

The Boy and the Parrot



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Oliver was a small, wiry boy with warm brown skin and curly black hair. He loved to explore the park near his house. One sunny morning, he heard a strange squawk coming from a tall oak tree. He looked up and saw a flash of emerald green feathers. "Hello?" Oliver called. "Who's up there?"



A bright green parrot with a red-orange chest and a golden beak peered down at him. The parrot tilted his head and said, "Hello! Hello!" Oliver's round dark brown eyes went wide. He had never seen a parrot in the park before. The parrot fluttered down to a low branch and showed a small blue band on his left ankle. "Are you lost?" Oliver asked gently.



The parrot squawked and hopped onto Oliver's outstretched hand. Oliver noticed the bird looked hungry and tired. "I'll call you Mango," he said, smiling. "You look like a sweet mango." Mango bobbed his head and whistled. Oliver knew he had to help. He carefully carried Mango home, feeling the soft feathers against his fingers.



At home, Oliver showed Mango to his mom. She found an old cage in the garage, but Oliver shook his head. "He doesn't want to be locked up," he said. Instead, he made a cozy corner with a branch and a bowl of water. Mango explored happily, nibbling on a slice of apple. "He's smart," Oliver's mom said. "He needs things to do."



The next day, Oliver brought out his building blocks. He made a simple puzzle: a block covering a piece of fruit. Mango watched with glossy black eyes. Then he used his beak to lift the block and get the treat. "You did it!" Oliver cheered. Mango squawked proudly. Oliver clapped his hands, and his yellow wristband bounced. He loved making Mango think.



Oliver started creating new puzzles every day. He hid sunflower seeds under cups and made little mazes with cardboard tubes. Mango solved each one with clever beak and claws. "You're a puzzle master!" Oliver laughed. Mango puffed his red-orange chest and said, "Pretty bird!" Oliver felt a warm glow of friendship growing between them.



One afternoon, Oliver built a puzzle with three cups and a seed under one. Mango watched carefully as Oliver moved the cups around. Then Mango tapped the correct cup with his beak. "Amazing!" Oliver shouted. He gave Mango a piece of mango as a reward. The two played until the sun went down, and Oliver forgot all about his missing tooth when he smiled.



Oliver's friends came to see Mango. They were amazed at how smart he was. "Can he do math?" asked his friend Sam. Oliver laughed. "Not yet, but we're working on it!" Mango mimicked Oliver's laugh, and everyone giggled. Oliver felt proud of his clever parrot, and Mango seemed to enjoy the attention. They made a great team.



But one day, Mango seemed sad. He sat quietly on his branch and didn't want to play. Oliver worried. "What's wrong, Mango?" he asked. Mango just fluffed his feathers. Oliver thought hard. Maybe Mango missed his old home. Oliver decided to make an extra-special puzzle to cheer him up. He worked all morning on a new game.



Oliver made a puzzle with hidden treats inside a ball with holes. Mango had to roll the ball to get the treats out. At first, Mango ignored it. But then curiosity got the better of him. He rolled the ball and a seed fell out. Mango's eyes lit up. Soon he was rolling and pecking, and his sad mood disappeared. "I knew you'd like it!" Oliver said.



Oliver realized that Mango needed more than just toys. He needed friends and love. So Oliver spent extra time talking to Mango and petting his soft feathers. He told Mango stories and sang songs. Mango listened and sometimes chirped along. Oliver learned that caring for a pet meant giving time and attention, not just food and water.



Oliver also taught Mango to say new words. "I love you," Oliver said slowly. Mango tilted his head. "I love you," he repeated in a squawky voice. Oliver's heart swelled. He hugged Mango gently. Mango nuzzled against Oliver's cheek. They had become best friends, and Oliver knew he would always take care of Mango.



From that day on, Oliver made sure Mango had puzzles to solve and games to play every day. They became famous in the neighborhood for their puzzle shows. Oliver would set up a maze, and Mango would solve it while neighbors cheered. Mango loved the attention, and Oliver loved seeing his friend happy. Their friendship grew stronger with each passing day.



Oliver learned that intelligent pets like Mango need stimulation and companionship. He made a promise to always provide fun challenges and plenty of love. Mango thrived, his emerald feathers gleaming and his eyes bright. He was no longer a lost parrot but a cherished friend. Oliver felt lucky to have found such a clever and loving companion.



One evening, Oliver sat with Mango on his shoulder. The sunset painted the sky orange and pink. "We're a good team, Mango," Oliver said. Mango squawked in agreement. Oliver smiled, his missing tooth showing. He knew that with care, friendship, and a little creativity, any problem could be solved. Mango was proof of that.



And so, Oliver and Mango continued their days filled with puzzles, laughter, and love. They showed everyone that clever pets need toys and someone to play with every day. Oliver's kindness had given Mango a home, and Mango's friendship had given Oliver a best friend forever. The boy and the parrot were happy together, always.