

The Little Cuscus



Aysel Banu YAVUZAL

The Little Cuscus

Aysel Banu YAVUZAL



High up in a rainforest garden, where the leaves were green and the air was sweet, lived a little cuscus. He was small and round, about the size of a cat, with thick fluffy grey-brown fur and a cream belly. His big golden-brown eyes sparkled as he looked out over the treetops. Every morning he climbed a little higher than the day before.



The little cuscus had a long curly tail that could hold tight to any branch. His tiny clawed paws gripped the bark, and up he went, branch after branch. Below him the rainforest hummed with buzzing bees and singing birds. Above him the sky was wide and blue. He loved his high, leafy home more than anything.



One warm afternoon, a bright green tree frog landed on a leaf beside him. The frog was tiny, about the size of a thumb, with smooth green skin, a pale yellow belly, and huge round dark eyes. His wide friendly smile made the cuscus giggle. "Hello!" said the frog. "I am new up here. Will you be my friend?"



The little cuscus nodded so fast his ears wiggled. "I am a cuscus," he said. "I am good at climbing, but I am not very good at jumping." The tree frog laughed a happy, bubbly laugh. "And I am good at jumping," he said, "but this high branch is a little wobbly for me." The two new friends smiled at each other.



"Let's explore the rainforest garden!" said the tree frog, wiggling his long back legs. So off they went, side by side. The little cuscus climbed slowly and carefully, his curly tail curling around each branch. The tree frog hopped along behind him. The green leaves rustled, and the whole garden felt wide and wonderful and new.



Soon they came to a tall branch that reached up toward the sunny sky. The little cuscus climbed it quickly, his tiny clawed paws finding every hold. "Come up!" he called from the top. "You can see everything!" But the branch was far too high for the tiny frog. He looked up with his huge dark eyes and gave a little sigh.



"Hold on!" called the cuscus. He curled his long tail down like a soft grey rope. The tree frog grabbed it with his sticky toe pads and held tight. Up, up, up he went! When he reached the top, he gasped at the view. Green treetops rolled away like a soft, leafy sea. "Thank you!" he croaked happily.



Then they found a wide gap between two branches. The little cuscus looked down and felt a flutter in his tummy. "I cannot jump that far," he said softly. The tree frog grinned his wide grin. "Watch me!" He leapt across the gap in one big hop, his long legs stretched out. He landed safely on the other side and waved.



"Now you!" called the frog. The little cuscus took a deep breath and climbed down, then up the other side, using a vine that dangled between the branches. His curly tail held tight, and his clawed paws gripped the vine. Step by step, he made it across. "We did it!" they cheered together.



They explored deeper into the rainforest garden. The cuscus climbed to a high branch to pick sweet berries, and the frog leapt from leaf to leaf to find the juiciest ones. When the frog's tiny legs grew tired, the cuscus let him ride on his fluffy back. They made a very good team, and the whole garden seemed to smile.



Suddenly the sky grew grey, and big raindrops began to fall. Plip! Plop! The little cuscus and the tree frog needed a dry place to hide. The cuscus knew a hollow in a tall tree, but it was high above them. "I can climb to it," he said, "but I cannot carry you and climb at the same time."



The tree frog looked around with his huge dark eyes. "I can jump from leaf to leaf and stay dry under them!" he said. So the frog leapt ahead, hopping from leaf to leaf, while the cuscus climbed up the trunk. They met at the hollow just as the rain came down hard. Together they squeezed inside, warm and safe.



Inside the hollow tree, the rain drummed softly on the bark. The little cuscus wrapped his curly tail around them both, and the tree frog snuggled close. "You climbed so well," said the frog. "And you jumped so bravely," said the cuscus. They laughed and told stories until the rain stopped and the sun peeped out again.



When they climbed out, the rainforest garden sparkled with raindrops. Every leaf shone like a tiny mirror. "We make a great team," said the little cuscus. "You jump across the gaps, and I climb to the high branches." The tree frog nodded. "Different abilities," he said, "make a wonderful team!" And they hopped and climbed together all the way home.



From that day on, the little cuscus and the tree frog explored the rainforest garden every single day. The cuscus reached the high, sunny branches, and the frog leapt across the wide, windy gaps. When one of them needed help, the other was always there. Their friendship made every adventure fun and exciting, and the treetops rang with their happy laughter.



And if you ever look up into a rainforest garden, high above the ground, you might see a fluffy grey-brown cuscus and a tiny bright green frog, side by side on a branch. They will be smiling, because they know a wonderful secret: different abilities make great teams, and every adventure is better with a friend.