

The Snowflake Postman



Yavuz DEMİRKIRAN

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High up in the winter sky, where the air sparkles like sugar, there lived a little snowflake named Flurry. He was tiny, about the size of a coin, with six delicate pointed arms and a soft frosty glow. Flurry had a round friendly face with rosy cheeks and big bright sky-blue eyes. He wore a small red postman satchel with a gold buckle and a matching red cap with a tiny snow-white pom-pom. Every day, Flurry delivered messages across the winter sky.



Flurry loved his job. He would zip and swirl through the frosty air, carrying notes between snowflakes and stars. The other snowflakes called him the Snowflake Postman. 'Special delivery!' he would call, his tiny cheerful smile beaming. One morning, the head snowflake handed him a very important invitation. 'This must reach the Snow Queen's door before sunset,' she said. Flurry's eyes grew wide with excitement and a little worry.



The invitation was written on a shimmering ice card and sealed with a snowflake stamp. Flurry tucked it safely into his red satchel. 'I'll deliver it!' he promised. But the winter sky was vast and full of twisting winds. Flurry had never traveled so far alone. He took a deep breath and launched himself into the chilly air. The wind whistled past his crystal edges, and he sparkled like a tiny star.



Suddenly, a tall, flowing wind spirit named Gusta swirled into his path. She was made of translucent pale grey-white air, with long ribbon-like arms and spiral eyes of soft violet. 'Whoosh! Where are you going, little postman?' she giggled. Before Flurry could answer, she blew him sideways with a playful puff. Flurry tumbled and spun, clutching his satchel tight. 'Oh no! The invitation!' he cried, trying to steady himself.



Gusta laughed and swirled away, her sparkling dust trailing behind her. Flurry was lost. The sky looked different in every direction. He floated this way and that, feeling very small. 'I'll never find the Snow Queen's door,' he sighed. Just then, a calm voice said, 'The wind can be tricky. Let me help you.' It was Nimbus, a grown-up snowflake with eight elegant arms and a long light-blue scarf.



Nimbus wore a small silver compass on a string. 'I'm a sky-wise guide,' he said with a gentle sleepy smile. 'You must learn to read the wind.' He pointed to the swirling air. 'See how Gusta blows? She's playful, not mean. We can use her puffs to move forward.' Flurry listened carefully. He watched the wind's patterns and felt a little braver. 'Thank you, Nimbus!' he said.



As they traveled, a tiny snowflake zipped up beside them. It was Pip, the smallest snowflake in the sky. She had a fluffy round body, short stubby arms, and a wide giggly grin. Her green earmuffs and little yellow bell jingled as she spun. 'I can help!' Pip chirped. 'I'll scout ahead and find the way!' She zoomed off, her bell tinkling like tiny music.



Pip returned in a flash. 'The Snow Queen's door is past the big cloud!' she announced. 'But Gusta is blowing hard there.' Flurry looked worried. 'How will I get through?' Nimbus patted his arm. 'We'll ask the other snowflakes to help.' Pip nodded and spun around, ringing her bell. Soon, dozens of snowflakes gathered, ready to assist the little postman.



The snowflakes formed a sparkling path, linking their arms to make a guide line. 'Follow us!' they called. Flurry felt a warm glow in his heart. With Nimbus beside him and Pip leading the way, he set off. Gusta swooped down again, but this time, the snowflakes called out, 'Please, Gusta, help us! We need to deliver an important invitation!'



Gusta paused, her spiral eyes widening. 'An invitation? How exciting!' She swirled around Flurry, but instead of blowing him off course, she gently pushed him forward. 'Let me help!' she giggled. Her ribbon-like arms created a smooth tunnel of air. Flurry floated through, feeling like he was riding a gentle breeze. The other snowflakes cheered.



At last, they reached the big cloud. Behind it was a sparkling door made of ice, carved with beautiful snowflake patterns. Flurry's heart beat fast. 'We made it!' he shouted. But the door was high up, and Flurry was still tiny. 'How will I reach the mail slot?' he wondered. Nimbus smiled and said, 'Together, we can lift you.'



The snowflakes formed a sturdy bridge, and Gusta blew a soft puff of air beneath Flurry. He rose up, up, up, until he was right at the mail slot. Carefully, he pulled the invitation from his satchel and slid it through. The door shimmered and opened a crack. A warm voice said, 'Thank you, little postman!' Flurry beamed with pride.



Flurry floated back down, and all the snowflakes cheered. Pip jingled her bell joyfully. 'You did it!' she squealed. Nimbus nodded. 'You see, even a small snowflake can do something big when friends help along the way.' Gusta swirled around them, leaving a trail of sparkling dust. 'That was fun!' she laughed. 'Let's deliver more messages together!'



Flurry looked at his friends, his sky-blue eyes shining. 'I couldn't have done it without you,' he said. 'Thank you, Nimbus, for teaching me about the wind. Thank you, Pip, for scouting and gathering help. And thank you, Gusta, for your gentle push.' The snowflakes all glowed a little brighter, happy to have helped.



From that day on, Flurry never felt too small. He knew that every snowflake, no matter how tiny, had something special to give. And whenever the wind blew, he remembered that friends can turn a tricky journey into a wonderful adventure. The winter sky sparkled with kindness and teamwork, and the Snowflake Postman always delivered his messages with a cheerful smile.



So if you ever see a little snowflake with a red cap and satchel, swirling through the winter air, give a wave. It might be Flurry, off on another important delivery. And remember, even the smallest helper can make a big difference when friends are near. The end.