

The Little Kakapo



Aysel Banu YAVUZAL

The Little Kakapo

Aysel Banu YAVUZAL



Deep in a magical forest, where the trees glowed soft blue and the stars sang lullabies, lived a little kakapo named Kip. He was small and round, with moss-green feathers and brown speckles. His big amber eyes shone like two warm lanterns. Every night, Kip watched the moths flutter and wished, just once, that he could fly too.



Kip had tiny wings that stayed folded at his sides. When he tried to flap them, he only wobbled in a circle and plopped back down. 'Flying looks so easy for everyone else,' he sighed. He carried a little leaf satchel with an acorn clasp, filled with shiny pebbles he found on the forest floor.



One moonlit night, Kip heard a rustle near the ferns. Out stepped a plump brown bird with fuzzy feathers, a long pale beak, and a bright blue scarf tied in a knot. 'Hello! I'm Kiwi,' the bird chirped. 'I'm new here. My legs are strong, but I have no wings at all!' Kip blinked. 'Really? I thought I was the only one who stayed on the ground.'



Kiwi grinned. 'Staying on the ground is where all the best things happen!' The two new friends walked side by side under the glowing trees, their feet crunching softly on fallen leaves. Kip showed Kiwi his pebble collection. Kiwi showed Kip how to sniff the cool night air. For the first time, Kip did not feel so sad about his tiny wings.



Then, from somewhere deep in the dark ferns, came a strange sound. Tap... tap... tappity-tap! It came again, soft and mysterious. Kiwi's small dark eyes went wide. 'Did you hear that?' Kip nodded slowly. 'It sounds like something is tapping. But what?' The two friends stood very still and listened hard.



'Let's find out,' said Kiwi bravely, pulling the blue scarf tighter. 'We can follow the sound together.' They crept toward the tapping, step by step. Kip's short sturdy legs carried him over roots and moss. Kiwi's long beak tapped the ground, testing the way. The forest around them glowed and shimmered in the night.



The tapping grew louder near a hollow log. Kip pressed his ear to the old bark. 'It's coming from under the ground!' he whispered. Kiwi sniffed the air. 'I smell something cool and wet,' she said. 'Something is stuck down there.' They looked at each other. 'We need to dig,' said Kip. 'And digging is something I can do.'



Kip's strong feet scratched at the soft earth. Dirt flew this way and that. Kiwi dug beside him with her sharp claws, both of them working as a team. 'Faster!' giggled Kiwi. 'We're close!' The tapping sound grew quicker and more excited, as if whatever was down there could hear them coming.



Down and down they dug, until the ground opened into a tiny tunnel. Kip poked his round head inside. His big amber eyes adjusted to the dark. There, in a little pocket under the roots, was a tiny lost forest creature with a shiny shell, tapping on a stone. 'Hello!' said Kip gently. 'Are you lost?'



The little creature nodded. 'I crawled in and the tunnel crumbled behind me,' it squeaked. 'I've been tapping to call for help.' Kiwi poked her long beak into the opening. 'Don't worry! We found you. We are very good at digging, and even better at helping friends.' Kip smiled. 'Hold on tight. We'll make the tunnel bigger.'



The two friends dug side by side, Kiwi on one side and Kip on the other. Their strong legs and sharp claws worked together, opening a wide, safe path. 'Almost there!' puffed Kip. 'You're doing great!' cheered Kiwi. With one last scratch, the little creature scurried out into the moonlight and hugged them both.



'Thank you!' it squeaked, its shiny shell sparkling. 'You two are the bravest diggers in the whole forest!' Kip looked at his tiny folded wings and then at his strong round feet. He had not flown even a little bit. But he had listened, he had dug, and he had helped. His heart felt warm and proud.



Kiwi tied her blue scarf snugly and beamed at Kip. 'See? Flying is not the only way to be brave,' she said. 'You heard the sound. You knew what to do. Your strong feet saved our new friend.' Kip hugged his leaf satchel tight. 'And you sniffed and dug and never gave up,' he said. 'We make a good team.'



That night, the little creature led them to a cozy spot beneath the glowing trees. 'My home is close to yours!' it chirped. 'We can meet every night!' Kip and Kiwi looked at each other and laughed. The forest felt friendlier than it ever had. The stars above seemed to twinkle just for them.



From then on, every night was an adventure for the little kakapo and his friends. They listened to the forest sounds, sniffed the cool air, and dug up treasures in the soft earth. Kip never once wished his wings were bigger. He had discovered that everyone has special strengths, and his ground skills were his very own.



Kip learned that being brave does not mean flying high. It means listening, helping, and trying your best with what you have. The magical forest stayed full of fun and friendship, and the little kakapo never felt small again. Not even the tiniest bit. Everyone has a gift, and his was right there under his own two feet.