

The Parrot's Purple Umbrella



Ebru Mina TOMURCUK

The Parrot's Purple Umbrella

Ebru Mina TOMURCUK



Deep in the lush, green rainforest, where vines dangled like ribbons and waterfalls sang soft songs, lived a bright scarlet parrot named Polly. Her feathers shone like fire, and her golden-yellow wing tips sparkled in the dappled sunlight. Polly loved to invent things, and her tiny blue satchel was always stuffed with sketches and ideas. On this particular morning, a gentle rain pattered on the leaves, and Polly noticed her friends looking damp and glum.



Polly perched on a branch beside her latest creation: a giant purple umbrella. It was as big as a cloud and as purple as a ripe plum. She had sewn it from broad leaves and stitched it with vines. 'This will keep everyone dry!' she squawked proudly. But just then, a gust of wind whooshed through the trees and flipped the umbrella upside down. 'Oh no!' Polly cried, flapping her wings. 'I must try again!'



Nearby, a young monkey named Mimi swung down on her long curling tail. She wore a red bandana around her neck and her big dark eyes sparkled with curiosity. 'Wow, Polly! A giant purple umbrella! Can I help?' she chirped. Polly smiled, but she was determined to do it herself. 'I just need to make it stronger,' she said. 'But thank you, Mimi.' She pulled out her sketchbook and began to draw.



Polly worked all afternoon, adding more leaves and more vine stitches. She tested the umbrella by holding it over a puddle. But the moment she let go, a breeze caught the purple canopy and sent it tumbling. 'Blast!' Polly squawked. 'The wind is too strong!' A toucan named Toby waddled over, his huge orange beak gleaming. 'I can hold it steady,' he offered. But Polly shook her head. 'I can fix it alone,' she insisted.



The next day, Polly tried tying the umbrella to a thin sapling, but the sapling bent and the umbrella flopped over. She tried propping it with sticks, but the sticks snapped. Each time, the wind blew it down. Polly's amber eyes grew worried. 'Maybe I can't do this,' she sighed. Mimi and Toby watched from a distance, wishing they could help.



Just then, a calm voice spoke from a nearby branch. 'You know,' said Simon the sloth, 'a strong branch might hold it better.' Simon moved very slowly, his long claws gripping the bark. He had a green leaf tucked behind one ear like a little hat. 'That thin sapling is too weak,' he said gently. 'But that big old fig tree over there has a branch as thick as a python.'



Polly looked at the fig tree. Its branch was indeed strong and sturdy. 'But how will I attach the umbrella to it?' she asked. Simon smiled slowly. 'You'll need help,' he said. 'Mimi can climb high and tie it. Toby can carry heavy leaves. And I can hold the branch steady with my claws.' Polly's eyes widened. 'You'd all help me?' she asked. 'Of course!' chirped Mimi. 'Teamwork makes it better!'



Polly felt a warm glow in her chest. 'All right,' she said. 'Let's do it together!' She pulled out her blue satchel and showed them her sketches. Mimi clapped her small hands. Toby nodded. Simon blinked his gentle brown eyes. They all gathered around the big fig tree to plan.



Mimi scrambled up the fig tree like a little acrobat. Her long tail curled around a branch for balance. She carried a vine rope in her nimble hands. 'I'll tie the umbrella here!' she called down. Toby flapped his sturdy wings and carried big, broad leaves to reinforce the canopy. His woven vine bracelet caught the light as he worked. Simon wrapped his long claws around a lower branch and held it steady.



Polly flew up and down, stitching and adjusting. 'A little to the left!' she directed. 'Now pull the vine tight!' The umbrella began to take shape, big and purple and wonderful. But the wind still tugged at it. 'We need more support,' said Toby. Simon thought for a moment. 'Let's tie the edges to the branch with extra vines,' he suggested. 'That will keep it from flipping.'



Everyone worked together. Mimi tied knots high up. Toby carried more vines. Polly stitched the canopy to the frame. Simon held everything steady, his slow, patient grip making sure nothing slipped. Even the rain seemed to pause as they worked. Finally, Polly stepped back. 'It's done!' she squawked. The giant purple umbrella stood firm, anchored to the strong branch.



Just then, the sky opened and a heavy rain began to fall. But under the purple umbrella, it was dry and cozy. 'Come on, everyone!' called Polly. The animals of the rainforest gathered—monkeys, toucans, sloths, and more. They huddled together under the big purple canopy, laughing and chatting. 'It works!' cried Mimi, dancing a little jig. Toby smiled his steady smile. Simon nodded slowly, his leaf hat bobbing.



Polly looked around at her friends. 'I couldn't have done this alone,' she said. 'Thank you, Simon, for your idea. Thank you, Mimi and Toby, for your help.' Simon smiled. 'Your idea was wonderful,' he said. 'We just made it stronger.' Mimi hugged Polly. 'Teamwork made it better!' she cheered. The rain drummed a happy rhythm on the purple leaves.



From that day on, the giant purple umbrella became the favorite spot in the rainforest. When the sun was too hot, it gave shade. When the rain fell, it kept everyone dry. And Polly never forgot the lesson she learned: that sharing an idea and welcoming help makes it even better. She added a new sketch to her blue satchel—one of all her friends working together.



The animals often gathered under the umbrella to share stories and fruit. Mimi would swing from the vines, Toby would tap a beat with his beak, and Simon would doze peacefully. Polly would perch on a branch and smile. 'This is the best invention ever,' she said. 'And I didn't do it alone.' The rainforest was filled with laughter and the soft patter of rain on purple leaves.



And so, under the big purple umbrella, the rainforest friends stayed dry and happy. They had learned that when everyone works together, even a small parrot's big idea can grow into something wonderful. Polly's blue satchel now held sketches of many more inventions—each one with a space for friends to help. Because teamwork, they knew, made everything better.