Then her big round eyes grew bright. "What if we made more flowers?" she said. "What if we planted seeds, and watered them, and waited? Then there would be plenty of nectar for everyone!" The honeyeater hopped closer. "That is a wonderful idea," he chirped. "Let's do it together."



So they set to work. The honeyeater flew far and wide, gathering seeds in his curved black beak. The little honey possum dug tiny holes in the soft brown earth with her little paws. She dropped each seed in and patted the soil down. "This one is for you," she said. "And this one is for me. And this one is for any hungry visitor who flies by."



Day after day, they tended their little garden. The honeyeater brought water in his beak, drop by drop, and the honey possum cleared away the weeds. "It's hard work," she puffed. "But it's good work," said the honeyeater. They rested together in the shade, and the honey possum told him stories, and he sang her little songs.



Soon tiny green shoots pushed up through the soil. The honey possum squeaked with joy. "Look! They're growing!" She raced along the branches to see every one. The honeyeater fluttered above, watching the green leaves unfold. "They need sunshine now," he said. "And a little patience." So they waited, and watched, and watered, and waited some more.



Then one morning, the garden was full of buds. The honey possum woke to a burst of colour. Red flowers and yellow flowers and flowers as blue as the sky were opening everywhere. She breathed in the sweet smell and her tiny nose wiggled. "They're here!" she called. "Our flowers are here!" The honeyeater swooped down, and together they danced among the blossoms.



The honeyeater dipped his long curved beak into a big red flower. "Mmm!" he sang. "There is so much nectar!" The little honey possum sipped from a yellow one and her round dark eyes went wide. "More than enough!" she said. "More than enough for you, and me, and every little visitor too." They shared the sweetest breakfast they had ever tasted.



Other creatures came to visit the garden. Bees buzzed, and butterflies floated, and small birds hopped along the branches. Everyone found something sweet to sip. "You see," said the little honey possum, "when we make plenty, there is room for everyone." The honeyeater nodded. "Sharing works best," he chirped, "when we think of others and plant enough for all."



From that day on, the little honey possum and the honeyeater shared their beautiful garden every morning. She would curl her tail around a twig and sip her nectar, and he would flutter from flower to flower beside her. "Good morning, little friend," he would sing. "Good morning," she would answer, "there's plenty for us today." And they were both very happy.



When new seeds fell to the ground, the two friends planted them too. They wanted their garden to grow bigger and brighter every year. "There will always be enough," said the honey possum, "if we keep making more." The honeyeater sang a happy song, and the flowers nodded in the breeze. The little garden had become a place of sweetness for everyone.



And so the little honey possum learned a gentle lesson. Sharing is not about taking less. It is about thinking of others and making sure there is plenty for all. When we plant kindness together, it grows and grows, just like a garden full of flowers. And that is the sweetest thing of all.