

The Little Kookaburra



Aysel Banu YAVUZAL

The Little Kookaburra

Aysel Banu YAVUZAL



High in the big gum tree, where the leaves whispered and the breeze tickled, lived a little kookaburra. His feathers were cream and brown, speckled like sunlight through the branches, and his beak was broad and always smiling. Every morning he laughed out loud. "Ha ha ha!" he sang, and the whole forest woke up happy.



The kookaburra loved his gum tree. It had sturdy branches for hopping and shady leaves for napping. His rusty tail with dark bars bobbed as he chuckled at the clouds. "What a fine day!" he chirped. But when the sun set, the forest grew quiet. The kookaburra still felt a laugh bubbling inside him, even in the dark.



One night, the kookaburra heard a tiny rustle. Out from a hollow branch peeked a little possum. He had soft grey fur, a pale cream belly, and big round dark eyes that blinked shyly. His long curling tail wrapped around the branch like a question mark. "Hello!" said the kookaburra. The possum hid his face.



"Don't be shy," said the kookaburra gently. "I'm just a bird who loves to laugh." The possum peeked out again. "I... I hide from everyone," he whispered. "It's safer in my hollow." The kookaburra's bright eyes twinkled. "But you're missing all the fun!" he said. The possum shook his head and started to back away.



The kookaburra didn't want the possum to go. "Wait!" he called. "I know a special place. It's a secret hollow tree that makes funny noises." The possum's small pink nose twitched with curiosity. "Funny noises?" he asked. "Come and see," said the kookaburra, fluttering to a lower branch. "It's not far, and I'll stay with you."



The possum crept out of his hollow, his fluffy body wobbling on the branch. He followed the kookaburra down the gum tree, his long tail curling and uncurling with each step. The kookaburra hopped ahead, chattering cheerfully. "It's just past the ferns," he said. "You'll love it!" The possum wasn't sure, but he kept going because the kookaburra's smile felt warm.



They reached an old tree with a big round hole in its trunk. "This is it!" said the kookaburra. "The echo tree!" The possum peered inside. It looked dark and quiet. "Go on," said the kookaburra. "Say something." The possum whispered, "Hello?" and the tree whispered back, "Hello... hello... hello..." The possum's eyes went wide. "It talks!" he gasped.



The kookaburra laughed. "Ha ha ha!" he chuckled, and the tree echoed, "Ha ha ha... ha ha ha!" The possum's mouth twitched. It sounded so silly! The kookaburra laughed again, louder this time, and the echo bounced around them like a happy game. "Try it!" urged the kookaburra. The possum giggled a tiny giggle. "Hee hee!" he said, and the tree giggled back.



The possum forgot to be shy. He laughed and laughed, and the echo tree laughed with him. "Hee hee hee! Ha ha ha!" Their laughter bounced off the hollow walls and tumbled out like confetti. The kookaburra flapped his speckled wings with joy. "You're a natural!" he cried. The possum's round dark eyes sparkled. He had never felt so happy.



They took turns making silly sounds. The kookaburra hooted, and the tree hooted back. The possum squeaked, and the tree squeaked back. "This is the best tree ever!" said the possum, his tail curling with delight. "I told you!" said the kookaburra. "Laughter is better when you share it." The possum nodded. He had always hidden his laughter, but now it burst out like bubbles.



After a while, they rested on a branch, side by side. "I used to think hiding was safe," said the possum softly. "But laughing with you feels even safer." The kookaburra nudged him gently. "Friends make everything better," he said. "And you're my friend now." The possum's heart felt warm and full. He curled his tail around the branch and smiled a real smile.



The possum looked at the echo tree and then at the kookaburra. "Can we come back tomorrow?" he asked. "Of course!" said the kookaburra. "Every night, if you like." The possum's big eyes shone. He wasn't hiding anymore. He was right there, on the branch, with a friend. The echo tree seemed to hum with happiness, as if it knew it had helped.



From that night on, the possum didn't hide when the kookaburra came near. They met at the echo tree and laughed until their bellies ached. Other animals heard the joyful noise and smiled. "What a happy sound!" they said. The possum learned that sharing laughter was a happy way to make a friend. And the echo tree? It kept their laughter safe, ready to bounce back whenever they needed it.



The kookaburra and the possum became best friends. They laughed in the big gum tree and giggled in the hollow one. The possum still liked quiet times, but now he had a friend to share them with. "Thank you for finding me," the possum said one evening. "You found me too," said the kookaburra. "You just had to come out of your hollow."



So if you ever hear a kookaburra laughing in the gum tree, listen closely. You might hear a possum giggling along, and an echo tree joining in. Because laughter, like friendship, grows bigger when you share it. And the little possum who once hid from everyone now laughs out loud, happy and free, with his best friend by his side.



The forest is a happier place now. The kookaburra still laughs every morning, and the possum laughs along. They know that a friend is someone who helps you find your smile. And somewhere in the woods, the echo tree waits, ready to bounce back a giggle or two. All you need is a little courage and a friend to share it with.