



Kooka's Kindness

A story about memories, grief and friendship

Kooka and the lost glasses

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High up in the branches of a grand, ancient eucalyptus tree, a cheerful kookaburra named Kooka sat watching the sunlit park. Below him, children chased balloons and played tag, their bright laughter echoing through the green leaves. Kooka ruffled his feathers contentedly, enjoying the warm breeze and the happy sounds of the afternoon.



As Kooka scanned the playground, his eyes fell upon a little boy sitting alone on a wooden bench beneath the tree. The boy's shoulders were hunched, and small tears were beginning to roll down his cheeks. Sensing the child's deep sadness, Kooka swooped down quietly from his high branch and perched gently on the armrest right next to him.



Kooka tilted his head, looking at the boy with soft, curious eyes, and asked gently what was wrong. The boy wiped a tear away and sniffled, explaining that he had lost his glasses and couldn't find them anywhere. The world around them looked blurry and overwhelming to him without them.



Smiling warmly, Kooka offered a comforting thought, telling the boy that while losing things is hard, many things can be found again if we think really hard. He introduced himself as Kooka and promised to help the boy search for them. The boy looked up, feeling a tiny glimmer of hope at the bird's friendly words.



The boy's smile faded slightly as he looked down at his shoes, whispering that some things we lose are gone forever. Kooka nodded understandingly, his expression turning soft and serious. He acknowledged that the boy was right, and that some losses in life truly are permanent.



With a heavy heart, the boy explained that it is especially sad when we lose the people we love because they die and go away forever. He shared how much he missed his beloved Pop, and how deeply it hurt that he could no longer see his grandfather's face or hold his hand.



Kooka hopped a little closer, his voice dropping to a gentle, comforting whisper. He told the boy a beautiful secret: when we lose someone we love, they are never truly gone forever, because we just find them in a brand new way. The boy looked puzzled, wondering how it could possibly be true when someone is no longer here.



Kooka explained that even though we can no longer hug the people who pass away, they find a permanent home inside our hearts through our memories. Every time we think of them, tell their stories, or remember the happy times spent together, they stay safe and alive with us forever. Our love keeps them close, meaning they are never truly lost.



The boy sat quietly for a long moment, letting Kooka's wise words sink in as he thought about his grandfather. Suddenly, a bright memory flashed in his mind of the time he lost his baby tooth, and how his Pop had carefully wrapped it up and tucked it safely into his pocket. The memory brought a sudden burst of realization to the boy's face.



With a gasp of joy, the boy reached into his own coat pocket and pulled out his missing glasses, realizing he had put them there to keep them safe just like his Pop used to do. He slipped them on, his face lighting up with a brilliant smile because he had found his glasses, and more importantly, he found a way to keep his Pop in his heart forever.



Delighted by the boy's happiness, Kooka gave a cheerful nod, said a warm goodbye, and flew back up into the high branches of his favorite gum tree. Looking down at the happy child playing once more, Kooka thought of all the special friends he kept safe in his own heart, filling him with a sense of peace.



Kooka threw back his head and let out his famous, booming, joyous laugh that echoed all across the park. Nearby, a passerby heard the wonderful sound, paused, and smiled warmly as the laugh reminded them of a dear old friend they had lost, who now lived happily in their memories forever.