

The Kangaroo's Missing Pocket



Ebru Mina TOMURCUK

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Katie the kangaroo loved her pocket. It was a soft, warm pouch right on her tummy. She kept her favorite things inside: a shiny red ball, a half-eaten sandwich, and a smooth blue stone. Every morning, she checked her pocket first. 'Good morning, pocket,' she said, patting it gently. Her sandy-brown fur ruffled in the breeze, and her red neck scarf fluttered. Today was going to be a happy day.



Katie hopped out of bed and put on her red scarf. She tied it in a neat bow. Then she reached into her pocket to find her blue stone. But something felt different. The pocket was warm and tingly, like tiny sparks were dancing inside. 'Ooh!' said Katie. 'My pocket feels magic today!' She didn't know what to expect. She decided to test it with her sandwich.



Katie placed her sandwich in her pocket and waited. Nothing happened. Then she heard a rustle above her. 'Look!' cried Mia, her best friend, a small grey rabbit with a yellow flower clip. Mia pointed up. There was the sandwich, stuck in a tree branch! 'How did that get there?' Katie wondered. Mia giggled. 'Your pocket is magic!' Katie's dark brown eyes grew wide.



Katie laughed. 'Let's try my ball!' She put the red ball in her pocket. Whoosh! It disappeared. Then they heard a bounce, bounce, bounce. The ball rolled out of a bush near Mia's house, far away! 'Wow!' said Mia. 'Your pocket sends things to surprising places!' They ran to fetch the ball. Katie's long tail bounced behind her. This was fun!



Katie and Mia played all morning. Katie put a leaf in her pocket, and it popped up in a bird's nest. She put a pebble in, and it appeared on a rock by the river. Each time, they giggled and ran to find it. 'My pocket is the best!' Katie said. But Mia looked thoughtful. 'What if you put something you really need?' she asked. Katie shrugged. 'I'll just find it later.'



At lunchtime, Katie was hungry. She reached into her pocket for her sandwich, but it was empty. 'Oh no!' she cried. 'My sandwich is still in the tree!' She hopped to the tree, but the sandwich was gone. A bird had eaten it. Katie's tummy rumbled. 'I should have been more careful,' she said sadly. Mia patted her paw. 'It's okay. Let's find something else to eat.'



Mum Roo called them for lunch. She wore her straw sun hat with the blue ribbon. 'Katie, where is your sandwich?' she asked. Katie explained about the magic pocket. Mum Roo's hazel eyes were kind. 'A magic pocket is a big responsibility,' she said. 'You must think before you put things inside.' Katie nodded. She felt a little ashamed. 'I will be more careful,' she promised.



That afternoon, Katie decided to use her pocket kindly. She put a carrot inside for her friend Mia. Whoosh! The carrot appeared in Mia's own garden, right next to her! Mia was surprised and happy. 'Thank you, Katie!' she squealed. Katie smiled. It felt good to use the magic to help. She put a flower in her pocket, and it popped up on Mum Roo's hat. Mum Roo laughed.



But then Katie wanted to keep something safe. She put her blue stone in her pocket, hoping it would stay there. Instead, it vanished. 'Oh no! My special stone!' she cried. She and Mia searched everywhere. They looked under bushes and behind trees. Finally, they found it in a bird's nest, high up. Katie had to climb carefully to get it. 'I need to be more careful,' she said.



Katie sat down with Mia. 'My pocket is magic, but I can't control where things go,' she said. 'I need to use it only for good surprises, not for keeping my own things.' Mia nodded. 'That's a smart idea.' Katie thought for a moment. 'I'll use it to share and to cheer people up. And I'll keep my special things in a safe box at home.' She felt proud of her plan.



Katie went home and found a small wooden box. She put her blue stone and her red ball inside. 'These stay here now,' she said. Then she looked at her pocket. It glowed softly. 'Thank you for the fun,' she whispered. 'But I will be careful.' She decided to use her pocket only for kind surprises. She put a tiny note inside that said 'Smile!' and wondered where it would pop up.



The next morning, Katie put a small gift in her pocket for Mum Roo: a pretty shell she had found. Whoosh! It disappeared. Later, Mum Roo was making tea. She lifted the teapot and found the shell inside! 'Oh, Katie! How lovely!' she said, giving Katie a hug. Katie beamed. Her magic pocket had made someone happy. And she had been careful about what she put inside.



Mia came over to play. Katie put a daisy in her pocket and sent it to Mia's hair clip. Mia laughed when the daisy appeared above her ear. 'You're getting good at this!' she said. Katie felt warm inside. She had learned that caring for something special means thinking about others. Her pocket was still magic, but now she used it with care. And that made all the difference.



That evening, Katie felt a little sad. Her pocket had been quiet all day. She missed the sparkle. She sat on her bed and hugged her knees. 'I wish my pocket would surprise me one more time,' she said softly. Just then, she felt a warm tingle. She reached into her pocket and pulled out a tiny, shiny star. It glowed like a little lamp. 'For being responsible,' a soft voice seemed to say.



Katie gasped. 'Mum! Mia! Look!' she called. They came running. The star twinkled in her paw. 'It's a reward for taking care of your magic,' said Mum Roo, smiling. 'You learned that responsibility requires care.' Katie hugged the star. She would keep it safe in her wooden box. 'I'll always remember this,' she said. And her pocket gave one last warm glow.



From that day on, Katie used her magic pocket for kind surprises. She sent smiles to friends and treats to neighbors. She kept her special things safe in her box. And every night, she whispered a thank you to her pocket. She knew that caring for something special was a big responsibility—and the best kind of magic. With her red scarf and her warm heart, Katie hopped happily into every new day.