

Rainforest Calling

Chapter 1: It's No Big Deal

Sometimes, I think that Rodrigo loves himself way, way too much. "Rodrigo, nobody is impressed by your feathers – lots of birds around here have colourful feathers. The whole forest has already seen your bottom far too many times, OK?"

Take my word for it, my new one-eyed compadre, no potoo wants to see a macaw's booty shaking like that, especially after a breakfast feast of grubs and beetles. It's like watching a wonky rainbow wobbling in a storm, and makes my tummy roll like I've just flapped from the top of the tallest tree to the forest floor. But this potoo will keep his beak shut – those flashy macaws can be so sensitive.

It's just that this forest is full of many things that are so much more beautiful than Rodrigo's feathers. Look at all these leaves and flower petals below us. Do you notice how they shine, and how the raindrops sparkle in the sunlight? Aren't they a delight?

What about the swirly swarms of butterflies under the canopy? They do make tasty



snacks, but I like to admire the way they flutter and fly, too. Food that looks as good as it tastes – what can be better than that, huh? Just wait until you go beneath the leaves, one-eye. That's when you'll see those colourful creatures fluttering by, like tiny fragments of a broken rainbow. Every week, I see new colours and patterns.

I wonder what kind of creature you are: a strange new forest animal, perhaps, or a brand new kind of plant... I'm not sure. You're green like the bushes and trees but look at your skin: it's hard and tough like a caiman's tail, and smooth, too, just like a turtle's belly. I am one puzzled potoo because you don't have any legs or wings or even a beak, and I haven't seen you walk or crawl or fly yet. In fact, all you ever do is sit there on a tree like a lazy, sleeping sloth – just not nearly as pretty, huh?

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