

Preparations for the Jungle Olympics – Relay Race were officially underway. Mr Bull, with his sturdy frame and no-nonsense attitude, was appointed as both match referee and supervisor of the racetrack. The course was set: four legs of 100 metres each, with clear markings for the start, three exchange zones, and the finish line.

The jungle buzzed with anticipation as the track began to take shape. Mr Crow, donning a pair of tiny aviator goggles and a stopwatch strapped to his claw, soared overhead like a feathery surveyor. Below him, vines were stretched taut to mark each leg point, and banana leaves flapped at the start and finish lines like celebratory streamers.

Animals gathered to watch the setup unfold—monkeys munching mangoes, parrots squawking predictions, and a turtle pacing the sidelines with deliberate determination. With each 100-metre flight, Mr Crow cawed his approval, confirming the track was straight, fair, and ready for the wildest relay the jungle had ever seen.

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