

The Orangutan

Yawning lazily, an old wrinkly orangutan stretched its grubby fingers towards a brown, squishy banana. Peeling off its moldy skin, its tired eyes peered over the emergent layer of the Amazon rainforest. "Beautiful," sighed the orangutan. The orange sun beamed at him and the kingfishers sang a beautiful harmony from the sky.

As he bit into his banana, he began to hum along to the kingfisher's song and realized that it had changed. It wasn't the usual high pitched tweeting but a low, distressed cry like an alarm. "What is happening?" the orangutan thought to himself. He glanced over the treetops and noticed something strange. A tree was shuddering. Then another and then another.

A flock of birds of all different breeds came screaming from the canopy. They swooped with fear and shock. As soon as the orangutan saw the frightened birds, he set off leaping from tree to tree and his wise eyes desperately searched for what was causing this. Suddenly, he saw it.

A huge, yellow creature with teeth sharper than broken glass. Its feet were circles that looked like black and grey moons. Groaning, moaning and giggling, it bit through the body of a 1001-year-old tree. It was the oldest tree in the rainforest and had once been the home of many orangutans. To his despair, the orangutan shook from head to toe and his face fell like the old tree crashing down before his eyes. The creature crept forwards, looking for another tree to munch on.

Feeling his heart race, the orangutan did the most fearless thing he had ever done. He dropped down from the treetop and stood in front of the creature. Determined to protect the trees from this ravenous monster, he would not move an inch. Suddenly, he noticed a pair of eyes from inside the creature staring back at him. They were human eyes.

The human exited this terrifying, yellow monster and stood opposite the orangutan.

"Move," said the human casually. The orangutan shook its head angrily, pointed at the trees, then his heart and then put his hands on his hips, looking determined. The human looked at the trees and back at the orangutan whose hands were still on his hips. "Is this your home?" the human asked.

The orangutan nodded confidently and repeated his pointing.

"I see," the human whispered to himself followed by a long, uncomfortable silence.

Finally, the human held out his blistered hand to the orangutan and the orangutan shook it. They looked at each other in the eye and the human said, "I won't bother you again." Turning towards the yellow creature, the human entered it and they soon disappeared.

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Slowly, the orangutan turned around and dashed towards the sacred, saved tree and hugged it tightly. Proud of his achievement, he climbed back up towards the canopy layer and, watching the sunset, finished the rest of his banana.