

The Parrot Who Forgot Words



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In a bright green forest, where sunlight danced through the leaves, lived a cheerful parrot named Percy. He had emerald-green feathers, a sunny yellow chest, and wing tips of vivid red and blue. Percy loved to talk. He chattered to the squirrels, sang to the rabbits, and called out to the deer. His friends always smiled when they heard his happy voice.



Every morning, Percy would perch on a branch and greet the world. 'Good morning, Squirrel! Good morning, Rabbit! Good morning, Deer!' he would call. His friends would wave and call back. Percy's big round eyes sparkled with joy. He felt like the luckiest parrot in the forest.



One sunny day, Percy woke up and opened his beak to sing his usual morning song. But no sound came out. He tried again. Nothing. He tried to say 'hello' to Squirrel, but only a tiny squeak escaped. Percy's eyes grew wide with worry. What was happening? He couldn't remember any words at all.



Percy flew to Squirrel's tree and tried to speak. He opened his beak, but only a soft squawk came out. Squirrel tilted her head. 'What's wrong, Percy?' she asked. Percy tried to explain, but the words were gone. He felt a heavy lump in his throat. Tears filled his big dark eyes. He couldn't talk anymore.



Percy visited Rabbit and Deer, hoping his words would come back. But when he tried to speak, only strange sounds came out. His friends looked confused. 'We don't understand,' said Rabbit, adjusting her little red scarf. Percy's heart sank. He wanted to tell them he was sorry, but he couldn't. He felt sad and alone.



Days passed, and Percy grew quieter and quieter. He stopped flying to visit his friends. He sat on a branch, watching them play from afar. Squirrel, Rabbit, and Deer missed his cheerful chatter. They didn't know how to help. Percy's bright feathers seemed to droop. He felt like a cloud had covered his sunshine.



One afternoon, a wise old tortoise named Tilly slowly walked by. She had a patterned brown shell with rings, wrinkled grey-green skin, and tiny round spectacles on her nose. She saw Percy sitting alone and sad. 'Why so glum, little parrot?' she asked gently. Percy tried to speak, but only a squeak came out. Tilly nodded kindly.



Tilly sat beside Percy and smiled. 'I see,' she said. 'You've lost your words. But don't worry. There are other ways to talk.' Percy looked at her with curious eyes. Tilly picked up a small twig and drew a simple picture in the dirt: a tree. 'You can draw what you want to say,' she explained. 'Pictures can be words too.'



Percy's eyes widened. He had never thought of that! He picked up a twig with his tiny grey feet and tried to draw. At first, his lines were wobbly, but Tilly encouraged him. 'That's it,' she said. 'Now draw something you love.' Percy drew a big, bright sun. Then he drew a tree with leaves. Tilly smiled. 'You're a natural,' she said.



Percy practiced every day. He drew trees and flowers, berries and nuts. He drew happy faces and sad faces. Tilly watched patiently, offering gentle tips. 'Use pictures to share your feelings,' she said. Percy drew a heart when he felt love, and a cloud when he felt sad. Slowly, he began to feel a little better.



One morning, Percy felt brave. He flew to Squirrel's tree with a drawing of a big pile of nuts. Squirrel looked at the picture and gasped. 'You want to share nuts?' she asked. Percy nodded and flapped his wings happily. Squirrel called Rabbit and Deer. 'Look! Percy is talking with pictures!' They all gathered around, amazed.



Percy drew more pictures: a tree with a swing, a field of flowers, a smiling face. His friends understood each one. 'You want to play on the swing!' said Rabbit. 'You want to go to the flower field!' said Deer. Percy nodded and danced with joy. His friends cheered. They had missed his voice, but now they could hear him in a new way.



From that day on, Percy carried a small twig everywhere. He drew pictures to tell stories, share jokes, and say 'I love you.' His friends drew pictures back. They laughed at his funny drawings and added their own. Communication took many forms, and Percy discovered that friendship doesn't need words. A picture can say a thousand things.



Percy felt happy again. He still couldn't remember his words, but he didn't mind. He had found a new way to share his heart. Tilly the tortoise watched from afar and smiled. 'You see,' she said softly, 'kindness and creativity can solve many problems.' Percy nodded and drew a picture of Tilly with a big smile. He gave it to her as a thank-you.



Now Percy's days are full of laughter and play. He draws trees and food and happy faces, and his friends always understand. They play games, share meals, and tell stories with pictures. Percy's emerald feathers shine bright again. He has learned that friendship and communication take many forms. Even without words, he can still laugh, play, and share.



And so, in the bright green forest, Percy the parrot is cheerful once more. His picture language makes everyone smile. Squirrel, Rabbit, and Deer love his drawings, and they often add their own. Tilly visits often, and they all sit together, drawing and laughing. Percy knows that words are not the only way to say 'I care.' Friendship speaks in many languages.