

The Little Genet



Aysel Banu YAVUZAL

The Little Genet

Aysel Banu YAVUZAL



Deep in the warm, green rainforest, where leaves dripped and ferns uncurled, lived a little genet. Her fur was golden-tan, speckled with dark chocolate spots, and her long tail had rings like a bracelet. Her round amber eyes were always open wide, because the world was full of things to see. Every night she wondered, "What is out there, past the tall trees?"



The little genet slept all day in a hollow log and woke when the sky turned purple. She stretched her slender body, twitched her pointed ears, and sniffed the soft night air. Her cream-coloured belly was warm against the cool bark. "Time to explore," she whispered, and her tiny black nose wiggled with excitement. The rainforest hummed and clicked all around her.



One evening, near a tangle of vines, she heard a tiny rustle. Out peeked a bushbaby, fluffy and grey-brown, with enormous golden eyes and long thin fingers. He was smaller than she was, and very shy. "Hello," said the genet softly. "I'm just looking around." The bushbaby blinked his huge eyes and gave a small, giggly squeak. "Me too," he whispered.



Before they could say more, a spark of light drifted past. Then another, and another. Fireflies! They glowed soft green-gold, blinking like tiny lanterns in the dark. "Look!" cried the genet, her amber eyes shining. "Where are they going?" The bushbaby tilted his round head. "I don't know," he said, "but I'd like to find out."



The fireflies floated away between the trees, and the two small animals followed. The genet's ringed tail swayed as she crept along a mossy branch. The bushbaby hopped behind her, his long fingers gripping the bark. "Wait for me!" he giggled. Leaves brushed their faces, and the fireflies blinked, blinked, blinked, always a little ahead, glowing like a trail of stars.



They crossed a bridge of hanging vines and slipped under giant ferns. The rainforest was full of sounds: frogs croaking, crickets singing, water dripping. "Are you scared?" asked the bushbaby. The genet thought for a moment. "A little," she said. "But we're together." The bushbaby smiled, and his huge golden eyes grew brave. Side by side, they followed the glowing lights deeper into the green.



The fireflies dipped and danced, then gathered in a cloud above something bright. The genet pushed through the last leaves and gasped. There, hidden among the trees, lay a small round pool. Its water sparkled and shimmered, full of tiny lights, as if someone had poured the whole night sky into it. "Oh!" breathed the bushbaby. "It's beautiful!"



The fireflies hovered over the pool, blinking gently, as if they had led the two friends there on purpose. The genet dipped one paw into the water. It was cool and soft. "It sparkles like the stars," she said. The bushbaby leaned over the edge, and his enormous eyes were full of little lights. "I've never seen anything like it," he whispered happily.



"Let's splash!" cried the genet, and in they went. The water was shallow and warm, and it laughed in tiny ripples around their feet. The bushbaby splashed with his long thin fingers, flicking shiny drops into the air. "Catch me!" he squealed, and the genet chased him, her ringed tail swirling. The fireflies blinked above them like a friendly audience.



Tired and happy, they sat on a smooth stone at the edge of the pool. "I know a story," said the bushbaby shyly. "About a moon that fell in love with a river." The genet curled her spotted tail around her feet and listened. Then she told one about a star that learned to sing. They traded stories until the water sparkled with their laughter.



"You know," said the genet, "I was curious about those fireflies. I almost stayed home." The bushbaby giggled. "I'm glad you didn't. I'm glad you said hello." He looked at his new friend with his huge golden eyes. "I was too shy to say hello first." The genet touched his paw with hers. "Then curiosity is a good thing," she said. "It brought us here."



The fireflies began to drift away, one by one, blinking goodnight. "Will you come back tomorrow?" asked the bushbaby. "Every night," said the genet. They promised to meet at the same tall tree when the sky turned purple. Then they walked home through the whispering ferns, yawning and smiling, with the pool sparkling behind them like a secret.



From then on, the little genet and the bushbaby met every night. Sometimes they followed the fireflies to the pool. Sometimes they just sat and shared stories under the leaves. The genet's amber eyes always lit up when she saw her friend. "There you are!" she would call. And the bushbaby would giggle and wave his long fingers, no longer shy at all.



Other animals noticed the two friends in the rainforest. "How did you meet?" asked a curious frog. "A firefly showed us the way," said the genet. "And a small hello," added the bushbaby. The frog smiled. "So a little curiosity made a big friendship," he said. The two friends looked at each other and nodded. It was true, and it felt wonderful.



So if you ever see a spark of light in the dark, be a little brave and follow it. You might find a secret pool that sparkles like the sky. You might find a story, a splash, and a giggle. And best of all, you might find a friend. After all, friendship can begin with one curious step.



And in the warm, green rainforest, the little genet and the bushbaby still meet by the sparkling pool. The fireflies still blink above them, and the water still laughs in tiny ripples. "Same time tomorrow?" asks the genet, her ringed tail curled close. "Same time tomorrow," says her best friend, with a giggle. And off they go together, curious about everything, afraid of nothing much.