

Magic of Miyawaki

Falak Shah

Krish loved the old banyan tree that was at the edge of his neighbourhood. Every evening, he would sit beneath it, sketch birds, and listen to the wind. But lately, the wind sounded lonely.

“Where did all the trees go?” Krish whispered as he stared into the empty forest that lay beyond the banyan.

Tall buildings began to appear where once a luscious forest had been.



As Krish pondered about his favourite forest, a soft voice spoke to him.

“Not every forest disappears forever!”

Krish shrieked in surprise as a parrot flew slowly toward him. Beside him were a deer, a monkey, and a tiny squirrel.

“Wait...you all can speak?” Krish stuttered as he asked them the question.

“We always knew how to... it is just that the humans forgot how to listen...” replied the parrot.



“A harsh reality is that our forests are sadly shrinking, and a lot of animals like me are losing their home,” said the parrot in a soft tone.

“But humans can help create a difference,” added the monkey, wagging his tail.

Krish, extremely upset at these facts, added, “How can I help?” The parrot smiled, “By helping us grow it through the Miyawaki way.”



“What exactly is Miyawaki?” Krish questioned the parrot as they walked into the empty forest.

“It’s a method through which trees can grow quicker and stronger, just like our natural forests,” explained the parrot.

“If we plant many native trees near to each other, they can help each other to grow!” chimed in the squirrel.

Krish’s eyes glittered with hope, “So, a tiny jungle only for animals that live nearby?”

“Yes,” said the deer. “A tiny yet powerful one.”



The next day, Krish came back with a shovel, saplings, and compost made from organic materials such as manure and food waste.

“My Grandpa taught me about what the native plants are, neem, jamun, peepal, and gulmohar!” Krish claimed with pride.

The monkey cheered, “Perfect choices!”

The parrot nodded, “All local trees truly belong in this forest. They know the soil better than anyone else.”



All the animals joined Krish during his hard work as they dug together, and sweat began to drip down from his forehead.

“This is sooo tiring,” Krish huffed hard because of all his hard work.

The deer smiled towards him and said, “Son, forests are built with patience; they do not magically appear in a single day!”

“And teamwork, too,” added the parrot.

Krish laughed, “Haha, I guess forests don’t grow on wishes alone.”



Soon, the entire forest was filled with tiny saplings, which were planted right next to each other.

“But why so close?” Asked Krish.

“Because they compete with each other, and this healthy competition makes them grow bigger and stronger!” explained the parrot.

Krish smirked, “My sister would love to hear about this concept!”



Weeks went by, and Krish continued to water the plants every morning.

One fine morning, he began to notice new leaves and plants.

“They’re growing quickly!” He added.

“Nature rewards one quickly when they genuinely care...” said the deer.



A couple of months later, birds began to return to the forest. Butterflies and ladybugs could be seen dancing between the plants.

The parrot sat on his shoulder. “The forest will continue to grow for years, even without us, because of the great work that you have done!”

Krish turned to speak, “So tiny actions really can create big changes?”

“They always have and they always will,” replied the parrot.



Very quickly, the locality began to notice.

“Who planted all these small trees and bushes?” asked Krish’s next-door neighbour.

“A forest grew here so quickly!” stated one of Krish’s buddies.

Krish smiled but never revealed the truth.

He began to live by the words that the parrot spoke to him, “Let the forest speak for itself,” whispered the parrot one fine day, while Krish was working on building the forest.



On a cool winter's evening, Krish returned to the forest to thank all of his animal buddies.

But the parrot, monkey, deer, and squirrel were nowhere to be found.

Yet, the forest remained, tall and green, beaming with new life. Krish set his hand down on a tree trunk and said, "I will never forget about you again," as a promise to the forest.



Soon Krish began to teach others his age about his learned experiences with Miyawaki while rebuilding the forest. He showed them ways to plant native trees, close by each other, how to take care of the soil and compost, and mainly the virtues of patience.

Many families from the neighbourhood planted tiny forests of their own, and what started as small patches began to fill up the forest.

Although Krish never got to meet the talking animals again, he knew that they would always be there for him.

Because when humans begin to listen carefully, the forest always knows how to speak.

The Miyawaki Method



Months passed, and the forest seemed calm for the first time in forever, as if it were taking deep breaths. Krish placed his hands in the flowing grass and could feel the strength of the forest in his palms. The wind rustled with a familiar rhythm again.

“Not all forests disappear forever,” Krish heard the trees whispering to him.

He shut his eyes and imagined the parrot, deer, monkey, and squirrel playfully laughing and chattering. Even though they had gone, their presence felt engraved into the roots of the forest, and everywhere he walked, they seemed to be right behind him.

“This forest is now yours, and I will protect it,” Krish said softly as a promise to all animals that resided in the forest





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