











## CHAPTER ONE



One morning, Mama Paradise Bird gently woke little Chippy. She took Chippy under her wing and said, “Chippy, it’s time for you to fly out into the big, wide world. You will have many exciting adventures and find many colorful birds, just as beautiful as you.”

Chippy looked at her mama with big eyes and asked, “But Mama, where will I find the colorful birds?”

Mama Paradise Bird smiled and said, “Fly toward the sun, my dear. After a while, you’ll reach a large, gray rock. On top of the rock lives Galan, the wise eagle. Ask him, he will help you and tell you what you need to do. You can trust him, I know him very well.”

“But I will miss you, Mama,” said Chippy sadly.

“I will miss you too. And I will think of you every day, my little one,” said Mama Paradise Bird. “But



now you must go so you can reach Galan before sunset. I wish you good luck, lots of strength, and much joy.”

Chippy felt sad and a little lonely as she flew off. She thought, “Who will bring me worms now? Who will take care of me?” Oh dear, she was also a little hungry, but she knew she had to fly on to fulfill her task.

Chippy flew for many hours, and just as the sun was setting, she finally saw the large, gray rock. At the top, in a huge nest, sat Galan, the wise eagle. He was very old, with many gray feathers and a large, golden pair of glasses on his beak.

Carefully, Chippy landed on the edge of the big nest, right next to the golden book Galan was reading. Chippy tilted her head and chirped, “Good evening.”

The wise Galan lifted his head and said, “I have been waiting for you, my child. You have a great task ahead of you. You will fly to the great blue forest. That is where the colorful birds have lived for many years. One day, bird catchers came to the blue forest and captured many young birds. They wanted to make a lot of money. The birds were sold across the land, and many spent their

lives in cages. Only a few, like your parents, managed to escape. Now, only a few colorful birds remain in the blue forest, and most of them are already very old. That’s why you young ones must return. Your grandparents need you. They have been waiting for a long time.”

“Now, rest for a while. I have some worms for you. By tomorrow morning, you will know the way, and you will have the strength to begin your long journey and return to the family of colorful birds. I know you will.”

Suddenly, Chippy felt terribly tired and fell asleep, curled under Galan’s feathers. That night, she dreamed of flying over great forests, rivers, and mountains, and then, in the distance, she spotted the blue forest—her grandparents’ home. She knew that many exciting adventures and experiences awaited her on this journey.



## CHAPTER TWO



he next morning, as the sun began to rise, something tickled Chippy's beak. Gently, the great white eagle Galan woke her. He had prepared a few tasty worms and seeds for Chippy, and she ate until she was full, knowing that a long journey lay ahead. She was excited and curious about what new adventures the day would bring.

After giving her his blessing, Galan watched as Chippy spread her wings and soared into the sky, flying higher and farther than ever before. She flew over tall mountains, dense forests, and tiny villages. In her excitement, Chippy didn't notice the sun setting behind her until it was almost dark. She realized she needed to find a safe place to sleep.

As the sky dimmed, she spotted a large red rock with a cave at its base. Without thinking twice, she decided to fly into the cave to find a warm, dry spot to rest.





She settled on a ledge inside the cave and soon drifted off to sleep. What an exciting day it had been! She was so tired that she didn't even notice her thirst or hunger.



But just as she fell asleep, a strange sound woke her.

“Hey, you strange bird! What are you doing in my cave?” hissed a voice. “I was just about to eat you,” it continued, “but I’ve never seen something as beautiful and colorful as you. And lucky for you, I’m already full today. So, tell me your story! What’s your name? You don’t just come into someone’s home without introducing yourself!”

Startled and trembling with fear, Chippy blinked her eyes open and whispered, “M-my name is Chippy.” She squinted to see what kind of creature was speaking to her. It was long, had no legs, and looked like a giant worm. “Worms are my favorite breakfast,” Chippy thought, but this creature was much larger and had a strange black-and-white pattern.

Chippy gathered all her courage and asked, “What kind of worm are you?”

The creature made a hissing sound that almost sounded like laughter. “I’m not a worm! I’m a snake, and I love to eat mice, little birds, and frogs. But don’t worry, I won’t harm you today. I’m already full.”

## CHAPTER THREE

### Chippy and the Girl on the Sailboat



he saw a large white sailboat on the lake and decided to land on the mast. “How nice,” thought Chippy, “I can finally rest for a bit, and maybe I’ll find some water to drink.”

As soon as she landed, she heard a soft whimper and noticed a little girl sitting all alone down on the ship’s deck, curled up in a corner. Chippy flew down and landed on a basket filled with colorful towels.

“Hello, hello! Why are you crying?”

The little girl lifted her head, staring in amazement at the beautiful, colorful bird, for she had never seen anything like it before. So beautiful—and the bird could even speak, and she could understand it! For a moment, she forgot her worries and stopped crying.



“My name is Liane, and I was on a trip with my parents. We crossed the big river, and we’ve never been here before. Mama and Papa wanted to swim, but as soon as they went into the water, they disappeared. They haven’t come back. It’s been dark three times, and I’ve almost eaten all the fruit. Mama bought it at the market before we left. Where could they be? How am I going to get off this boat and find help?”

Suddenly, they saw a tall, strong man standing in front of the boat.

“Hello, hello, is someone there?” he called out.

Chippy nudged Liane, and she ran forward, calling in her small voice, “I’m here!”

“Are you all alone?” the man asked.

“Not completely alone,” Liane answered. “Chippy is with me. She’s a beautiful, colorful bird and my friend.”

“Would you like to come ashore?” asked the man. “By the way, my name is Harald. Come, I’ll help you. Then you can tell me your story, and you can meet my wife and my son John. They’ll be so happy to have visitors.



Chippy is, of course, also invited!”

Liane hesitated and replied, “But how do I get down from here?”

“No problem,” Harald said with a smile. “Just jump, I’ll catch you.”

Liane looked down at the ground and felt a little scared. But then she heard Harald’s calming words: “Liane, you can do it. You’ve already come all this way on your own. Come on, jump.”

Harald stood below with his arms open, and Liane felt a spark of trust. She climbed over the railing and gently landed in Harald’s strong arms. Chippy followed, happily flying down and landing on Harald’s shoulder.

Together, they walked towards the bamboo huts. As they approached, Harald called out, “Isa, John, come! We have visitors!”

The door of one of the huts opened, and two heads with messy hair popped out. It was Mama Isa and twelve-year-old John.

“Oh, who are you?” Mama Isa asked kindly.



Harald replied, “This is Liane and her friend Chippy, and they’re both very hungry. Liane was alone on the boat for many days and arrived here last night.”

Isa understood and said, “Then let’s have breakfast, and later Liane can tell us her story.”

In the shade in front of the house stood a large table and two benches, all made of bamboo. “Sit down,” Harald said. And soon, Isa came out of the hut with a big banana leaf. On it were slices of pineapple, pieces of papaya, banana, and coconut. Everyone received a bowl of coconut milk and could take as much as they wanted from the banana leaf. Oh, how delicious it was! The coconut milk was sweet and refreshing. Chippy also helped herself to a generous portion.

A little later, Isa said, “Liane, would you like to tell us your story?”

With a sad voice, Liane began to describe what had happened.

“Mama, Papa, and I wanted to go on a trip. Mama packed a big picnic basket, and Papa wanted to fish. We rented the boat up by the river and spent the whole day on the water.

It was terribly hot. Mama and Papa wanted to cool off for a bit before it got dark. We had already set the table, but I didn’t want to go into the water, even though Mama bought me a swim ring. I was scared of the black water, and dusk was already setting in. I preferred to stay on the boat and play with my new doll.”

“It was already dark when I came back up. Everything was quiet. Mama and Papa were gone.”

Liane began to cry, and Isa gently held her in her arms. For a long time, she held Liane close, and tears filled her own eyes. She thought of her own daughter, Liane, who would have been the same age as this little girl. Her daughter, too, had fallen victim to the Black Lake.

Chippy, feeling full and content, had just dozed off when she suddenly heard Galan’s voice.

“Chippy, you must go on. It’s time. You are expected.”

Chippy knew she had to say goodbye to Liane. She flew onto her shoulder, nibbled gently on her ear, and said, “Liane, it’s time. I have to keep flying.

My grandparents are waiting for me, and I must find them.”

For a moment, Liane felt sad. She had just made a friend. Chippy nibbled affectionately on Liane’s ear once more. Then she politely said goodbye to John, Isa, and Harald and took off into the air with a joyful cry.

As she soared higher, she called back, “Harald, Isa, John, thank you for your hospitality. I enjoyed it so much. Take good care of Liane. Everything will be alright.”

Then Chippy flew faster and higher, heading for the sky, ready to continue her journey.

## CHAPTER FOUR

### Chippy met the Crying Bear



Chippy had been flying along the black lake for many hours. The lake lay still, surrounded by dense jungle below. The light was changing, and the sun was about to disappear behind a mountain on the other side. Chippy realized how tired she was and knew it was time to find a new place to sleep. She landed on a coconut palm, catching a few passing mosquitoes to eat as she was hungry. Wrapped in the palm leaves that gently swayed in the soft breeze, she soon fell into a deep sleep.

Early the next morning, Chippy was awoken by the sound of heartbreaking sobbing. She saw a large bear sitting on a log above the black lake. Chippy flew down, landed in front of the bear, and asked, “Big Bear, why are you crying so sadly?”



“Oh,” sniffed the bear, “we are all so hungry. My children aren’t getting strong, and they need fish. We used to have plenty of fish. The young bears played in the lake and learned to catch fish early, until one day, the lake turned black and swallowed everything that touched it.”

“What a terrible story!” Chippy exclaimed. “Is there a reason why the lake turned black and began swallowing everything that touched it?” she asked.

The bear sighed and began his tale. “Many years ago, a powerful wizard lived up in the mountains overlooking the lake. He was kind and helped everyone. He lived there with his two sons, who helped him with his work. One day, the two sons decided to race each other across the lake, to see who could reach the other shore first, which was close by. But suddenly, a fierce storm came up. Huge lightning bolts struck the lake, and the boys swam for their lives. Just before they reached the shore, both were struck by lightning and drowned.”

“When the wizard learned of the tragedy, he was filled with anger and grief. In his rage, he cursed the lake so that no one could swim, fish, or have fun in it anymore.

From that day on, the lake turned black, and any living creature that touched the water would be swallowed up. And so it has been ever since.”

Chippy was saddened by the bear’s story. She sat quietly next to the bear for a while and then asked, “Is there any way to break this curse?”

“Yes,” replied the bear, “but none of us can travel far enough over the mountains to find it.”

“And what is the cure?” Chippy asked.

The bear thought for a moment before continuing, “Far beyond the mountains lies the blue forest. There, the tribe of colorful birds guards a cave, deep in which lie blue crystals, both large and small. Some of the crystals have tiny drops of water trapped inside, which can be seen. If we could get one of these crystals and drop it into the lake, the curse would be lifted.”

Suddenly, the bear shook himself and looked at Chippy more closely. “Unbelievable!” he exclaimed. “Where do you come from? You look like one of the colorful birds from the blue forest!”

Chippy smiled and said, “Yes, you’re right, Big Bear.

I'm on my way to the blue forest to meet my ancestors. My parents, who were once captured and forced to live far away in cages, sent me on this journey. They say colorful birds from all over the world are heading to the blue forest because the old birds there need our help."

The bear nodded kindly and said, "You still have a long and dangerous journey ahead of you."

"I'll make it," Chippy replied confidently. "With hope and faith, I'll do everything I can to get you your crystal. I promise."

"But now I must go—the sun is already high." Chippy spread her wings and took to the skies. She called out one last time to the bear and then flew off on her way.

MISSING PIC 5



## CHAPTER FIVE

### Chippy make a new friend with Max



On that day, Chippy flew far over the Red Mountains. In the valleys below, beautiful forests stretched out. Chippy longed to take a break, but time was running short, and she knew there was still a long journey ahead. It was already dark when Chippy landed on the peak of a dead tree high up in the mountains. She was so tired that she just wanted to sleep. It was a cold night in the mountains, and Chippy shivered. She puffed up her feathers and quickly fell into a deep sleep.

Early in the morning, she was awoken by a loud, angry voice. “Hey you! What are you doing on my tree? I live here, and I don’t remember inviting you!”

Chippy jumped up in surprise. In front of her, a squirrel was hopping angrily up and down.

“Oh, I’m so sorry,” Chippy apologized. “It was so late, and no one was here. I just fell asleep.”

“Alright then,” the squirrel grumbled. “No harm done. By the way, I’m Max.”

“I’m Chippy,” she replied politely. “I’m on my way to meet my people, the colorful birds. It’s been a long journey.”

“Oh,” Max said thoughtfully. “Then you still have to go through the Valley of the Black Birds. Hm, not good.”

Chippy began to feel nervous. “What do you mean?” she asked.

“The black birds are dangerous,” Max explained. “They leave other black birds alone, but any other birds that pass through—they chase them relentlessly, catch them, and eat them. There isn’t much food in the desert where they live—just insects, scorpions, cactus fruits, and... well, the fresh meat of other birds that happen to pass by. Occasionally, they catch small snakes, but they’re lightning fast and hard to catch. The black birds are sorcerers. They trick their prey and lure them into traps.”

Chippy felt a wave of fear wash over her. She started to feel small and weak. Max noticed and spoke to her kindly: “Don’t give up, Chippy. We’ll find a way to get you safely through the Valley of the Black Birds. First, take a two-day break and gather your strength for the journey ahead. I’ll take you to our valley. There’s a river where you can drink, bathe, pick seeds, and eat fruit.”

Chippy nodded gratefully. She could feel how much she needed a break to regain her strength for the challenges ahead.

Soon, Max was happily hopping from tree to tree, and Chippy fluttered curiously behind him, following him down into the valley. They passed a group of monkeys lounging lazily under a mango tree, picking fleas out of each other’s fur. In the distance, the monkey king was napping. Everything felt peaceful here.

A little while later, they arrived at the river, where Chippy took a refreshing bath. “Oh, that was wonderful,” she said, shaking her feathers so they fluffed out. Max hopped anxiously along the riverbank, thinking, “No one will ever get me into that water. Awful stuff!”

The rainy season is coming soon, and I’ll be wet all the time. I hate that. I’m not going in there on purpose.”

He called to Chippy, “Come on, I have something for you!”

Chippy hopped over, shaking her feathers so vigorously that she gave Max a good soaking. “Oh no!” shouted Max angrily. “I hate water!”

“Oh,” Chippy said apologetically, “I’m really sorry about that.”

“Ah, never mind,” Max replied with a grin. “Come on, I’ve got some fresh worms for you.”

“What a feast for Chippy!” Feeling full and satisfied, she perched on a branch of the mango tree and watched as Max chased the other squirrels from tree to tree.

Many hours passed, and when evening came, Max and Chippy made their way back to their tree high up in the mountains.

## CHAPTER SIX



hippy arrived and fell asleep, exhausted but happy. She had experienced so much that day. She had been sleeping for a few hours when she heard the voice of Galan.

“Chippy, Chippy, it’s time for you to fly on. You must leave today. In a few days, the black birds will be having their Flower Festival. The yellow cactus flowers will bloom, and the birds will drink the nectar.

For three days, they will be able to see colors and will turn colorful themselves. If they see you, they will want to keep you with them. And you, too, will turn black after three days and have to stay with them. Remember your mission, no matter what happens.”

Chippy woke up fully, just as the dawn was breaking. It was still very early, and she knew she had to say goodbye to her new friend Max.

She hesitated, wondering if she should wake him up, since it was still so early. “I hope he doesn’t get mad,” she thought. But then she decided to wake him anyway.

“Max, Max,” she chirped softly.

Max startled awake. He had only just fallen asleep and had been dreaming of a huge pile of fresh nuts – nuts as big as in the Land of Plenty! What could be so important that Chippy needed to wake him?

“Chippy,” Max said, yawning, “you’re supposed to be resting and sleeping.”



“I would love to,” Chippy laughed, “but the wise eagle Galan appeared to me in a dream and told me that I have to fly on today.”

“Why the rush?” Max asked, puzzled.

“Because of the black birds’ Flower Festival in three days,” Chippy explained. “They drink the nectar from the cactus flowers and can see colors. Then they would be able to see me, and that could be dangerous for my mission. In the worst case, I might have to stay with them.”

“Then you should definitely get going,” Max agreed, feeling sad that Chippy would be leaving. “I’m going to miss you,” he said quietly.

“I’ll make sure to tell the meerkats,” Max added. “They’ve lived in this area for a long time. If you’re in trouble, chirp twice long and once short. That’s the signal, and they’ll come to help.”

“Thank you, Max, for all your help and for the wonderful time here,” Chippy said gratefully. “But now I must fly.”

With that, Chippy spread her wings and took to the skies. As the sun slowly rose over the mountains, Chippy let out a joyful cry.

She was excited and felt especially strong today.

She had been flying for many hours now. The mountains were far behind her, and below lay a vast plain with only a few scattered trees. There, she saw the many black birds sitting on the trees below, chattering away. Chippy decided to keep flying high above them. Since the black birds couldn’t see colors, they didn’t notice Chippy and continued their chatter.

## CHAPTER SEVEN



Chippy flew and flew, hours passed. It was incredibly hot, and the sun shimmered over the steppe. “Oh, if only I could find something to drink,” thought Chippy. Unfortunately, there was no food in sight either. Onward and onward she flew. As she kept flying, she thought of her parents. “How good I had it with them,” she mused, but quickly pushed these thoughts aside. She knew she needed to focus on her task. Only a few more days, and she would reach the Blue Forest and finally see her grandparents. That thought gave her strength, and she bravely kept going.

Soon, it was time to find a place to rest for the night, but that seemed difficult in this barren landscape. Far below, she spotted a bare, gnarled tree. “This could be a good place to sleep,” she thought.

Moments later, she landed on a sturdy branch of the old tree. “Oh, I’m so tired, terribly tired. And so thirsty! I can barely stand it.”

Suddenly, she remembered what Max had told her about prickly pear cacti. Underneath the thick layer of fruit, there was water, and the nectar from the flowers was delicious. But, Max had warned her, she would need to be very careful, as the cactus was dangerous with its sharp thorns.

Despite the danger, Chippy knew she had to try. Her thirst was too overwhelming, and she couldn’t sleep like this. Summoning her courage, Chippy fluttered into the air, circled the cactus a few times, and landed gently on the edge of a blossom. Sharp thorns, with vicious barbs, surrounded her. Carefully, she pecked at a cactus pad with her beak, and to her relief, a drop of water appeared. So thirsty, Chippy eagerly drank the cool drop, and after a few moments, her thirst was quenched.

Next, she turned to the bright yellow flowers and savored the nectar, sweet and refreshing. “I feel better now,” she thought, “I’ll just head back to the tree and sleep. Tomorrow will be a long day.”

But just then, Chippy felt a sharp, stinging pain. She had not been careful enough, and one of the cactus thorns had pierced her right foot. Helpless and in terrible pain, she fluttered frantically, trying to free herself from the thorn. It was no use. In her panic, with the last bit of strength, she chirped one long and two short chirps—the distress call Max had taught her to summon the meerkats for help.

Suddenly, everything around her started spinning, and Chippy lost consciousness.

## CHAPTER EIGHT



Not far from where Chippy had her accident was the burrow of the meerkats. It was an underground cave that protected the meerkats from the scorching heat during the day and from the cold at night. Today, they were holding a meeting with their wise shaman, known as Great Feather.

He was the one who advised the meerkats on all important matters, settled disputes, healed them when they were sick, and had even prevented many misfortunes with his magical powers.

The meerkats were also preparing for the Festival of the Black Birds. They knew the magical secret of these birds. On the day when the black birds lost their colorful feathers again, the meerkats had to collect as many of the fallen feathers as possible because those feathers held magical powers. Only their shaman, Great Feather, knew how to use them. This knowledge was a great benefit to the entire meerkat community.

In the middle of the cave, the meerkats sat together, gathered around a special feather that Great Feather used for healing. The walls were decorated with many bright feathers, glowing in all the colors of the rainbow. This was a special place where peace and calm reigned.





Suddenly, Great Feather lifted his head, listening carefully. He heard a faint chirping sound—two long and one short chirp. That was the signal calling the meerkats for help. Someone was in great danger, and something had to be done immediately.

For a moment, Great Feather closed his eyes, touched the magical feather, and then gave orders to five meerkats to go to the cactus near the big tree. He had seen a colorful bird there and couldn't understand how it had ended up in such a place. The meerkats hurried off and rushed to the cactus, where they quickly found the injured and unconscious Chippy. She looked as if she was fast asleep, but in her leg was a long thorn.

The meerkats carefully laid Chippy in the center of the cave on a bed of soft leaves, inside a golden egg. At the head of the bed stood Great Feather, while the other meerkats gathered around in a circle. Great Feather leaned over Chippy, examining her gently. Suddenly, he noticed the thorn lodged in her leg.

“This thorn must be removed at once,” declared Great Feather with authority.

The meerkats around the circle held hands and began singing a soft, soothing song while Great Feather raised a colorful feather high and murmured a quiet prayer.

After a few moments, he held the glowing feather over Chippy, then moved it toward the thorn. The feather shimmered with all the colors of the rainbow, and as Great Feather touched the thorn, a golden light shot out from the tip of the feather. Instantly, the thorn dissolved and vanished. At the same time, the golden light spread out into countless tiny sparks that filled the entire cave with a warm, glowing light.

The meerkats continued to sing for many hours, while Great Feather sat with his eyes closed, deep in concentration. The colorful feathers on the walls continued to glow with their magical rainbow light. Great Feather entered a state between wakefulness and dreaming, where he saw many visions.

Suddenly, the wise Galan appeared before him, telling him about Chippy's important mission and asking for help. Galan explained how much Chippy needed their support to complete her journey.

Great Feather bowed his head and promised to do everything in his power to help Chippy succeed.

As Chippy slowly regained consciousness, a peaceful calm filled the cave. She let out a faint, weak chirp. Her leg still hurt a little, but the thorn was gone. Soon, she fell back asleep. When she woke up again, she looked around the cave. “Oh, what a beautiful place this is,” thought Chippy. “So many wonderful colors, and the walls are glowing in all the shades of the rainbow. Am I dreaming?” Once more, she drifted off to sleep.

In her dream, the great Galan appeared and said, “Chippy, listen to me. You had a terrible accident, but the meerkats saved you. They are doing everything to help you recover quickly, so you can fly again. Tomorrow, when the black birds have drunk the nectar of the prickly pear flowers, they will turn colorful and be able to see you. And that’s a good thing. They are part of the family of colorful birds. A long time ago, they were captured, but managed to escape. One of the bird catchers, who had magical powers, cast a curse on them in his anger. He condemned them to become black and to live forever in the desert.

Only a colorful bird can break their curse, and that can only happen during the three days of the Flower Festival when they regain their colors. Chippy, this is your task.”

“Tomorrow, you will be strong again, and the meerkats will help you,” Galan continued. After these words, Chippy slept deeply, without any dreams.

The next morning, she was gently woken by a ray of sunlight coming through the cave entrance. She blinked, stretched her feathers, and realized that her leg no longer hurt. A meerkat approached her and said, “Slowly, slowly, young lady.” Chippy realized she felt completely healthy again.

The meerkat introduced himself: “I’m Dr. Kraft, the assistant to our shaman, Great Feather. Great Feather has asked me to bring you this strengthening medicine.”

He held out a small bowl filled with golden liquid and explained: “This is a very special elixir. It will give you strength and help you find the right words because you need to convince the black birds, who regained their colors this morning, to interrupt their festival and come with you to the Blue Forest to reunite with their family.”

“The Flower Festival has a special purpose,” Dr. Kraft continued. “In the coming days, the birds gather to bring new chicks into the world. You see, Chippy, they will be very busy, and we need to come up with a clever plan to convince them to go with you. Soon, our shaman, Great Feather, and the other meerkats will arrive. They will give you advice and support.”

## CHAPTER NINE



Chippy drank from the golden elixir and felt an incredible strength surge through her body. She stretched her wings, eager to continue her journey. A moment later, Great Feather returned with the other meerkats. He softly whispered prayers and gently touched Chippy's colorful feathers with his sacred shaman feather. At that moment, Chippy's feathers began to glow in all the colors of the rainbow. A soft murmur passed through the group of meerkats. They had never seen such a dazzling display of colors before.

Great Feather raised his shaman feather high into the air, signaling that he had something important to say. "Chippy," he began, "you now have the strength for the final stage of your journey. When you leave this cave, you will sing an ancient song—the song of the colorful birds. The others will remember it and follow you. Now, close your eyes for a moment."

Suddenly, Chippy heard a melody. It was as if this song had always been inside her. She began to chirp, and her feathers shone even brighter. Great Feather touched her one last time with the long shaman feather, and Chippy happily fluttered out of the meerkat's cave.

She flew to the large old tree near the cave and saw the black birds, now with colorful feathers. Chippy sang the song of the ancestors, the song of the colorful birds, loud and clear. The birds all fell silent, and as Chippy spread her wings, they followed her as though they had been waiting for this moment all their lives.

With Chippy leading the way, the flock of birds flew towards the sun. They flew for many hours over the vast steppe, and as the last light of sunset began to fade, they saw the Blue Forest in the distance. The night was falling, and they decided to rest by a small lake near the forest. They bathed and drank in the shallow water of the lake, and the trees provided plenty of fruit for them to eat. It was quiet—none of the birds made a sound, except for Chippy, who softly sang the song of the colorful birds.

That night, Chippy dreamed of Galan, the great white eagle, who spoke to her.

“You have done well, Chippy. Tomorrow, you will reach the Blue Forest. It is protected by an invisible, impenetrable dome. To pass through it, you must spread your wings at sunrise so that the rainbow light from your feathers falls onto the dome. When the light touches it, you and the others will be able to fly inside.”

Early the next morning, Chippy woke up feeling very excited. Today was the day she would finally see her grandparents and visit the Blue Forest – the forest where all the colorful birds had once lived together. Chippy felt so happy that she was able to bring the colorful birds home, and she was grateful for all the help she had received on her long journey.

But now it was time to set off. Chippy sang her special song, and suddenly, all the colorful birds were awake and ready to fly. They soared higher and higher, circling around the magical dome that surrounded the Blue Forest.

Just as the sun began to rise over the distant mountains and its first rays touched Chippy’s colorful feathers, the rainbow light grew brighter. The light spread across the entire dome, shining more brilliantly with each passing moment.



For a brief second, everything was perfectly still. Then, suddenly and almost like magic, the dome opened up.

They flew deeper and deeper into the Blue Forest, and suddenly, they spotted a clearing. In the middle of the clearing was a small lake, with many pink water lilies blooming on its surface. The birds gently landed there, drank from the clear water, and rested.

A moment later, an old, large, colorful bird landed before them. Some of his feathers had turned gray, and he looked a bit scruffy.

“Who are you?” the old bird called out. “And how did you get past the dome?”

Chippy hopped forward, greeting the old bird warmly and with respect.

“My name is Chippy. I’ve come from far away. My mother sent me, and Galan, the white eagle, protected me. On my journey, I found these other birds. They had been cursed and turned black, living on the edge of the desert. With the help of Galan and the meerkats, I was able to restore them to their true colorful selves.

We are all here now, to stay with you, our grandparents.”

The old bird, whose name was Blue, could hardly believe it. They had waited so long for this moment, always hoping their children would return. And now, almost too good to be true, the grandchildren had come and told them the stories of their parents.

Blue let out a loud, joyful call, and suddenly, the elder birds from all over the forest came flying in. They could hardly believe it. Their grandchildren, all these colorful young birds, had come home. What joy!

They chirped and shared stories deep into the night, until finally, happily, they found rest in the trees of the Blue Forest.

pic of just Chippy

## CHAPTER NINE

### Celebration



That evening, there was a grand celebration in the Blue Forest. All the birds gathered around the Lotus Pond, singing the songs of their ancestors. There were plenty of seeds and fruits, and the colorful birds had never been so happy. At last, they were together again. Late that night, they fell asleep, full of joy.

The next morning, Grandfather Blue called Chippy to join him. They sat high up on a branch, where they could talk without being disturbed.

“Chippy,” said Grandfather Blue, “I’m so glad you came. I’ve been waiting a long time for my grandchildren and the other birds to return. I almost lost hope. In my desperation, I asked Galan for help. In the coming days, I will teach you many things so that one day you’ll be able to lead and protect the flock of blue birds.”

In just a few hours, the dome will close again, keeping us safe. But you can always fly out—you know the way back.”

The days in the Blue Forest were peaceful. Every day, Chippy met with Grandfather Blue, who shared many old stories and taught her everything he knew. Chippy felt content and happy. Sometimes, though, she missed her mother, and she would feel sad for a while. Even her new friends couldn’t replace Dolceeta.

## CHAPTER TEN

### Invasion



One morning, Chippy was startled awake by the wild chattering of birds. Down by the pond, more and more birds were gathering. Grandfather Blue was already there. “Something’s wrong,” Chippy thought as she flew down to land beside him.

Grandfather Blue raised his wing to quiet the birds. “My dear flock,” he began, “something unimaginable happened last night. As you know, we are all protected by our invisible dome. But last night, the gnomes broke into our forest through a tunnel system and stole a large amount of our magical blue stones. From now on, we must guard the blue stones, and we must seal the tunnel entrances.”





The young birds were eager to help. It didn't take long before they found two of the tunnel entrances. In their beaks, they carried small stones to seal the holes in the ground.

Grandfather Blue cast a spell that made the small stones stick together, making it impossible for anyone to enter the Blue Forest that way again.

Even with the tunnels sealed, some birds stayed to keep watch over the magical blue stones. From that night on, the blue stones would be closely guarded, and the tunnel entrances would remain sealed.

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## CHAPTER TEN

### Homesickness



Months passed, and Chippy grew quieter and quieter. She would often sit for hours on her perch without singing a single note, her thoughts constantly drifting to her mother, who was so far away and all alone. Her sadness and homesickness became so overwhelming that Chippy fell ill. Grandfather Blue cared for her with special herbs, but he knew this wasn't enough—something had to be done.

That night, Grandfather Blue had a dream of Galan, the mighty and sacred eagle. In the dream, Galan spoke to him: "Blue, you must send Chippy back with seven chosen birds to accompany her. Chippy's mother has been sent to a sanctuary for old birds without owners.

The old lady who cared for her has passed away, and the man responsible for bringing the birds to the sanctuary is a fraud. He sells the most beautiful birds to a circus, where they are trained to perform tricks for the audience. I fear," said Galan, "that she will not survive this—she is too old."

Early the next morning, Grandfather Blue flew to Chippy's tree, bringing with him a very special medicine—a few drops of an elixir made from the magical blue stones. The stones are placed in pure spring water, creating a powerful healing potion. After Chippy had taken some of the medicine and slowly regained her strength, Grandfather Blue told her the message that Galan had delivered.

"Chippy," he said, "you must get well and strong quickly, for you need to rescue your mother. You will fly back with seven of our strongest and wisest birds. Along the way, you must take many breaks because Dolceeta is old and cannot fly long distances. Each of the seven birds will carry a blue stone in their beak. These stones will help your friends as you stop along the way.

Chippy, you will take this small pouch of medicine with you, wearing it around your neck. It is for Dolceeta, to give her the strength she needs for the return journey.”

That day, Chippy took medicine every hour and slept a great deal. Galan appeared to her in a dream that night and said, “Chippy, tomorrow morning, you must begin your journey.

This time, you will fly a special route. The winds are very favorable now, and they will carry you swiftly to Dolceeta. Your companions will protect you—you have nothing to fear. Follow the Blue River north until you reach the coast. From there, continue flying north along the shore until you reach White Tower. I will guide you further from there.”



## CHAPTER ELEVEN

### Journey to the White Tower



Early the next morning, Chippy was gently awakened by Grandpa Blue. He had a tiny medicine pouch in his beak, which he carefully hung around Chippy's neck. Once more, he explained exactly how much medicine to give her mother and when to do it.

“Now, Chippy,” he said, “it's time to go. Your companions are already waiting, and the first rays of sunlight are shining through our forest. There's something you should know – each of your seven companions has a special ability.”

Grey is the parrot with grey wings. He can control the wind, making him fly faster. Red is the bird with red wings. He can spot danger from far away and react quickly. Black-and-white, those are the birds with black-and-white wings. Three of them will travel with you; they are skilled fighters who will protect you. Yellow is the bird with yellow wings.

He's an expert at finding food and always manages to find something to eat. It's a good thing he's coming along, because he loves food and is starting to get a bit chubby. Green is the bird with green wings. He can stop time for a moment when needed.

“Now, Chippy, I'll take you to your companions, and then it's time to set off.”

When they reached the group, the birds gathered around Chippy in a protective circle. Grandpa Blue gave them his blessing, and with a mighty leap, they soared into the sky.

Chippy felt excited and a little nervous as she flew with the group. The birds around her were full of energy and determination, and she knew she could rely on their special abilities. Grey, with his swift grey wings, led the way, and the wind seemed to follow his every command. Red flew higher up, constantly scanning the skies for any sign of danger.

The three black-and-white birds flew close to Chippy, their sharp eyes always watching, ready to defend her from any threat. Yellow, flying a little further off, was already scanning the ground for food.

Chippy couldn't help but smile when she noticed his round belly – he was clearly a bird who loved to eat.

Green, with his glowing green wings, floated calmly at the back of the group. He seemed so peaceful, and Chippy knew that his ability to freeze time could be a lifesaver in a moment of crisis.

Together, they soared over the treetops as the first rays of sunlight lit up the sky. Chippy felt safe and ready for the journey ahead, confident that with her companions' powers and her grandfather's blessing, she could bring the medicine to her mother.

Higher and higher they soared, and suddenly, Chippy felt a gentle breeze from behind. She let herself relax into the wind, which carried her effortlessly. Hours passed, and everything was quiet. Only the soft whisper of the wind accompanied Chippy and her seven companions. The sun was now high in the sky.

The yellow and red birds took the lead. Red had to search for a safe place to rest, and Yellow was responsible for making sure there was enough food for everyone.

They were all growing hungry and thirsty. In wide circles, they descended and landed on a large, wild mango tree. Beneath the dense canopy, there was plenty of space for everyone to rest.

That night, the black-and-white birds took turns standing guard, watching over the group in shifts. Under the great tree, there was a puddle of crystal-clear water, perfect for drinking. They all drank their fill and pecked at the juicy mangos. Content and full, each bird found a comfortable branch to sleep on.

## CHAPTER TWELVE

### Day three of the Journey



Early the next morning, the birds were gently woken up by a black-and-white bird who had taken the last night watch. They all enjoyed a final bite of the sweet mangoes and splashed in the clear puddle to refresh themselves. Once again, they took to the sky, flying in wide circles, climbing higher and higher as the wind lifted them effortlessly.

But today, it was cooler, and there was no sun. The sky was grey, and the air felt different. As they flew, the day slowly faded into dusk, and far below, they caught sight of the vast ocean. With the help of the wind, they had traveled very far—it had to be this way. They needed to reach Chippy’s mother, Dolceta, and time was running out.

As they flew lower, they noticed a large group of white birds gathered on the beach.

Their feathers were puffed up as they chattered nervously. The colorful group of birds descended slowly and landed next to the white ones. The black-and-white birds led the way, and for a moment, the beach became silent.

Chippy cleared her throat and, with a calm voice, said, “Good evening! We’re on a journey to White Tower and would like to rest here for the night. It seems like something is troubling you. Can we help?”

A large white bird stepped forward and spoke. “I’m afraid there’s nothing anyone can do. A terrible storm is coming, and we must fly far inland to escape it. The storm is so powerful—it has already sunk two fishing boats. We don’t know where it will hit next.”

Grey, the bird who could control the wind, stepped forward and said in a strong voice, “Please, don’t worry. I can speak to the wind, and I know how to calm it when it’s out of control. I am a bit tired from our journey, but this is important. I’ll need your strongest birds to come with me. We need to act quickly, before it gets too dark.”

Soon, they were ready to go—Grey, the bird who could speak to the wind; Green, the bird who could stop time; and two of the white birds. They flew higher and higher, right up to the very top of the storm. Grey called out, “Wind, why are you so wild today?”

The wind, sounding frustrated, replied, “The warm air from the tropics has mixed with the cold sea air, and it has made me restless. I fly back and forth, and I just can’t calm down.”

Grey spoke soothingly to the wind, and slowly, it began to settle. Green used his power to pause time, and everything became peaceful. Once the storm was calmed, they returned to the beach.

The white birds were relieved and overjoyed, inviting the colorful birds to stay with them for the night. It took a while for everyone to calm down and rest. The oldest and wisest of the white birds approached Chippy and asked, “Why are you traveling so far north to White Tower?”

Chippy told him her story. When she finished, it was already dark. The old bird promised, “Tomorrow, we will help you. We’ll fly with you and do everything we can to help save your mother.

You’ve used your powers to help us, and now it’s our turn to help you. But for now, let’s rest so we’ll be strong for the journey ahead.”

And with that, everyone settled down to sleep, ready for whatever the next day would bring.





## CHAPTER THIRTEEN

### Day 4 of the Journey



Early the next morning, the birds were gently woken by the rising sun. At first, they saw only a thin strip of light on the horizon, and slowly, the sun lifted itself from the sea, climbing gently into the sky. It was a beautiful morning, and the white birds found plenty of fish along the shore, brought in by the wind. The colorful birds bathed in a puddle, and Yellow discovered a cherry tree full of fruit in the garden of the beach hotel. With full bellies and feeling refreshed, they set off once more for White Tower.

By afternoon, the birds reached White Town. They decided to spend the night on the rocks near the lighthouse, where they would have a great view of the city. For now, though, they wanted to rest and recover from their journey.

Later, when the sun was high in the sky, the small group set off again, led by Red, who was always quick to spot danger.

Along with them were the black-and-white birds, the skilled fighters, and Green, who could stop time. Ten of the strongest and most experienced white birds joined them. Together, they wanted to find out where the circus was and, most importantly, where Dolcita might be.

First, they flew to the church tower, as it gave a clear view over the whole city. But what a maze of roofs and chimneys! They felt a bit lost, until suddenly, two black crows landed beside them, cawing loudly.

“What are you doing here? We’ve never seen birds as colorful as you. You don’t belong here,” one of the crows cawed suspiciously.

Red puffed up his feathers slightly and politely replied, “Good day, gentlemen. We are looking for the circus. Do you know where it is, and how we might find it?”

The crows laughed and cawed, “You’re clearly not from around here! The circus has set up its tent near the town forest, on a big field. Tomorrow is their last performance here, then they’ll be moving on.”



Chippy squinted into the distance and finally spotted the shining tip of a circus tent far outside the city. The group thanked the crows and flew in a wide arc around the city toward the small forest near the field. They landed in a large chestnut tree next to the tent.

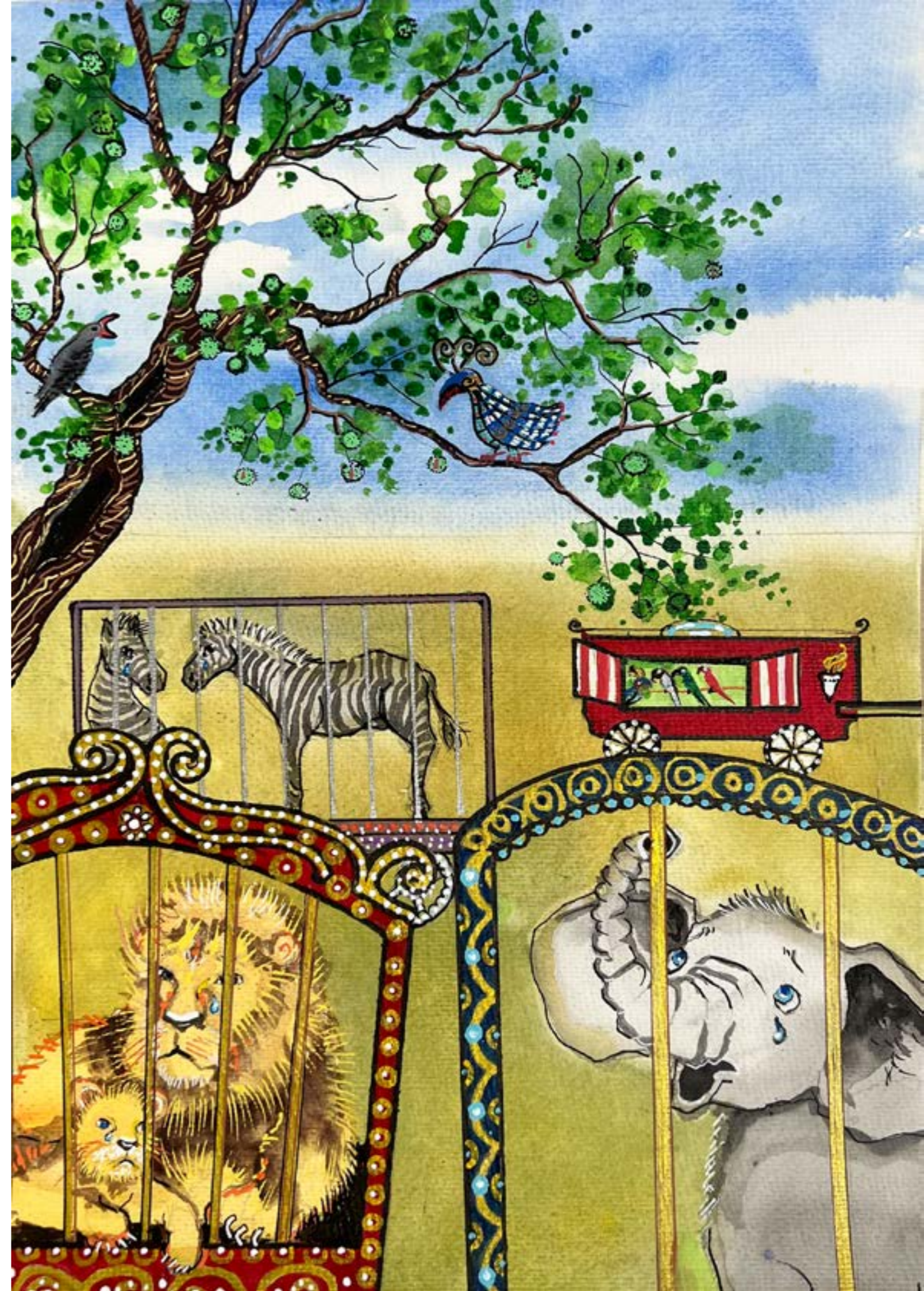
Down below, they could hear the sound of rehearsal coming from the tent. The circus director's loud voice echoed as he cracked his whip on the ground. Chippy grew anxious. Could Dolcita be down there in the tent? The thought filled her with sadness and worry. She was feeling tired and unsure of what to do when, suddenly, a young crow landed beside her.

He hopped excitedly along the branch, cawing, "Hey, you! What are you doing here? I heard you and your friends are looking for the circus. Are you here to work? Well, there's always free food, but forget about your freedom! Not for me—I need my forest and my freedom. I already know where to find food every day."

Chippy perked up and said, "Yes, after such a long journey, I could use some food myself. By the way, my name is Chippy. What's yours?"

“Name’s Klecks,” the crow answered with a grin, “because I leave spots wherever I go.”

“Look down there,” Klecks said, pointing with his beak. “You see those colorful circus wagons? The yellow one has the tigers, the grey one has the elephants, the black one has the zebras, and the red one has the lions. And over there, almost right below us, in the red wagon, are the parrots. But I’ve never seen a parrot as bright as you! They’re all chained to the bars of their perches so they can’t fly away. They get food and water, even bananas and apple slices, but twice a day they have to go into the circus ring and perform tricks. The grey parrot can even talk like a person! He does tricks in the air, flipping upside down and landing on the circus director’s head.”



Klecks continued, “That director is quite the character. When he’s not in the ring, he’s always drinking from a bottle, and at night, you can hear him snoring all the way through the forest. My parents say he’s only getting worse.”

“Oh, I almost forgot!” Klecks exclaimed. “The parrot wagon is open because the birds can’t fly away. I sneak down there in the evening to eat the seeds they drop. It’s the tastiest food I’ve ever found!”

“That sounds good,” Chippy said thoughtfully. “But you see, Klecks, my mother is down there in the red wagon. Her name is Dolcita. She was supposed to be taken to a home for old parrots after her owner passed away, but the driver sold her to the circus instead. We’ve come all this way to free her. She’s old and weak, and we need to find the key to set her free.”

Klecks thought for a moment. “I have an idea. In about an hour, when the sun sets behind the town forest, the evening performance will start. Most of the parrots and their trainers will be in the circus ring. We’ll fly to the parrot wagon, and with a little luck, Dolcita won’t be in the show. Maybe she knows where the key is.”

Klecks continued excitedly, “I’ll go down and ask around about how we can get the key. You stay up here—you’re way too colorful. They’d spot you right away and catch you!”

## CHAPTER FOURTEEN



lecks flew directly to the parrot wagon. At the front sat the grey parrot, and further back were eight beautiful, colorful parrots. But in the very back corner sat the most magnificent and colorful of them all—Dolcetta. At first glance, you wouldn't know she was old, but she looked tired and sad.

“Hello, friends,” Klecks greeted the parrots cheerfully. “I’m Klecks. Every year I look forward to your arrival. I never find such tasty food as I do here! Normally, there isn’t much left for me—I’m just an ordinary crow, after all.”

“Well,” sighed the grey parrot, “at least you’re free.”

We’re stuck here, chained to these perches. Honestly, I’d trade places with you any day.” The other parrots nodded in agreement and called out, “He’s right!”

Only Dolcetta remained silent. Klecks landed next to her on the perch and asked softly, “How are you, Dolcetta?”



Surprised, she lifted her head and asked, “How do you know my name?”

Klecks chuckled. “Chippy sent me. She and her friends are here to rescue you.”

A tear rolled down Dolcetta’s feathers. “That’s wonderful,” she whispered, “but how will they do that? I’m chained up.”

Klecks hopped excitedly. “Don’t worry, I’m here to solve that problem. Does anyone know where the key is?”

The grey parrot spoke up again: “A few months ago, I was very sick and got to sleep in the circus director’s wagon. He always keeps the key with him. But at night, he leaves it on his desk inside the wagon. The window stays open.”

“Well, that’s good news!” Klecks exclaimed. “Dolcetta, rest now. We’ll get you out of here.”

The grey parrot nodded and said, “We all want out. Back to our forests.”

“Got it,” said Klecks confidently. “I’ll go talk to Chippy and the others so we can come up with a plan.”



The other parrots chimed in excitedly, “We’ve had enough! We want to be free!”

“See you later,” Klecks said with a wink. “Tonight may have been your last performance.”

High up in the tall chestnut tree, Chippy called to her companions. Hidden safely among the leaves, they were busy crafting their plan. Chippy told the others that the parrots trapped in the circus wagon below were eager to fly away with them. The escape would happen at midnight, right after the church bell chimed twelve times.

Grün, a wise parrot with special powers, promised to stop time for just a few moments. It would be just long enough for the birds to swoop down from their hiding place and reach the circus wagon without anyone noticing. Inside the wagon, the other parrots were waiting, their cages locked. But not for long.

The brave red parrot carried a shiny blue stone in his beak. This stone held magical powers, and with it, he would unlock the chains that kept the parrots trapped.

Chippy, always prepared, had a special medicine in her little pouch. She would give it to Dolceeta, one of the weaker parrots, so she could regain her strength and fly again.

The other parrots in the circus were still young but had grown strong from the tricks they had been forced to practice. They would need their strength for the long night ahead. But before the clock struck midnight, the birds decided to rest. They knew that once they freed Dolceeta and the others, they would have to fly for many hours to reach safety.

Their final destination was the blue forest, far, far away, where Grandfather Blue and all the other birds lived in peace. Many challenges lay ahead, but Chippy and her friends were determined. Together, they would face any danger and find their way back home.



## CHAPTER FIFTEEN

### The Great Escape



Suddenly, Klecks the crow came flying in, and it was already dark. Klecks was terribly excited. “Listen, our whole plan is falling apart!” he squawked, flapping his wings in panic. “They’ve already locked the circus wagon with the birds inside. How are we going to get in?”

Chippy’s heart sank. How could they fix this? Just then, a voice floated to her from far away—the voice of Galan, the wise white eagle. “Chippy, the roof window. It’s not locked. Call the wind, it can open it.”

Chippy heard the church bells chime twelve times, and soon all her friends gathered around her. She told them what had happened and what Galan had said. With this new plan, they quickly worked out what to do. Grey, the wise bird, called on the wind for help, and soon a strong gust swept through the circus grounds.

The workers, who were still busy packing up the big tent, rushed to take cover in their wagons. The circus director was fast asleep in his wagon, snoring loudly, too deep in sleep to notice anything, not even the wind. The gust was so strong, it blew chairs, tables, and posters across the grounds. With a mighty push, it ripped open the old roof window of the wagon where the parrots were kept, sending it crashing to the ground with a loud bang.



Early the next morning, the wind finally calmed, and Green, the magical bird, paused time for a moment. On cue, Chippy and her friends flew down to the circus wagon. Through the open roof, they could finally reach their goal. The black-and-white birds used the special blue stones they carried in their beaks to melt the small chains that kept Dolcita and the other parrots trapped.



It was completely silent. Dolcita's eyes filled with happy tears when she saw Chippy. But there was no time for hugs and celebrations just yet! Chippy gently gave Dolcita some medicine from the little pouch she wore around her neck.

As Dolcita touched the pouch with her beak, a soft golden glow surrounded her. For a moment, she was bathed in beautiful rainbow light, and you could see her strength returning.

It was time to leave the wagon! The group quickly gathered at the top of a big chestnut tree. The red birds urged them to hurry. They needed to fly south as far as possible while it was still dark. They knew that once the circus director discovered the parrots were gone, he would start a big search.

From their safe spot in the chestnut tree, hidden under the thick leaves, they could see the circus waking up. Workers rushed around, picking up everything the wind had blown away. The still-sleepy and grumpy circus director stomped angrily across the grounds, shouting and shaking his fist at the mess.

Now it was really time for Chippy and her friends to leave. Together, they flew in a big circle around the city, heading south, carried by the gentle wind that both pushed them forward and wrapped them in a soft, safe breeze. The lights of the city grew smaller and smaller below them, and everything was peaceful and quiet.

Chippy flew right next to Dolcita, who had regained her energy thanks to the magic medicine. Dolcita was filled with joy to be free, flying alongside her daughter. She was so grateful for the courage of all the birds who had helped. The wise eagle Galan's advice seemed like a distant dream now, and Dolcita knew that a new, wonderful life awaited them all.

## CHAPTER SIXTEEN

### The visit to the White Galan



The red birds and the black-and-white birds led the way. Soon, the whole group, tired and hungry, landed on a huge pine tree. From up there, they could see everything around them and spot any dangers quickly. They decided to rest for the day and night to gather their strength.

Under the tree, they found plenty of fallen pinecones, filled with delicious pine nuts—a true feast! In a small stream that flowed through the forest, they splashed and bathed happily. By the edge of the stream, they found wriggly worms, which they pecked out of the soft earth. As the day grew warmer around noon, they returned to the shade of their pine tree to rest.

Chippy snuggled close to Dolcetta, who sat beside her on the branch. No words were needed. Both were happy and content. Soon, they drifted off to sleep, and Chippy began to dream.

In her dream, the White Galan appeared.

“Chippy, Chippy, listen to me,” he said in a calm, gentle voice. “Tomorrow morning, before the sun rises, you must take flight. Follow the sun. As long as you fly toward it, you will find your way to me. I want to see you all again before you begin your big, long journey.”

## CHAPTER SEVENTEEN

### Chippy and the visit to Galan

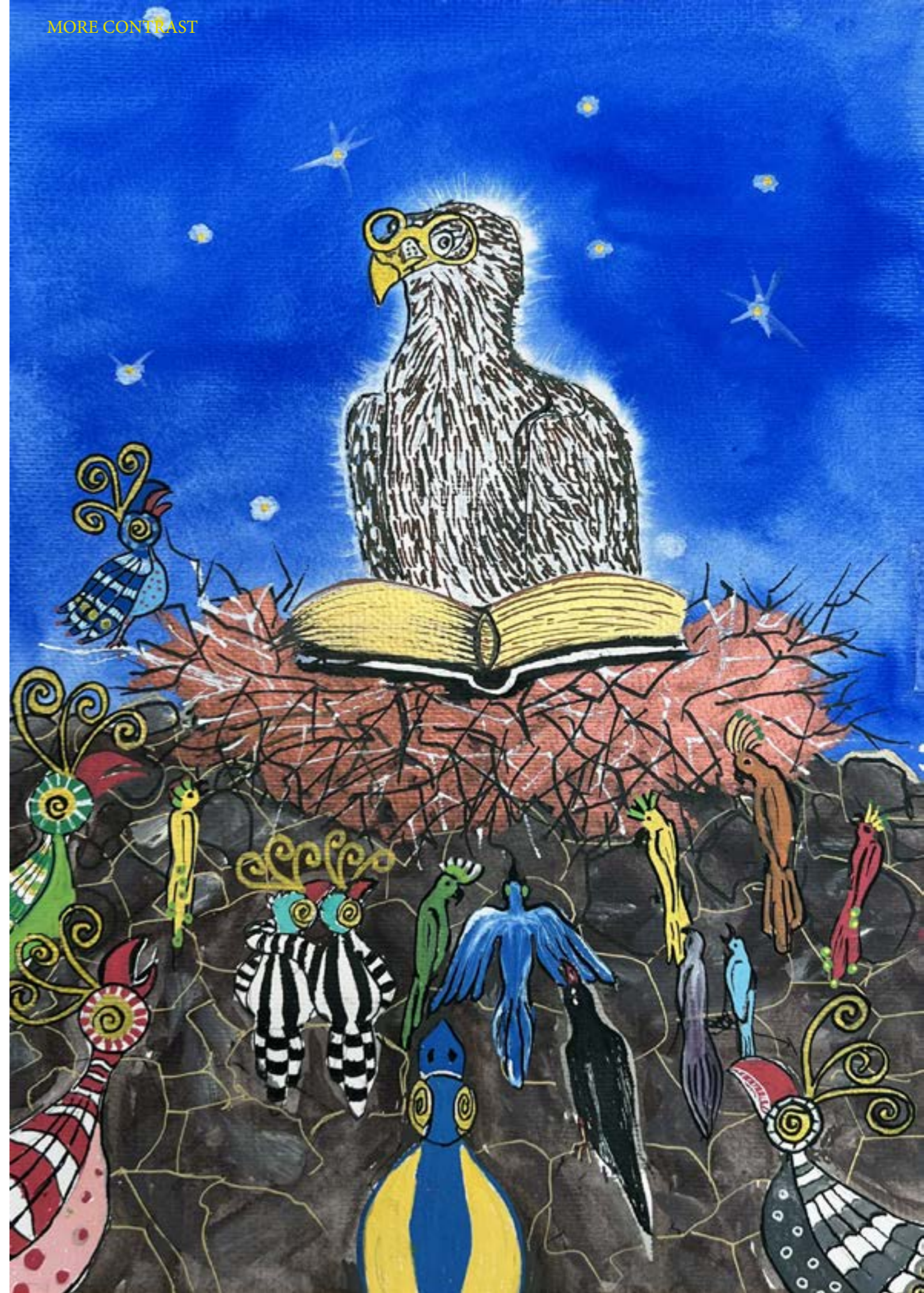


Chippy heard a familiar cawing in the distance. “Alright, enough sleeping! Time to wake up!” Still a bit sleepy, Chippy blinked and looked around. “Well, Klecks! How did you get here?”

“Easy,” Klecks cawed proudly. “I’ve been flying with you all along, right at the back. Since you were all looking forward, you didn’t notice me. I slept on the pine tree next to you and didn’t want to scare you last night.”

“You’re brave, Klecks, flying with us all alone without the other ravens,” said Chippy, impressed.

“Ah,” Klecks replied with a cheerful caw, “staying in White Town all the time is boring. I want to have adventures! I’m strong and tough, and when I caw loudly, everyone can hear me from far away.”



Chippy laughed. “Alright, Klecks. You can keep flying at the back and watch out for us. If you see anything, caw loudly so we know. Today, we have something very special planned—we’re visiting the great Galan. He is very powerful and has always protected us.”

Half an hour later, after everyone had picked a few more tasty pine nuts, they continued their journey. Just like the day before, they flew in a steady formation, always following the sun. The landscape below them became more barren, and soon large rocks appeared on the horizon. After a while, they landed on the highest peak, where Galan had his nest.

The mighty Galan was already waiting for them. In front of him lay a large golden book, and he radiated strength and wisdom.

With his deep, kind voice, Galan welcomed the large group of birds, who settled around his nest. Then, he called Chippy and Dolceeta to him.

“Dolceeta,” he said gently, “I’m so happy to see you again after all this time. I can feel that you are growing stronger.”

Chippy will still need you for a while, as you both have many important tasks ahead of you. Soon, you will return to the Blue Forest, where many of your old friends are waiting for you. But first, there is an important task: you must help clean the Black Lake. I will help you whenever you need me.”

## CHAPTER EIGHTEEN

### Journey to the Blue Forest



The birds soared higher and higher, full of joy, knowing they would soon see the Blue Forest and reunite with their large family of blue birds. But first, there were still important tasks ahead. Today, they were to meet the meerkats and White Feather, the wise white shaman, who had once helped Chippie when she had a cactus thorn stuck in her foot.

After several hours, they reached the meerkat village. “Stay away from the cacti,” Chippie warned. “There’s a large, dead tree over there. You’ll be safe there.” Shortly after they arrived, Chippie saw some meerkats coming out of their burrow, looking worried and confused.

Chippie flew down to them and asked, “What’s wrong?”

The meerkats recognized her immediately and said, “Chippie, we’re scared. White Feather, our shaman, is very sick.

He’s getting weaker and is in the cave.”

“Let me see him,” Chippie said gently. “I have medicine from the Grandfather of the Blue Forest.”

Chippie followed the meerkats into the cave. Inside, White Feather lay on a bed made of golden eggshells, surrounded by concerned meerkats. The air was heavy with sadness as Chippie entered. She took a small blue stone from her pouch and asked for water. The meerkats quickly fetched fresh water from the spring inside the cave.

Carefully, Chippie placed the blue stone in the water, which turned blue right away. She gave it to White Feather, who drank it eagerly. While one meerkat held his head, the others began to sing softly, and the air in the cave seemed to hum with energy.





Slowly, White Feather opened his eyes, and after a few moments, he began to move. A joyful murmur filled the room. Only a few minutes later, White Feather stood up, strong and healthy. The meerkats were overjoyed! They all thanked Chippie and invited her and the other birds to a celebration that evening in the cave.

Chippie happily agreed and asked the meerkats to gather some cactus fruit for the birds, as they didn't know how to open them without getting hurt. The meerkats promised there would be plenty of everything that evening.

## CHAPTER NINETEEN

### Dark clouds over the desert



Late into the night, the large group of birds gathered around Galan, who gave them a new list of tasks for their journey. At the end of the evening, he blessed them. Everyone knew that the next part of their journey would take them across the great desert before reaching the Black Lake. This time, the path was a little different because Galan had told Chippy about a small oasis in the desert. There, a few colorful birds lived, and Chippy was to bring them back to the Blue Forest. The oasis was running dry, and the water was disappearing fast.

The next morning, as the sun rose, the birds set off. The gray birds flew at the front, guiding the wind whenever needed. Behind them flew the red birds, and in the middle were Chippy and Dolceeta. Dolceeta had taken some medicine, giving her the strength she needed for the next part of the journey.

The rest of the group followed, and Klecks flew at the very back, full of excitement. “Ah, a new adventure!” he thought.

They flew for hours, and below them was nothing but dry, barren land. Every now and then, a bush would appear, and then, suddenly, the sand dunes of the desert stretched out before them. It was so hot that even from high up in the sky, the birds could feel the scorching heat. Finally, as dusk fell and the air cooled, they spotted a few date palms and a small waterhole below. This had to be the oasis where the blue birds still lived. Tired and worn out, the whole group flew down to the waterhole. They drank as much water as they could and splashed it over themselves. What a relief! The dust in their feathers was washed away, and they felt fresh and clean again.

The date palms were full of sweet dates, perfect for dinner. But Klecks had a problem—he didn’t like dates, and there were no earthworms around. Chippy sat beside him and said, “Klecks, I know you’re hungry. I brought something for you.” She reached into her pouch, where she kept the blue stones, and pulled out some seeds.

“Here, Klecks, eat these seeds. There are no earthworms here, but I promise, once we leave the desert, you’ll find something you like.”

Tired from the day, the birds settled into the date palms and quickly fell into a deep sleep. The black-and-white birds took turns keeping watch. The night was cold, and Chippy and Dolceeta cuddled up together to keep warm. When the sun rose over the desert the next morning, the birds woke up, ready to search for the blue birds that were said to still live in the oasis.

It was very quiet when, suddenly, an old man appeared at the waterhole, carrying a bucket of water. He looked tired and sad. “How will this all go on?” he muttered to himself. “Everyone has left. There’s hardly any water, and the fish are gone. Even the animals are leaving. But where can I go? I was born here, and here I want to stay.”

Then, he noticed the colorful birds and was amazed by what he saw. He called out, “What are you doing here? We barely have any water left!”

“Don’t worry,” chirped Chippy. “We’re just passing through. We’re looking for the colorful birds that still live here. We heard that the water is drying up.”

“Yes,” sighed the old man. “I don’t know what to do. There’s hardly any water left, and it keeps getting hotter. There used to be so many of us here. If only it would rain again. Even the caravans don’t come anymore. It used to be so lively. Traders would come with their camels. At night, we’d sit by the fire and tell stories. But now, it’s all so lonely.”

Just then, a small group of colorful birds flew toward the waterhole. Chippy was thrilled and chirped excitedly, “Hello, hello! There you are!”

“Where did you come from?” one of the colorful birds chirped back.

Chippy replied, “It’s a long story. We’ve come to bring you back to the Blue Forest, where our ancestors lived. And since the water here is drying up, we’ve been sent by Grandfather Blue to bring you home.”

A sigh of relief rippled through the group of birds. “We were so worried and didn’t know where to go,” they said. “We’ve heard stories of the Blue Forest, but we didn’t know where to find it. It’s wonderful that you’ve come.”

“Tomorrow morning, we’ll leave with you,” Chippy told them. “It’s still a long journey ahead. Are you all strong and healthy enough for the trip?”

“Yes, but we do have some young birds who aren’t very strong yet,” replied the group. “And our parents tire more easily now—they’re not as fit as they used to be.”

“That’s no problem,” chirped Chippy. “You’ll all get some of Grandfather’s medicine, made from the blue stones. It will give you the strength you need for the journey. Please rest well today, because we’ll be leaving early tomorrow.”

Next, Chippy called the gray birds over and asked, “What can we do to bring more water to the oasis?”

The gray birds answered together, “We need to ask Galan to send rain clouds. We can help guide them to the oasis by using the wind.”

The following morning, as the birds gathered, they saw a lone camel with a rider approaching the oasis from the horizon. The old man was still asleep, and the sun hadn’t fully risen yet. The rider came closer and stopped at the old man’s hut. Quietly, he went inside, and soon the sound of a joyful reunion could be heard. It was Ahmed, the old man’s son, who had built a successful camel trading business. He had become very wealthy and had come to bring his father to live with him in his new home.



## CHAPTER TWENTY

### The magic of the Black Lake



Early the next morning, the group of birds flew towards the Black Lake. Only three of them had been chosen to carry special stones and drop them into the lake. The other birds flew along the sides of the lake and waited at the far end for the three to complete their task.

As the first stone dropped into the lake, the water around it turned bright and clear. A short time later, when the second stone was placed in the middle of the lake, the same thing happened. And when the third stone touched the water, the entire lake shimmered and turned crystal clear in no time.



What a joy! Now, the children could swim in the lake again, and the bears could catch fish. The spell that had darkened the water was broken.

Happy and exhausted, the birds bathed at the lake's edge, finding worms and seeds to eat. That night, they rested peacefully, perched in the branches of the nearby mango trees.

As the sky slowly lightened, they reached the Blue Forest. It was very quiet, and the first rays of sunlight began to peek out from behind the trees. Now, they could all enter the protective dome. What a reunion! The forest was filled with excitement and joy. The entire family was together again. . Dolceeta wept with happiness, and Grandfather Blue could hardly believe his good fortune.

All the birds who had traveled with Chippy could hardly believe how beautiful it was in the Blue Forest. They already felt at home. The day passed quickly, and many more happy days were waiting for them.

The next morning, after a restful sleep and a refreshing bath in the lily pond, Grandfather Blue gathered all the birds around him.

All the birds who had traveled with Chippy could hardly believe how beautiful it was in the Blue Forest. They already felt at home. The day passed quickly, and many more happy days were waiting for them.

The next morning, after a restful sleep and a refreshing bath in the lily pond, Grandfather Blue gathered all the birds around him.

“I’m so glad you are all here,” he said with a warm smile. “Our Blue Forest has a bright future with you in it. Over the next few weeks, Chippy will learn everything she needs to know to protect and guide you. There’s something important you should know: after a few weeks here, all of you will start to grow colorful feathers, just like Chippy and me. You’re all welcome to stay and be part of this wonderful family.”

A murmur of wonder spread through the group of birds. Klecks hopped forward eagerly and spoke to Grandfather Blue. “I’m so happy that soon I’ll be colorful and beautiful like you, and that I have a new home,” he said. The parrots agreed, chirping, “Yes! We feel free and safe here.”

New life filled the Blue Forest, just as Grandfather Blue and the colorful birds had always wished.

THE END







