The Little Binturong

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High in the tall, tall trees lived a little binturong. His fur was shaggy and dark brown, and his amber eyes were big and gentle. He loved his cozy branch, but he never climbed far. The world below looked too big and strange. So he stayed where it was safe, watching the leaves dance and listening to the forest whisper.

The little binturong had small round ears with white tufts, and a long tail that curled at the tip. He used his tail like an extra hand to hold on tight. Every morning he nibbled fruit and peeked through the leaves. “Maybe today I’ll explore,” he whispered. But his paws felt wobbly, and he stayed right where he was.

One day, a cheerful hornbill landed nearby. His feathers were glossy black and white, and his beak and casque were bright yellow. “Hello!” he called. “What’s your name?” The binturong peeked out. “I’m Binty,” he said softly. “I’m Hornbill,” said the bird. “Want to come and look around with me?”

Binty shook his head. “I don’t know,” he said. “The forest is so big.” Hornbill flapped his wings. “That’s the best part! There’s always something new to see.” He tilted his head and added, “I’ll stay right beside you. We can explore together.” Binty’s heart beat fast, but he nodded. “Okay,” he said. “Let’s try.”

Hornbill flew ahead, and Binty followed slowly. He climbed from branch to branch, his long tail curling around each one. “You’re doing great!” called Hornbill. Binty smiled a little. The leaves felt cool, and the air smelled sweet. He had never been this high before. “I’m exploring!” he whispered to himself. It felt a little scary and a lot exciting.

They came to a wide gap between two trees. Binty stopped. “I can’t jump that far,” he said. Hornbill flew across and back. “I’ll help you,” he said. “See that vine? Swing on it like this.” Hornbill showed him how. Binty took a deep breath, grabbed the vine, and swung across. “I did it!” he cheered. Hornbill clapped his wings.

They went on, past flowers and buzzing bees. Hornbill told jokes, and Binty laughed. “You’re brave,” said Hornbill. “Me?” said Binty. “I’m just little.” “Little can be brave,” said Hornbill. “You came all this way.” Binty felt warm inside. Maybe he was braver than he thought. They kept climbing, higher and higher, until the clouds felt close.

Suddenly, Hornbill flew up high and called, “Binty, come quick! You have to see this!” Binty hurried up the trunk, his tail curling around branches. He poked his head through the leaves. “Wow!” he gasped. There, hidden in the treetops, was a whole orchard. Rows of little trees grew right on the branches, full of sweet, juicy fruit.

“A secret treetop orchard!” said Hornbill. “I’ve never seen one before.” Binty’s eyes grew wide. “How did it get here?” he wondered. “Maybe birds dropped seeds long ago,” said Hornbill. “And now it’s our secret.” They flew and climbed among the trees, sniffing the sweet fruit. “Let’s taste it,” said Binty. “It looks delicious.”

Binty picked a round, red fruit and took a bite. Juice dribbled down his chin. “Mmm!” he said. “It’s the sweetest thing ever!” Hornbill pecked a yellow fruit and whistled. “This one’s perfect!” They ate until their tummies were happy. “We should share this with everyone,” said Binty. “But it’s our secret,” said Hornbill. “Maybe we can bring friends later,” said Binty. “But first, let’s enjoy it.”

After their snack, Binty looked around. “I want to climb that tallest tree,” he said. Hornbill’s eyes sparkled. “Let’s go!” Binty started up, but the branches were far apart. He slipped and held on tight with his tail. “You can do it!” called Hornbill. Binty took a breath and climbed again. Step by step, he reached the top. “I made it!” he shouted.

From the top, Binty could see the whole forest. “It’s beautiful!” he said. Hornbill landed beside him. “You were scared before,” said Hornbill. “Now look at you.” Binty smiled. “Friendship makes me brave,” he said. “And you make me happy,” said Hornbill. They sat together, watching the sun go down. Binty knew he would never forget this day.

On the way home, Binty led the way. He showed Hornbill a hollow tree and a mossy log. “You’re a great explorer,” said Hornbill. “Thanks to you,” said Binty. “I couldn’t have done it without you.” They promised to meet again the next day. “Same time?” asked Hornbill. “Same time,” said Binty. “And we’ll find more secrets.”

The next morning, Binty woke up early. He didn’t feel shy anymore. He climbed to the top branch and waited for Hornbill. Soon, a flash of black and white appeared. “Ready for a new adventure?” asked Hornbill. “Ready!” said Binty. They flew and climbed together, exploring every corner of the forest. Each day brought something new, and Binty loved every minute.

From then on, the little binturong and the cheerful hornbill explored the forest every day. They found hidden streams, secret caves, and even more orchards. Binty still had his cozy branch, but now he knew the whole forest was his home. And whenever he felt nervous, he remembered Hornbill’s words: “Little can be brave.” Friendship had opened up a whole new world.

So if you ever see a little binturong with tufted ears and a curling tail, high in the trees, don’t be surprised if he’s off to explore with his friend the hornbill. They are always looking for something new, and they always do it together. Because with a friend by your side, every adventure is sweeter than the sweetest treetop fruit.