

# Bhuti Monkey Visits The Doctor!



*Get to know patas monkey Bhuti as she takes a real-life trip to the doctor!*

*Written and Illustrated By Camille Dorian*

A Special Thanks -

to Sue in Aruba for all of Bhuti's nightshirts,  
to cat lady Charlotte Perrin for Bhuti's little red wagon,  
to Randy Dorian for editing, computer programs and  
computer work,  
and an extra big thanks to Dr. Jane E. Meier for Bhuti's  
excellent medical care.

E-MAIL Bhuti for a free copy of her favorite muffin recipe!

To purchase Bhuti Monkey Visits The Doctor books or to order Bhuti Monkey's interactive electronic DVD Doctor Visit book, featuring over 100 real-life monkey photos, as well as videos, children's songs, games, puzzles and bedtime stories, E-MAIL:

*Bhuti@monkeymatters.com*

Or to purchase books or DVD's write to:  
Bhuti at Monkey Matters  
5519 Clairemont Mesa Blvd. #181  
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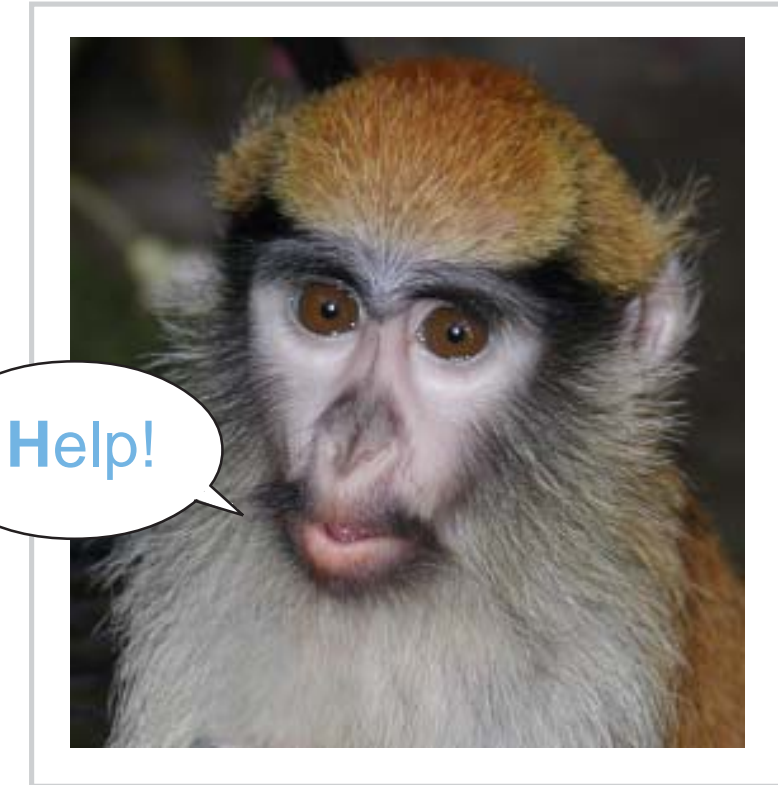
Wild animal poster photos were taken at the World Famous San Diego Zoo,  
and the hands in surgery belong to Dr. Jane E. Meier

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Bhuti (pronounced booty) is an African name that means “buddy” or “friend”. To find out more about Bhuti, e-mail her at [\*Bhuti@monkeymatters.com\*](mailto:Bhuti@monkeymatters.com)

This book is dedicated to all of Bhuti’s friends and to anyone who has ever needed to visit the doctor - and then like Bhuti, found that everything can turn out very well in the end.



**Help!**

My name is Bhuti and I have to go to the doctor.

My mom says so!

“Is it a well-check,” I ask? “Or is it something more?”

“More,” says my mom.

“Oh no,” I say.

Right away I think of my favorite stuffy! “Bear” is soft to hug and just the right size to carry along. “If I go to the doctor’s,” I tell my mom, “Bear just has to come with!”

But I’m still not sure I want to go.

“Gosh Bhuti, says my capuchin friend Heidi. “You should go to the doctor if your mom says. It’s for your own good”.

*Bear just has to come with!*



“Hmmm...” I’m not so sure!

*Gosh Bhuti, it's for your own good!!*

Then my mom tells me what it’s about.

I noticed there was something different about my stomach. I have a little bump, hiding in my fur, where my stomach should be flat.

“It’s about your little bump,” my mom says.

My doctor figures it out right away. "It's a hernia!"  
I was born with it she says.

My doctor says I need some stitches to make my stomach right  
again. "Just a few," she says.

Not all hernias are a health problem. But mine is.

Ugh--who wants to get stitches anyway? Not me.



*A hernia?  
An operation?*

But then my doctor tells me....it will fix the problem.

"Can I take pink medicine instead?" I ask. "Or a pill or even a  
shot?"

"Can I wear a brace or a sling?"

“How about if I eat extra fruit and veggies for a week?”

“Or can we do a magic trick instead?”



“No,” the doctor says. “Some things can only be fixed with stitches”

And it's very special that doctors know how to fix such things.



“You will live a longer healthier life,” my doctor says.

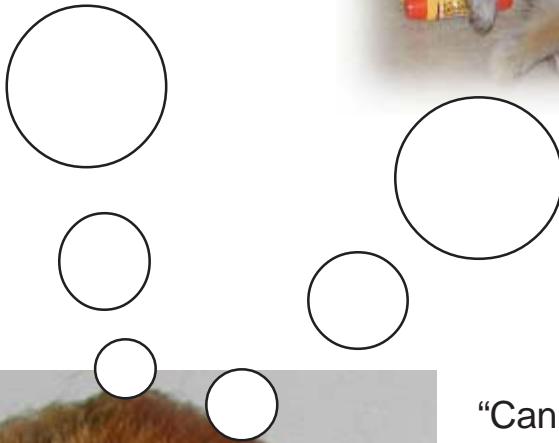
That part sounds great!

Maybe I’ll be a doctor someday!

*Maybe I’ll be a  
doctor someday!*



But then I wonder, “Can I still horse around after I get stitches”



“Can I still play in my jungle outside?”

“Can I do a gazillion flip-flops in the house?”

“Of course,” says my doctor. “All in good time...”

I'm thinking about it...Then I tell my doctor, "But Bear just has to come with, okay?"

"Of course," my doctor tells me.

Then she shows me a giraffe poster that says "Be a good giraffe and eat your veggies!"

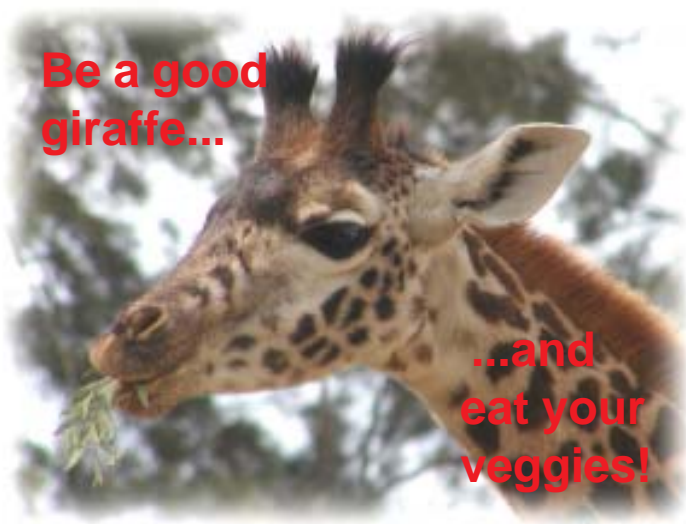
Before we leave the doctor's, I get

*Can my little pink Bear come with?*



a date for the Big Day. My mom says, I'm going to the hospital for my Big Day.

**Be a good giraffe...**



**...and eat your veggies!**

But do I really have to go?

Not everyone goes to the hospital for stitches, she says, but that's where I need to go for my hernia.

"Hmmm..." I'm

not sure I want to.



My mom and dad have a good idea. They buy me some coloring pens and make me a special invitation! It says:



Heidi reads my card. "Gosh Bhuti--that's a nice invitation" she says. Hmm...I think.



While I'm waiting for my Big Day, I things like...

...running on the beach and playing on the swings and eating delicious fruit!

I take care of myself every day by eating good foods.



And my mom helps me make my favorite muffins!

Heidi tries the muffins too.

“Gosh Bhuti,” she says,  
“I’d like another!”

When Heidi goes home, I  
draw a calendar. Then I  
start to count the days.

The Big Day is getting  
closer.



*Gosh Bhuti!  
Great muffins!*

I’m still not sure I want to go. Will I change my mind?



*Will I change  
my mind?*

My mom says,  
“Think about funny  
songs and favorite  
pictures instead.”

So I do, and I pack  
a bag with my best  
stuff, my softest  
blanket and a stack  
of my favorite  
pictures.



*Me, eating  
ants-on-a-log!*



*Best  
Friends  
forever,  
Heidi*



*Love ya kid!  
Auntie Dot*

I pack my picture of Heidi wearing a funny fruit hat!

And one of me in a striped hat.

And one of my mom and dad.

And one of my Great Aunt Dot from Schenectady!

Then my doctor calls to give me instructions for the Big Day: No food or water after midnight the night before.

Skip breakfast?  
Hmmm...

Maybe I'll run away from home instead...



But Bear doesn't want to run away. And Bear doesn't care if we miss a meal.

Then my mom promises me I'll get a new toy when I come home!

"When I get home, I'll need a new toy *and* a good treat," I say.



That night when I go to bed, my eyes keep popping open.  
I need three bedtime stories before I can fall asleep.



And a silly song...

"Do my ears hang low, do they wobble to and fro. Can I tie them in a knot? Can I tie them in a bow? Can I throw them over my shoulder like a continental soldier. Do my ears hang low, low, low.

"Does my nose hang low? Can it wobble to and fro? Can I tie it in a knot? Can I tie it in a bow? Can I throw it over my shoulder..."

"You really do have to go to sleep now," says my mom. "Tomorrow is the Big Day."

But the next morning I change my mind.

“Bear doesn’t want to go either,” I say.

And I am too hungry to skip a meal.



But by now we are in the car. Already, we are almost there.



My mouth turns down and so do my eyes. “I am not happy,” I tell my mom.

“Let’s try to sing a song then,” she says. “And think of happy things.”

So I sing, as my mom drives along. And as I sing I think of silly things like...playing with my stuff...

...and playing with toys...



...and things of all kinds...I think about.....games of hide-and-  
seek.....with my friends.....and of happy things like hugs...

...Then we sing silly songs like...“John Jacob Jingleheimer Schmidt.

That name is my name too.

Whenever we go out, hear  
the happy people shout, John  
Jacob Jingleheimer Schmidt.

Tra-ra-ra-ra-ra-ra....!”

Round two: “Bhuti Monkey  
Jingleheimer Schmidt...”

We go through the names of  
everyone I know...

Before I know it, we’re there.



Still I'm very glad that Bear came with.

Then we go inside and the nurse takes my temperature...

... and then my weight (three and a quarter pounds)...



Then she holds a stethoscope to my chest...



Do they always feel so cold?

I have a good heartbeat, she says.

My doctor comes in and shows me a poster of a meercat. It says, "Smile! You have a nice doctor!"

But then she breaks the news.

I have to get a needle poke!  
"Just one," she says...

"Give it to Bear," I say.

I think I'm leaving. "Ouch!"



Then my mom helps me think of another silly song--the name game...and I sing it to myself over and over.

"Bhuti, Bhuti,  
Fo-Fhuti, Ba-  
nana Fana Fo

Fhuti--Fee Fi Mo Mhuti--Bhuuu-ti!" Then: "Heidi, Heidi, Fo Feidi, Banana Fana Fo Feidi, Fee Fi Mo Meidi. Heiii-di!" I just keep singing....

Then it's anesthetic time. I take a medicine that makes me sleepy. And then I'm feeling so sleepy.

The doctor says, "Look at the hairy nosed wombat poster and 'Rest, relax!'..."

.. I can barely hold my eyes open. My doctor tells me I will be asleep and Bear will stay awake.



Then I sleep and I have some dreams.

I dream about playing with my toys.

I dream about Heidi in her funny fruit hat...

I have happy dreams and I don't feel a thing.

Bear could tell me about my operation later, but only if I want to know.



Maybe in a year.

I dream some more and before I know it...

I wake up and think,

“Where am I anyway?”



Then I touch my stomach. The hernia is gone.

Instead of a bump, now I have stitches.

It was a very good trade!



My stitches are done. "Hooray!"

"The hard part is over," says the nurse. She asks me how I feel.

"Okay now," I say, "but what if my stitches start to hurt when I get home?"

"If anything hurts, you'll get some special medicine," she says. "Then you'll feel fine."



Next my doctor tells me that I'm ready to go home.

"But make sure to rest," she says.



Back at my house, I get a visitor. "Hurry up and get well soon," says Heidi. "And don't forget to rest," she says.

*And don't  
forget to rest!*



“Rest?” I say.  
“What about  
playing with toys  
and tearing up the  
house?”

“Hmmm...” Well,  
okay. I’ll rest if  
Bear will rest...



“But will my stomach ever look right again?”

“Will I ever feel better than I do today?”

“Yes!” says my mom.



Then Heidi sits with me and Bear.

“And gosh Bhuti,” she says, “before you know it you will have your stitches out.”

“Before you know it you’ll be back to normal. You’ll be getting into everything.”



I get a muffin and then I snuggle with Heidi and Bear.

We play puzzles and games.

Then Heidi and I take a nap. Bear too...

The next morning I hardly feel like getting out of bed.

“More rest,” the doctor says.

But the next day I’m up and showing off my stitches. All four of them! My doctor used purple thread!





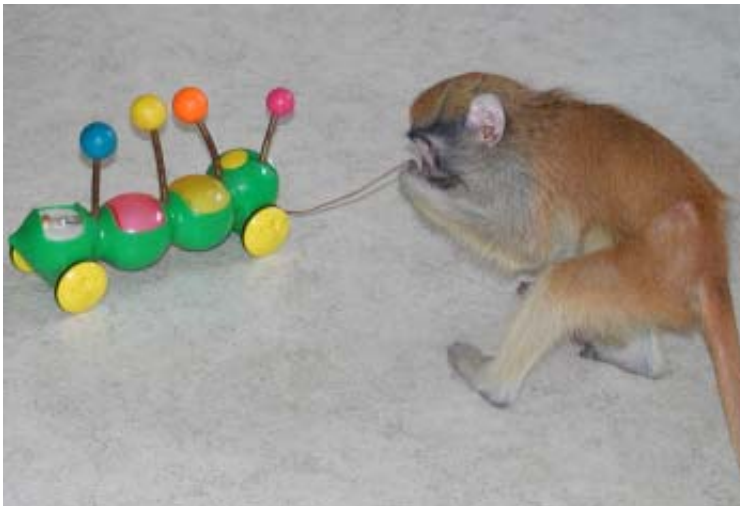
*Where are my picture books?*

My doctor sends me a funny warthog card that says "Hope you're up and around!"

Each day I'm healing a little more and looking for things to do.

Heidi and I look in the basement for a stack of books.

I'm taking good care of myself...



And pretty soon, I'm up and around and playing with my old favorite toys.

I'm getting a gazillion cards in the mail that say, "Get well soon!"



And just like Heidi said, I'm getting into things.

I roll around and play with paper...

...and play with things and play with toys.



Then I give a wagon ride to Bear.

"No monkeying around," says Mom.

But I just have to monkey around!

Then I get my new toy!"

It's a special toy with lots of colors and shapes.

I move all the parts and play with it for a long time.



But then I'm thinking, "When will I get to play outside again?"

It seems like I've played in the house a gazillion days now, so I'm really getting tired of it.

So I go to my doctor for a check.

And she takes my stitches out! It's done so fast and doesn't hurt at all.

"Does this mean I can play outside again?" I ask.

"Yes!" my doctor says.





And Bear comes with! If I can go outside, Bear can go out too. My mom says so!

“Let’s climb!” I tell Heidi. I love climbing in the flowers.

...We explore high and low and climb in the branches of my rubber tree.

“I’m happy that you got well soon,” says Heidi.

“And that we can play outside a gazillion times,” I say.



And guess what?





When I'm all healed,  
everything is back to  
normal.



Except for one  
thing.



I feel even better than I did before!!



The End