**[Music] Once upon a time, deep in a quiet forest, lived a sweet little bird. She had shiny feathers and a kind heart. But she had a strange habit. Every day, whatever she saw, heard, or felt. She would write that experience on a small stone. Whether it was something happy or painful, she believed every moment was worth remembering. She thought good memories keep us smiling and bad ones shouldn't stay in the heart. They should be written down and let go. So every day she picked up a new stone, wrote her thoughts on it with her beak, and put it into a tiny cloth bag she carried with her wherever she flew. At first, it felt beautiful. She enjoyed collecting her memories, believing they would help her in the future. That little bag became her treasure, full of moments from her life. But as the days passed, her bag started getting heavier. More stones meant more weight, and slowly it began affecting her wings. Her flight became slower, and soon she couldn't fly high like she used to. But the bird didn't notice. She just kept collecting more stones. One day, she met an old wise owl. The owl asked, "Why do you carry that bag, little one?" The bird smiled.  
"It holds my life. Every joy, every pain, every lesson." The owl frowned.  
"But do you still live in today? Or are you flying with yesterday on your back?" The bird didn't understand. She flew away. But even that flight was heavier than ever before. Weeks passed. Her bag was now full, overflowing. She struggled to lift off the ground. Her wings achd.  
She had no energy left. And one rainy evening, while trying to fly to safety, she fell. The weight of the stones crushed her delicate body. She lay there under the very memories she thought would help her survive. Now the same memories had taken her life. That night the owl visited her again. Looking at the small bird lying still, he whispered sadly, "Memories are meant to guide, not to hold you back." She tried to carry everything and forgot to live. Sometimes we all collect memories, good and bad, and keep thinking about them. But if we keep carrying our past every day, we'll become tired inside. We won't be able to enjoy today or fly toward our future.  
Just like the bird, many people carry the pain or even the happiness of the past for too long. But life is about letting go. We can't change what has already happened. But we can make our present beautiful. So forgive, forget, and move on. Experience new things, take new steps, and live with a light heart.  
Be grateful, be patient, and always move forward.  
[Music]**