

The Little Marmoset



Aysel Banu YAVUZAL

The Little Marmoset

Aysel Banu YAVUZAL



High in the green rainforest, where leaves drip with morning dew, lived a little marmoset. He had soft golden-brown fur, a creamy white face, and big round dark brown eyes. His long striped tail curled around the branch like a question mark. He was small, about the size of a teacup, and he felt very lonely.



Every day the little marmoset swung from tree to tree, looking for someone to play with. He called to the toucans, but they only squawked. He waved at the butterflies, but they fluttered away. 'Won't anyone be my friend?' he sighed. The rainforest was full of sounds, but none of them were for him.



One warm evening, as the sun dipped low, the marmoset heard a tiny song. It floated through the ferns like a silver thread. He followed the sound until he found a small tree frog sitting on a leaf. The frog's emerald skin glowed softly, and its turquoise belly shimmered. 'Hello!' said the frog. 'I'm Frog. Would you like to sing with me?'



The marmoset's dark eyes grew wide. 'You can glow!' he whispered. Frog smiled a wide, friendly smile. 'I glow when I'm happy,' she said. 'And I'm happy to meet you.' She wore a tiny woven leaf cape that rustled when she moved. The marmoset felt a warm spark inside his chest. 'I'm Marmoset,' he said. 'And I'm happy to meet you, too.'



That night, Frog sang a gentle song about the rainforest. Her turquoise belly pulsed with light, and the marmoset listened, curled up on a nearby branch. 'Your song is beautiful,' he said. 'It makes the dark feel friendly.' Frog nodded. 'Music is magic,' she said. 'It turns lonely nights into bright ones.' The marmoset smiled for the first time in days.



In the morning, Frog said, 'Let's go on an adventure! I know a secret path through the ferns.' The marmoset hesitated. 'What if we get lost?' he asked. Frog glowed a little brighter. 'We have each other,' she said. 'Friends make every adventure more fun.' So they set off together, the marmoset leaping and Frog hopping, side by side.



They traveled deep into the rainforest, past giant ferns and hanging vines. Frogs' golden spots sparkled like tiny stars. The marmoset's striped tail swished with excitement. They crossed a stream on a fallen log and climbed over mossy rocks. 'Where are we going?' asked the marmoset. 'You'll see!' said Frog with a twinkle in her amber eyes.



Soon they heard a soft humming sound. It grew louder as they pushed through a curtain of leaves. Then they stopped and gasped. There, tucked between the roots of a giant tree, was a tiny village. Little houses made of twigs and leaves lined a winding path. Tiny lanterns glowed like fireflies. 'A hidden village!' whispered the marmoset.



The village was no bigger than a garden. Each house had a tiny door and a chimney with a wisp of smoke. Frogs' glow lit up the path as they tiptoed closer. 'Hello?' called the marmoset. A small face peeked out from behind a flowerpot. It was a creature with soft peach-pink fur and big sky-blue eyes. 'Visitors!' she squeaked. 'Real visitors!'



The peach-pink creature bounded over. 'I'm Child,' she said, 'and this is my home!' She had a little blue flower tucked behind one ear. 'Would you like to explore?' She led them through the village, showing them every little house. They met a family of beetles who baked acorn bread. They waved to a snail who painted tiny signs. Everywhere they went, friendly faces smiled.



Then they came to the oldest house in the village. Out stepped a round, fluffy creature with grey fur and long white whiskers. She wore a tiny red knitted scarf and carried a wooden walking stick. 'Welcome, travelers,' she said, her hazel eyes warm. 'I am the Village Elder. We don't often see visitors. How did you find us?' Frog glowed proudly. 'We followed our friendship,' she said.



The Elder laughed, a soft, crinkly sound. 'Friendship is the best map,' she said. She invited them inside for berry tea. They sat on tiny stools and listened to stories of the village. The marmoset felt brave and happy. 'We explored every little house,' he said. 'And we met so many new friends!' The Elder nodded. 'And now you have more friends to explore with.'



Child jumped up. 'Let's play hide-and-seek!' she cried. Frog glowed brightly, and the marmoset's tail curled with joy. They played until the sun began to set. Then the Elder gave them each a tiny lantern to light their way home. 'Come back soon,' she said. 'Our village is always open to friends.' The marmoset hugged her, and Frogs' glow warmed them all.



On the way home, the marmoset said, 'I was lonely before, but now I have you.' Frog smiled. 'And we have a whole village of friends,' she said. 'Friendship gives us courage to explore.' The marmoset looked at his glowing friend and knew it was true. The rainforest felt different now—full of friendly sounds and bright possibilities.



Back on their branch, the marmoset curled up with his striped tail wrapped around him. Frogs' glow was a soft nightlight. 'Thank you for finding me,' he whispered. 'Thank you for singing with me,' she replied. And they promised to explore again tomorrow. The rainforest hummed its gentle lullaby, and the two friends fell asleep side by side.



And so the little marmoset learned that good friends make every adventure more fun. He was never lonely again. With Frog by his side and a hidden village to visit, the rainforest became a place of wonder. And if you listen closely on a warm evening, you might hear a tiny song—the song of a marmoset and his magical tree frog friend.