

Kopi Cat and the Little Monkey



By Rosvinder Kaur

In Merlion Ville, lanterns once glowed
as **Kopi Cat** learned
that trying matters more than being perfect.



Not long after,
the friends travelled far from home.

Parrot was tired of his house move, he had packed snacks.
Lion carried his guitar, rock music in Japan.
Happy Hippo brought a map to find places to jog.
Kopi Cat carried his notebook, ready to draw and write.



In Japan, the air felt cool and still.
At a small zoo,
the four friends stood quietly
beside a glass window.



Inside sat a tiny monkey.

He was holding a large stuffed orangutan.





Not loosely.

Not playfully.

Tightly.

Partot stopped fluttering.

Lion lowered his guitar.

Happy Hippo stood very still.

His fingers curled deep into the toy's fur.

His cheek rested against

its soft orange body.

Kopi Cat watched carefully.



When a noise startled him,
he pressed closer.

When the world felt busy,
he held on.

Happy Hippo leaned gently
toward the glass, calm and steady.



Baby monkeys usually cling
to their mothers.

They feel warmth.

They hear a heartbeat.

They learn that the world is safe,

Lion's paw tightened
around his guitar strap.



This little monkey
did not have that at the beginning.
His mother had left him.

His body still expected
something to hold.



Parrot's feathers drooped softly.

The stuffed orangutan was soft.
It was steady,
It was always there.

When he pressed into it,
his breathing slowed.

His small heart beat calmly.

Kopi Cat nodded
quietly.



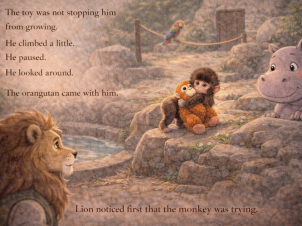
The toy was not stopping him
from growing.

He climbed a little.

He paused.

He looked around.

The orangutan came with him.



Lion noticed first that the monkey was trying.

Then he held on again.

The softness did not make him weak.

It helped him feel safe
enough to try.



Happy Hippo smiled her steady smile.

That evening, the friends sat together.

 Parrot perched quietly.

Lion tuned his guitar without playing.

Happy Hippo traced the map slowly.

Kopi Cat opened his notebook.

He remembered feeling small
when he once tried to do
everything at once.

Comfort had helped him grow too.



The next morning, the little monkey still held
his orange friend.

But he seemed braver now.

Parrot noticed he climbed higher.

Lion noticed he stayed longer.

Happy Hippo noticed he looked
around more.

Kopi Cat opened his notebook.



Not because he had let go.
Because he hadn't needed to.



Kopi Cat felt something warm inside.



Sometimes courage looks loud.

Sometimes it looks small.

Sometimes it looks like tiny fingers

holding onto something soft.

And that is brave too.

The four friends stood together, quiet and understanding.

A True Story



This book was inspired by a real baby monkey in Japan.
At Ichikawa City Zoo, a Japanese macaque was abandoned
shortly after birth.



Because baby monkeys usually cling to their mothers for comfort,
zoo keepers gave him a large stuffed orangutan to hold.

He wrapped his fingers around it.

And he would not let go.

The soft toy helped calm his body. It steadied his breathing.

Visitors were touched by his story.

But the most important part is this:

The people caring for him
understood that healing takes time.

 Safety comes first.
Confidence follows.

And sometimes,
real bravery begins
by holding on.





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Inspired by a real story reported by VNEexpress International