



Rainforest Calling

Hey, you're back. Wonderful! Great! I bet you couldn't keep away, huh? Trust me, Pedro senses these things.

Right now, I'm feeling that you and I have a lot in common. We both like sitting in trees, don't we? You've picked a wonderful spot to soak up all these views of the forest. I really couldn't have chosen a better perch myself.

Up here in the canopy is where your new friend Pedro the potoo lives. Sure, I visit other parts of the forest to see my friends, but here is where I hatched and here is where I can easily find food and shelter.

Look over there, one-eye. Notice how those twisting branches twirl and coil around each other? They make me think of two long-lost snakes hugging after years apart. Don't you agree? And right there, where that big, gnarly trunk splits wider than a caiman's tongue, can you see how all those leaves shelter the forest like the outstretched wing of a giant eagle? Have you ever seen anything so graceful and natural and... **green?**

Just feast your eye on all those different shades. Look how some greens are dark, like the thick moss on those tree trunks, but others are much brighter, like the shiny bellies of those leaves I was showing you

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earlier. Sometimes, when the sunlight pokes through in summer, this whole place glistens even brighter than the scales on Iggy the iguana's back. I really love the colour green – do you?

That's one of the reasons why it's so much better down here, beneath the leaves. Are you feeling this? There's no wind to ruffle my feathers or hot sun to burn my beak. I can laze beneath the shade of those cooling leaves without the rain turning me into a soggy potato. You can tell that I belong down here, right?

Where do you come from, one-eye? I've never seen anything like you before. You've just got to tell me where you found that sparkly red spot. It's brighter than one of Rodrigo's tail feathers and I love the way it shines like a twinkly star at night. Maybe I should get one just like that for my beak. What do you think?

Hmm, you're still the silent type? That's OK, one-eye. I understand. Sometimes, I wish more of my friends would take a leaf out of your tree. Just listen to them. Have you ever heard such a din? You're certainly a smart one – just like me. After all, what those sneaky predators can't hear, those sneaky predators can't eat, right? They live lower down and are too big and heavy to climb up here, so we all feel safe. That's why so many monkeys and snakes and birds and insects all

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make their own homes here, too, beneath the treetops. Between me and you, some days, it feels like a nest with too many chicks – barely enough room to swing a caterpillar. You know what I mean?

Hey, maybe if we perch here long enough, we'll bump into my buddy Fernando the frog. You'll love the colour of his skin – it's exactly the same as sunshine. Maybe I can introduce you to K-C, too. She's a kinkajou – so gentle and kind, furry and cuddly. She loves chewing on fat, juicy leaves. I prefer bugs. You probably do too, eh? But K-C says that if you don't eat green, you're just being mean.

So, one-eye, what are you looking at in the forest today, huh? Yesterday, it was colourful Rodrigo and today... oh! I see, now. You're staring at Tolle, yes? You like sloths?

What am I saying? **Everyone** likes sloths. But you might be wasting your time, one-eye, if you're expecting Tolle to dance and move like Rodrigo. Tolle can't dance, see? Sloths like her don't do much showing off, either. They're much more like the branches of trees – they do everything really slowly, comprende? Tolle says that she just goes with the flow and she's 'in tune with the rhythm of the rainforest'.

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Between me and you, one-eye, I don't always understand the things that Tolle says. The only forest rhythm that I hear is the screams of howler monkeys and the buzz-buzz of insects. Sometimes, I really wish that my poor ears didn't work, especially when I'm trying to get my afternoon siesta.

You know, you're lucky to catch me awake. I'm a night bird, really. Hunting yummy moths and insects is much easier when it's dark, and so is hiding from sharp-toothed predators like Jose the jaguar. But you're keeping me awake, one-eye. I need to figure out what

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you're doing here and tell my friends like Tolle the sloth. Tolle says that we shouldn't worry. She thinks that I stress too much about the forest and those nasty tree-stealers.

"You can't stop the storm, Pedro," she tells me as she hangs lazily from her tree, "so better learn to dance in the rain, huh?"

What does she mean, one-eye? I already told you that sloths don't dance. I think that she teases me sometimes. She laughs at me when I tell her that all this tree chopping is no joke but, hey, nobody will be laughing if all the trees get chopped down, right?

"Nothing is certain," she whispers with her eyes closed, "except for change itself."

Tolle is one of my best friends, one-eye, but sometimes that sloth can hurt a potoo's brain. Poor me! Poor me!

"But, Tolle," I say, "we've got to work together to save our home. Let's share to show that we C.A.R.E.!"

Tolle yawns, slowly turns away and says that it's already too late. She says that home is where the heart is, so we've just got to find a new place to love.

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You tell me, one-eye – where will Tolle go? What new place is as safe as the forest for poor, steady sloths? Sometimes, it can take ages for her to climb a new tree, so how will she get anywhere fast enough? Tolle moves so slowly that she has green algae growing on her fur! She's turning the same colour as the tree leaves, one-eye!

Between you and Pedro, I think that Tolle just isn't thinking this through. She'd be way better joining the animals who C.A.R.E. and making a stand with us, right? That's why I told her that those nasty tree-stealers are the ones who should be leaving, not animals like us. It is not fair!

Do you know what she said?

"Life isn't fair, Pedro. Home is not a place; it is a peace that we must carry with us in our hearts."

What is she talking about? Does that make any sense to you? Tolle might be happy to move her home from tree to tree, but Pedro cannot do that! How could I leave my home behind? My favourite home in my favourite tree!

You should see it, one-eye – it is beautiful! I was hatched

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there and I have seen so many of my brothers and sisters fly from the safety of my tree's wide branches out into the rainforest. For me, it has been my favourite place to sit and rest for most of my life. Just wait until you see how tall it is, and the long, thick branches that are perfect for perching on. I can sit there for days, just watching the forest and seeing what my friends are doing. Trust me, it's the most wonderful spot in the whole rainforest.



In fact, you should be able to see it from here. Follow Pedro's wing! My tree is just over there... under these big leaves... past this tangle of branches and...

Whoa!

What?

Where has Pedro's tree gone? Where have *all* the trees gone?

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My favourite tree should be right here, but now...

...there's just...

...nothing.

No, no, no! Poor me! Poor me! This cannot be happening, one-eye!

Those wicked tree-stealers have taken Pedro's special tree. It was my family tree, perfect for Pedro to share with his chicks, one day... and now it's gone, in the flap of a wing!



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Poor me!

Still not talking, one-eye...?

Why so quiet? Why do you not care about Pedro and his special tree? I don't think that you're seeing how unfair this is, or how important every tree is! You need to see what things look like when too many trees have been chop-chopped, OK? So, I'll show you!

Come and see me tomorrow, but lower down, OK? Meet a friend of mine who nearly didn't survive when those nasty stealers cut down her favourite tree. I want you to see what's happening to poor animals like Winfrey. Maybe then you'll understand what unfair looks like.

Tomorrow, one-eye! Make sure you visit me tomorrow!

Poor tree. Poor me!