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MONKEYING IN MALAYSIA!

THE TRAVEL DIARY OF AMOS LEE

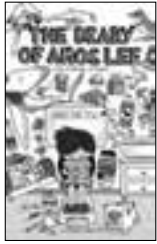


ADELINE FOO

Illustrated by STEPHANIE WONG



THE DIARY OF AMOS LEE SERIES



1
I SIT,
I WRITE,
I FLUSH!



2
GIRLS,
GUTS
AND
GLORY!



3
I'M
TWELVE,
I'M TOUGH,
I TWEET!



3.5
YOUR
D.I.Y.
TOILET
DIARY
TO FAME!



4
LIGHTS,
CAMERA,
SUPERSTAR!

THE TRAVEL DIARY OF AMOS LEE SERIES



5
LOST IN
TAIPEI!



6
MONKEYING
IN MALAYSIA!

THE WHOOPIE LEE SERIES



1
ALMOST
FAMOUS



2
THE BIG
SPELL OFF

MONKEYING IN MALAYSIA!

The Travel Diary of Amos Lee

Written by
ADELINE FOO

Illustrated by
STEPHANIE WONG

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EPIGRAM BOOKS / SINGAPORE

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Published in Singapore by Epigram Books
www.epigrambooks.sg

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Cover design by Stephanie Wong
Illustrations © 2014 by Stephanie Wong

NATIONAL LIBRARY BOARD SINGAPORE
CATALOGUING-IN-PUBLICATION DATA

Foo, Adeline, 1971-

Monkeying in Malaysia! : the travel diary of Amos Lee
/written by Adeline Foo; illustrated by Stephanie Wong.
— Singapore: Epigram Books, [2014]
pages cm. — (The travel diary of Amos Lee series ; 2)

ISBN: 978-981-07-9419-4 (paperback)
ISBN: 978-981-07-9420-0 (e-book)

1. Boys — Singapore — Diaries — Juvenile fiction.
2. Diarists — Singapore — Juvenile fiction.
3. Hiking — Malaysia — Sarawak — Juvenile fiction.
4. Bornean orangutan — Juvenile fiction.

I. Wong, Stephanie, 1979-

II. Title.

III. Series: Travel diary of Amos Lee series ; 2.

PZ7

S823 — dc23 OCN891117812

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either are the product of the author's imagination or are
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living or dead, events, or locales is entirely coincidental.

First Edition

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It was just another uneventful day in school, except for an Assembly talk we had before classes started. Guess who visited us to give the talk? A bunch of people from S.A.I.N.T: Save Animals in Nature Today, a wildlife protection group. The speaker was a passionate man; he spoke animatedly about the urgent need to combat global warming and how vulnerable endangered animals are.

I thought it was going to be the usual yadda yadda speech, until he mentioned something exciting. He spoke about raising funds for a study trip to Sarawak. I had no idea what the money was for...but aha, that was when a light bulb went off in my head!

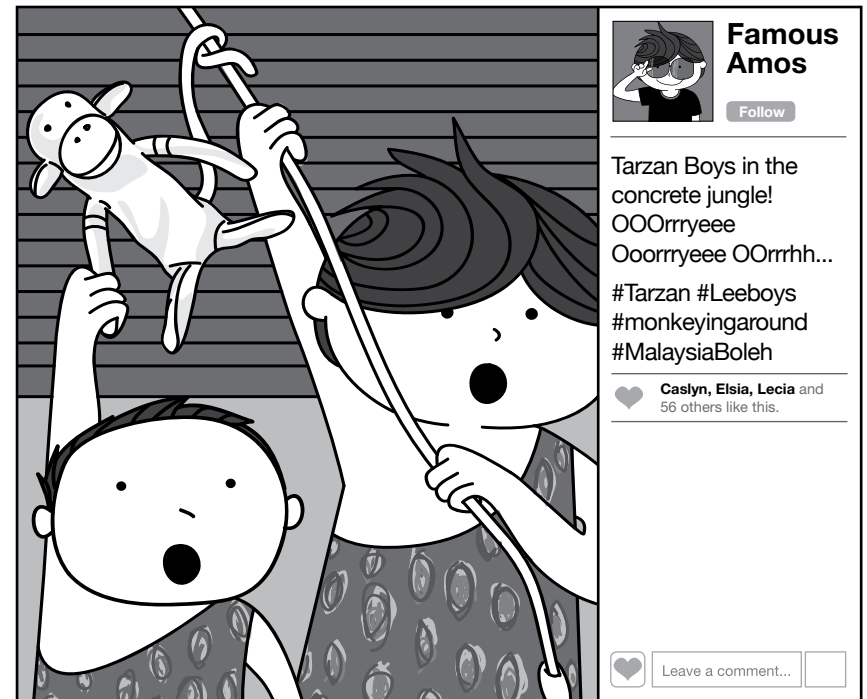
SARAWAK! That's in Malaysia, where my girlfriend lives! Er...maybe it's a little inaccurate to call her that. Let's just say Jolin is an object of my infatuation. (Those are Mum's words, anyway.) We met in Taipei on a cultural immersion trip and we've managed to stay connected since, through WhatsApp and Skype.

Being separated is tough on our friendship. No one understands how difficult it is to stay committed. Imagine: when faced with one free hour before bedtime, would you choose to sneak the Nintendo DS under your blanket to play games before Mum catches you, or would you faithfully lug out your dinosaur of a laptop to chat on Skype with the girl you like?

Jolin has repeatedly asked that I visit her in Malaysia, but each time I bring it up, Mum just rolls her eyes. She says my "fixation" on Jolin is a *phase* that will pass. Whatever that means.

So for the rest of the Assembly talk, I paid close attention to what the man from S.A.I.N.T said. Hmmm...it looks like if we raise funds for their project, we will be given the chance to go on a trip to Sarawak to see animals that have been rescued from environmental destruction. WOW. A FREE trip! Fantastic! But what I like best is that it's a school programme! This would be something that Mum can't possibly say no to. Oh boy, I can't wait to rope in my best friends, Alvin and Anthony, to sign up together.

I wonder what animals we would see? I hope they are BIG, FIERCE and AWESOME! Maybe we'd get to see the Malayan tiger or the Sumatran rhinoceros! I can just imagine the bragging rights I'd get, the PICTURES I'd be posting on Instagram! This is one trip that I really want to go on. Nothing is going to stop me! Malaysia boleh! Oh yeah!



Amos Lee

Wildlife Saviour
Tarzan of Sarawak



TARZAN FORMS A PLAN

Over breakfast, I was on my best behaviour. Even when my annoying brat of a sister screamed at me when I failed to trim the crust off a sandwich I made for her, I held my tongue. Mum looked at me suspiciously when I said sweetly to Whoopie, "Sorry, your highness." I didn't want to overdo my act, so I scowled at my sister. Just for dramatic effect. But Mum caught on to me when I gave Everest a hug for finishing his cereal.

"What is it? What do you want?"

I smiled. Mum is such a genius. "Er...I'm doing this project to raise money. We're saving animals in Sarawak. Can you make a donation?" I asked excitedly.

Mum rolled her eyes. She really did! I was impressed as I could see the whites of her eyes. She said she'd think about it, which usually meant "no". So I thought quickly and added, "But Mum, think of how helpless the animals are out there. With global warming, the change in weather, the HAZE! They NEED ME!" Boy, was I good.

Then Mum said she'd help, by gathering stuff that I could sell to raise money. Huh? But that wasn't what I asked for! The next thing I knew, she was going around the flat and by the end of the morning, she'd packed several cartons of stuff. She was so happy when she announced

cheerily, "Look, your first pop-up store! A fundraiser! This is going to be fun!" I took a peek into the boxes she'd filled up. *Oh man...*

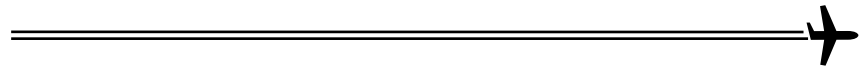
Box 1: Costumes from Everest's kindergarten performances.

Box 2: Whoopie's cups — and trust me, she had enough to fill one entire box! These were cups that she'd used to sing and pound along to the *Cup Song* sung by Anna Kendrick. I sooooo hate the woman for making the song a worldwide hit.

Box 3: Storybooks we had outgrown.

Box 4: Dad's old copies of *National Geographic*.

What is it with my mother? Can't she be *normal* like other mums? Just give me the money!



Alvin and Anthony both readily agreed to join me on the Sarawak project. But what they weren't so keen on was to have their mums offer them stuff to sell, to raise money, too. I guess all mothers must have gone through some sort of *Torture Your Kids* programme to learn how to bring up children. Oh well, the bright side to this was probably knowing that Alvin and Anthony wouldn't be backing out of this trip...after all, their mums had directed them to sell EVERYTHING they were given.

Anthony's Martha Stewart Set-Up:

TWO entire cartons of D.I.Y baking mix which his mum had bought online. He said something about a failed home business venture, which meant his mother would probably have more stuff to pass to us, like glass jars, cookie cutters and baking tins.

Alvin's Beauty Parlour:

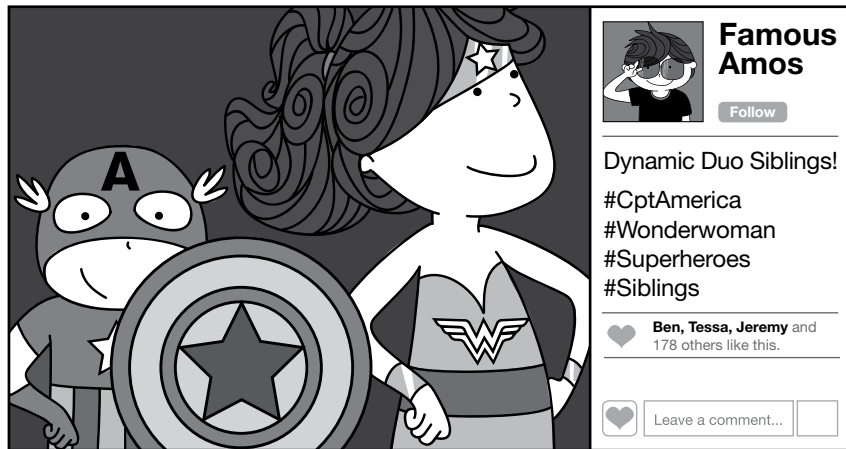
FIVE cartons of shampoo, body oils and organic soaps. Wow. It was mind-boggling! How can anyone use so many beauty products in ONE lifetime? Alvin said they were all products his mother had bought in bulk, as part of some multi-level marketing scheme. Huh? Why would women do such things? How much money can they possibly hope to earn? Think of all the space that these boxes must have taken up in the flat. So Alvin wasn't joking when he said he lulls himself to sleep looking at women's stuff. I'd always assumed he meant girlie magazines.

I wasn't surprised when, before I went to bed, Mum caught me and excitedly announced that she had gathered more goods for me to sell. She said some of her friends are donating unused (what she really meant was unsellable) Tupperware products for my pop-up store. I was too sleepy to bother answering her. Since when did I ask for the Tupperware Women to contribute to my cause? But just as I dozed off, a thought struck me. Maybe these women are not to be scoffed at. I'd heard Mum rave before about the excellent turnouts at

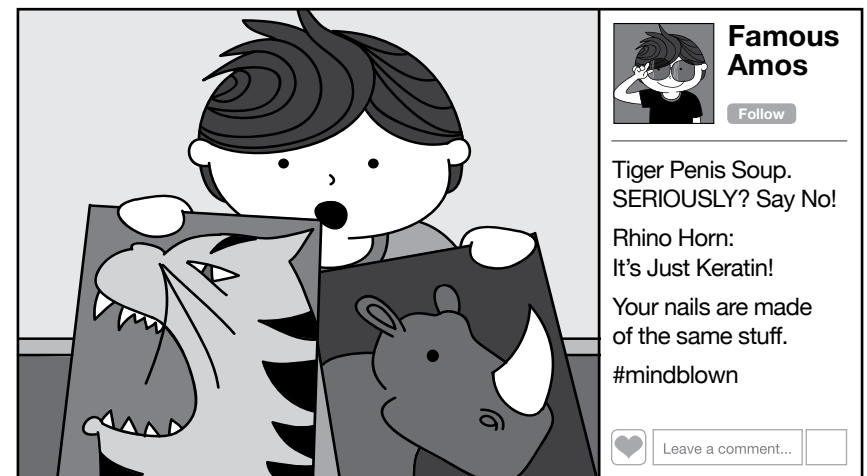
Tupperware parties. Maybe I could mobilise these women to buy ALL our stuff. Mums United. They must share the same interests, right? I'd do anything to get to Malaysia. Nothing will keep me away from Jolin.

T IS FOR "TUPPERWARE" AND "TUBERS"

Finally, I got a chance to do something with my bros. Alvin, Anthony and I spent the entire Saturday morning setting up our pop-up store. I must say I was touched by their commitment. Anthony found time to bake cupcakes the night before. His line-up looked impressive, with all the baking products laid out neatly on a table. Alvin was smart. He recruited Whoopie and Everest as his sales agents. Having dolled them up in Everest's kindergarten costumes, he got them to hand out sampler tubes of body oils to customers as they showed up. I had to admit, my siblings looked cute dressed as superheroes.



As for me, I spent the morning baking potatoes and yams. Then I spread generous amounts of butter and sour cream on them, before packing them into Tupperware products, to be served as welcome bites. Dad also threw his weight behind our fundraiser. He scanned images from copies of *National Geographic* and had them printed as posters highlighting the plight of exploited animals. I put up photos of them on Instagram immediately!



Whoa...I learnt something today. And the posters were AWESOME!

When hordes of Tupperware Women showed up at our flat, I was bowled over. What did Mum do? How did these women hear about our fundraiser? They trooped into our flat in droves. And boy, were they pleased to see their donated Tupperware products used to serve welcome bites.

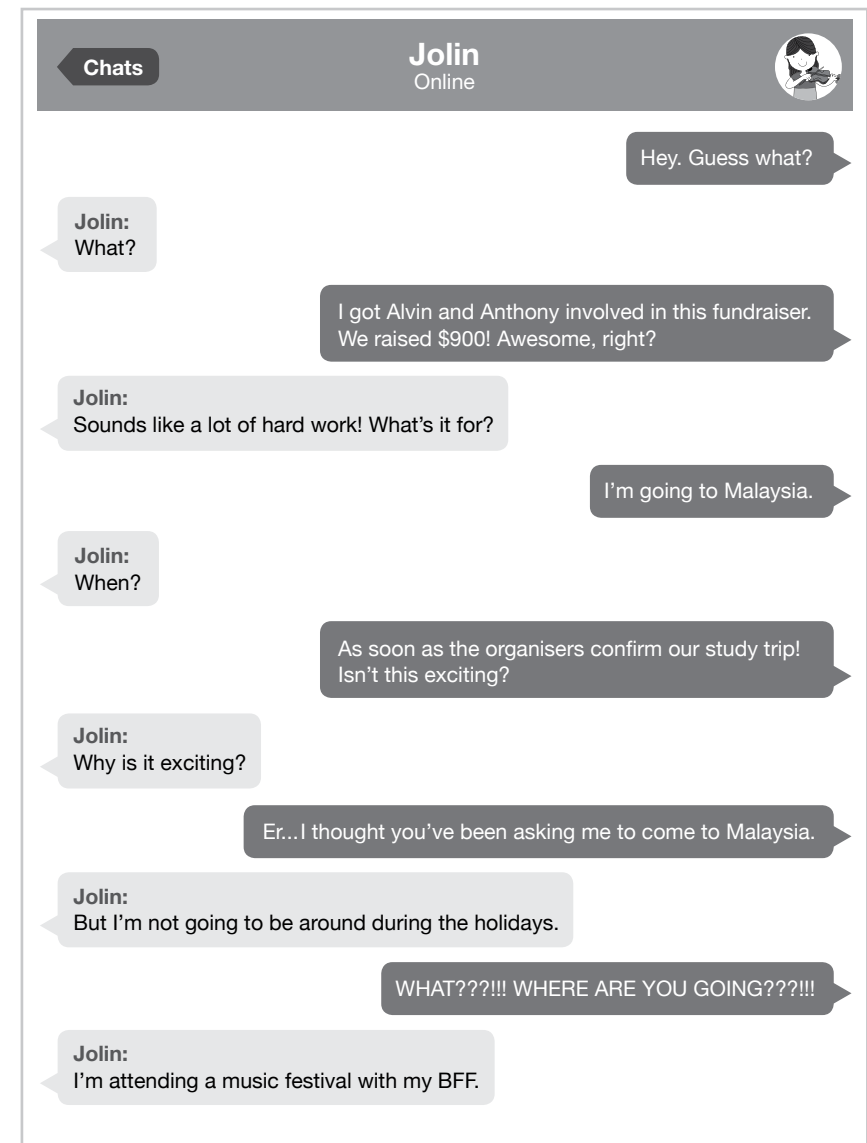
Wolfing down my potatoes and yams, they went around buying up everything in sight. Seriously, I didn't think they understood what we were doing, but they were easy with their money.

Bottles of shampoo, bars of soap, jars of body oils and all of Anthony's baking stuff got swept up. Dad was so excited with the overwhelming response that he gave away all his magazines. Our storybooks were all sold, and so were Whoopie's cups and Everest's costumes. I was pretty sure most of these things would end up as white elephants in these women's homes, but with all the money we'd collected from the sale, I wasn't going to complain.



In the evening, Mum helped me count all the money we'd made. It was close to \$900! Wow. I almost cried with happiness! Jolin, I'm sooooo on my way to Malaysia! If I had any regret over what we'd sacrificed to get this far, it was the small white lie that I'd told Mum.

She asked if I'd remembered to wash and scrub the tubers before baking them. Er...it was my first time, what did she expect? Under all those layers of butter and sour cream, no one would possibly mind some bits of hardened soil that got baked in the oven. Anything that is cooked is safe to eat, right? But I did stop my little brother from touching any of the tubers. Real men don't eat tubers.



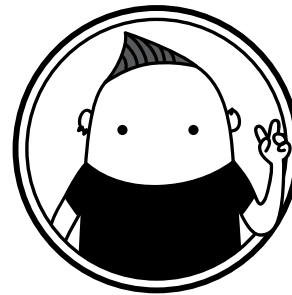


ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Adeline Foo is an MFA graduate of New York University's Tisch School of the Arts, Asia.

She has 25 published children's books, including eight national bestsellers. *The Diary of Amos Lee: I Sit, I Write, I Flush!* won the inaugural Red Dot award for "Best Junior Fiction" presented by the International School Libraries Network (Singapore) in 2009. It also won the Popular Readers' Choice Award in 2011. *The Diary of Amos Lee* is also published in India, Indonesia, China and the Slovak Republic. It has also been adapted for a 10-part TV series on Singapore's MediaCorp children's channel, okto.

Visit www.amoslee.com.sg for more details.



ABOUT THE ILLUSTRATOR

Stephanie Wong is a graphic designer and illustrator. She is the illustrator of the best-selling children's series, *The Diary of Amos Lee* and *The Travel Diary of Amos Lee*. She has also illustrated a picture book titled *The Little Nightingale Who Can't Sing*.

Beside books, Stephanie illustrates for magazines and collaterals, and has participated in numerous exhibitions and workshops in the ASEAN region. Her recent projects include conducting doodle wall sessions for children at the Bookaroo Festival in Delhi, India, exhibiting and holding workshops at Penang's George Town Festival, and participating in Singapore's Asian Festival of Children's Content.

For other adorkable projects, check out her website www.steffatwork.com.

Steff would like to thank Jo Williams for introducing Adeline and her to the many sights, sounds, smells and people of Kuching. MEOW!!





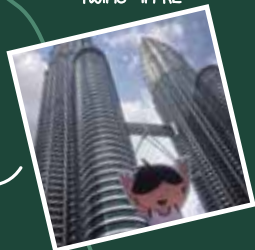
MONKEYING IN MALAYSIA!

THE TRAVEL DIARY OF AMOS LEE

Five days trekking in Sarawak, Malaysia's Batang Ai National Park, with my bros Alvin and Anthony! And I'd be seeing Jolin, *ahem*, the "object of my infatuation" (according to Mum, anyway). I thought this trip would be a walk in the park. But when our chaperone turned out to be a Zealous ex-military guy and we found ourselves trailed by a mysterious creature, we knew we had to get out of the jungle FAST! Imagine our horror when a group of poachers showed up with *shotguns!* Oh man...would we get out ALIVE?

MALAYSIA

The tallest "twins" in KL



SINGAPORE

This is home, truly...



Like a Boss



KUCHING. Cat City!

BRUNEI DARUSSALAM

Brunei and Singapore currency, sama sama. Same, same.

SARAWAK

In the jungle, the mighty jungle...



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ISBN-13: 978-9810794194



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