Sweet Orangu lived with his Mamma in the rainforest. He swung from tree to tree in her lap, enjoying all the moments of his wonderful life. He slept under the endless sky, nested in arms of his Mamma and his home Tree, feeling safe and loved in his beautiful world.

Orangu was young but he understood the connection with his home tree. It was if half of his heart was beating deep in the trunk of the tree. Tree not only kept them safe and fed, it talked to them, teaching them the wisdom of the forest and the wide universe.

Life was good in the forest…Until one horrid day when they came - two legged beings, with dark faces and dark hearts. They were cutting down trees, destroying the forest. Sweet Orangu did not understand, but he saw his mother weeping, he heard her worried heart before he fell asleep. And he did not like that, little Orangu. It pained him much.

His big, trusting eyes searched for good in those creatures, as he could not believe otherwise, loving Orangu.

Then came the terrible day. The noise was getting louder, cutting machines were coming closer. There was dust and fear in the air and Mamma held her Sweet Orangu high up in the nest of their tree. All the trees around them were falling down; their world collapsing. Terrible screams of other Orangutans and terrible cries of the trees were shaking the forest.

And then they started cutting their Tree. There was a struggle in Mamma’s heart, to protect the baby or the Tree. There is no left or right, both are sacred, both are the part of her heart. So she hid the little one under her arms and went fighting. Brave and great in her love she defended the Tree, trying to scare the two legged monsters away. Her rage drove fear into their bones and one of them took out his gun. Pointed it at her and shot…She fell down with a painful cry, still holding her baby.

Once on the forest floor, catching her last breaths, she poured the last drops of milk from her breast, feeding her little Orangu. And then died, holding him still.

The killer stood in amazement at what he had witnessed. In the next second he broke down crying in agony, begging for forgiveness for what he had done. The sky cried rain, the trees bled, wounded, and little Orangu cried for his Mamma. For hours the tree hunter lay on the forest floor, crying. He was sorry for what he had done.

Then after a while he realised that the little ape needed to be fed. He took Sweet Orangu and ran back to his village with him under his arms. Orangu was scared, sad and hungry, but his big eyes were still full of trust.

“There must be a ray of goodness in there, for sure,” his eyes were saying.

The tree hunter’s wife was at home with her little baby, feeding him and singing him lullabies when her husband ran in, showing her Little Orangu. She was a mother so she knew what to do. She took little Orangu in her lap, offering him her other breast, singing him a lullaby.

He felt nurtured and warm and he wrapped his fuzzy arms around her before he fell asleep.

There was something in his gentle touch, something in his eyes, something that made her love him just the same as her own child. And she even felt that his presence was making her kinder, more gentle and loving. Noticing more, how everyone that came in contact with Sweet Orangu changed, their faces lit and their expressions softened.

One night as they were cuddling before sleep Orangu spoke for the first time.

“I love you very much and I am grateful to be with you but my heart is not complete. Half of it beats in my Tree back in the forest and I miss it dearly,” he said in human words.

Her amazement was great and she was deeply touched by what he said.

“Will you tell me about your Tree?” she asked.

And he told her. That night and every other night, too. She listened with full amazement, every time. That became a ritual; Orangu telling her about forest and trees before falling to sleep, igniting a spark she did not know was there…But she also noticed, that he did not speak to anyone else. The more she listened the more she was drawn to the forest and one morning she asked her husband if she may leave to go live in the forest for a while.

“I will be safe, Orangu will be with me. And our child will stay at home and keep you company.”

He agreed and soon they were saying goodbye. They walked hand in hand, Orangu and his human Mamma, while the whole village stayed behind waving them good luck. In the forest Orangu felt at home instantly. He found his way to the Tree which was damaged from the wounds but fighting to live. Orangu ran to it, holding it and greeting it after a long time.

“My heart, my heart is full again!” he sang joyfully, his human mamma watching him, laughing sweetly.

“What is it that you need, how can I help you?” Orangu asked and the tree told him all about the special resin which will help cure the wounds. Orangu searched the forest to find the golden drops of resin that cured the tree which grew faster and stronger every day. Soon Orangu could make a nest in his canopy.

They lived there, Orangu and his human Mamma. She savoured the knowledge of the forest. Learning about the healing energies of the trees, invoking hers in the process. Learning about sacred herbs and plants and all the ways of using them. Mostly she learned the language of Orangu, the forest language of the heart with which she was able to communicate with all beings of the forest.

One day before sunset, she went back to the village. She sat with her husband by the table and told him that she would stay in the forest.

“Every time you miss me you can come to the forest and listen to my singing,” she said before saying goodbye.

Her husband was heartbroken. One evening as he sat alone, crying by the table, his son came. He put his arm around him and started talking in a wise and comforting tone.

“Dear father, I miss her too. But I also love my monkey brother, so much that I feel his home is mine too.”

“I have an idea” he said firmly.

And then told his father about his wish to become a rainforest protector. How he would like to plant trees, teach people about the importance of the forest and keep it safe from hunters. His eyes lit as he was talking, there was passion and love.

“This way we will be close to each other and much good will come out of our connection!”

Father was quickly persuaded, he joined his sons ambitions and helped him form a group of rainforest protectors. They did everything he dreamed about and more. A lot of people joined him in protecting the rainforest.

Very often Orangu came and greeted them in the forest and very often they all sat together, watching the sun falling asleep in the arms of great canopies.