

# The Macaw's Missing Colors



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High in the green rainforest, where the sun peeked through leaves like golden coins, lived a macaw named Rosita. Her back and wings were brilliant blue, her chest shone like sunshine, and her long tail was as red as a sunset. She loved to swoop and sing, showing off her beautiful feathers. All the forest creatures knew Rosita as the brightest bird in the canopy.



Rosita's best friend was Tito, a tiny squirrel monkey with olive-brown fur and a long curling tail. Tito carried a little woven leaf pouch everywhere he went. Every morning, he swung through the branches to find Rosita. 'Your feathers are the prettiest in the whole forest,' Tito said with a grin. Rosita fluffed her bright wings proudly. Life was happy and full of color.



One windy night, a strong gust rattled the trees. Rosita woke to a strange feeling—her back felt light and breezy. She looked down and gasped. Her brightest blue feathers were gone! Only a few dull ones remained. Her golden chest looked patchy, and her red tail was thinner. 'Oh no!' she cried. 'My colors are missing!' She hid her face under her wing, feeling sad and shy.



Tito heard her cry and scrambled over. 'Don't worry, Rosita! We'll find your feathers,' he said, opening his little leaf pouch. 'I'll keep any we find safe in here.' Rosita peeked out. 'They're gone, Tito. I'm not pretty anymore.' Tito shook his head. 'You're still you. Come on, let's search!' And off they went, hopping from branch to branch.



First, they asked Toucan, who sat calmly on a high branch. His huge orange beak gleamed in the sunlight. 'Have you seen my blue feathers?' Rosita asked. Toucan tilted his head. 'I saw some bright feathers blowing toward the river,' he said wisely. 'But they moved fast.' Rosita's heart sank a little. 'Let's check the river!' Tito cheered. They thanked Toucan and hurried off.



By the river, the water rushed and sparkled. Tito spotted a blue gleam caught on a rock. 'There!' he shouted. But as they reached for it, a puff of wind lifted the feather away. It danced over the water and disappeared. Rosita's eyes filled with tears. 'It's gone,' she whispered. Tito patted her wing. 'We'll keep looking. Don't give up yet!'



Next, they visited Sloth, who hung slowly from a branch. His shaggy grey fur looked soft, and his round face was kind. 'Have you seen my feathers?' Rosita asked. Sloth blinked slowly. 'I saw some red ones floating down near the big fig tree,' he said gently. 'But the wind may have taken them.' Rosita sighed. 'Thank you, Sloth.' They headed to the fig tree.



Under the big fig tree, they searched every leaf and branch. Tito climbed high and low, his long tail curling around twigs. Rosita peeked under ferns and behind vines. But there were no blue feathers, no golden ones, no red ones. 'They're really gone,' Rosita said, her voice trembling. 'I look so plain now. No one will want to be my friend.'



Tito sat beside her. 'That's not true, Rosita. Your friends love you for you.' But Rosita shook her head. 'They loved my colors. Without them, I'm just a dull bird.' She hid her face again. Tito didn't know what to say. He wished he could find at least one feather to cheer her up. But the forest was quiet, and the feathers were nowhere to be found.



As the sun began to set, Toucan and Sloth joined them. They had heard Rosita's sad words. 'Rosita,' said Toucan softly, 'do you remember when you helped me find my lost egg? You searched all day without resting.' Rosita nodded slowly. 'And you shared your sweet berries with me when I was hungry,' Sloth added. 'You are kind, Rosita. That's what we love.'



Rosita looked at her friends. 'But my colors made me special,' she said. Tito took her wing. 'No, Rosita. Your kindness makes you special. Your colors are pretty, but they're not what makes us your friends.' Toucan nodded. 'We love you for your warm heart and your brave spirit.' Sloth smiled. 'And your beautiful singing, too.' Rosita felt a tiny spark inside her.



Rosita thought about all the times she had helped her friends. She remembered sharing fruit, singing to cheer them up, and always being there. Her feathers were gone, but her kindness was still there. 'You really don't mind that I'm not colorful?' she asked. 'We love you just as you are,' said Tito. 'And you're still the same Rosita inside.' Rosita's heart felt lighter.



Rosita lifted her head and looked at her friends. 'Thank you,' she said. 'I guess I forgot that being a good friend is what matters most.' She spread her wings, and even without the brightest colors, she felt proud. 'I may not be the most colorful bird, but I can still sing!' She took a deep breath and let out a happy melody. Her friends cheered.



Tito swung around her, and Toucan clapped his big beak. Sloth swayed gently to the tune. 'Your song is beautiful, Rosita!' said Tito. 'And you are beautiful, too—inside and out,' added Toucan. Rosita felt a warm glow. She realized that confidence didn't come from feathers. It came from being kind and loved. She sang louder, and the whole forest seemed to listen.



From that day on, Rosita didn't worry about her missing feathers. She knew her friends loved her for her kindness, her courage, and her cheerful song. She still admired the colorful birds, but she no longer wished to be different. She was happy being herself. And whenever she felt shy, she remembered Tito's words: 'You're still you.' That was enough.



So if you ever visit the rainforest, listen for a happy song. You might see a blue and yellow macaw with a few less feathers, singing with her friends. Tito the squirrel monkey will be there, too, with his little leaf pouch. And they will tell you that true beauty comes from kindness, and confidence grows when you know you are loved just as you are.