

The Whispering Dunes



Yavuz DEMİRKIRAN

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Amara loved the desert. She loved the warm sand under her dusty sandals and the wind that tugged at her red scarf. Her friend Samir followed with his little notebook, always ready to write things down. One afternoon, as they walked near the dunes, Amara stopped suddenly. "Do you hear that?" she whispered. Samir tilted his head. Far away, soft music floated on the breeze.



The music was like a hum, a whisper, a song without words. Amara's dark brown eyes grew wide. "It's coming from the dunes!" she said. Samir pulled out his notebook and wrote: Day one: heard strange music. "Maybe it's just the wind," he said, but he wasn't sure. The sound was too sweet, too steady. "Let's follow it," Amara said, and she started walking toward the sound.



They walked over the crest of a dune, and the music grew louder. It was a low, humming sound, like a giant breathing. Amara's freckles seemed to dance as she smiled. "It's coming from over there!" she said, pointing to a gap between two tall dunes. Samir looked doubtful. "We should be careful," he said. But Amara was already moving, her braids bouncing. "Come on!" she called. "We have to discover what it is!"



The wind picked up, and the sand swirled around their feet. The music changed, rising and falling like waves. Samir opened his notebook again. "The sound gets louder when the wind blows," he said. Amara nodded. "It's like the sand is singing!" she said. They climbed a steep dune, their sandals sinking into the soft sand. At the top, they saw a narrow valley below, hidden between the dunes.



The valley was long and curved, like a bowl made of sand. The wind rushed through it, and the sand hummed and sang. It was the most beautiful music Amara had ever heard. "It's the wind and the sand playing together!" she said. Samir wrote quickly: The sand makes music when the wind blows. "But how?" he wondered. Amara grinned. "Let's find out!" she said, and she slid down into the valley.



Samir followed, tumbling down the slope in a cloud of sand. When they stood up, the music surrounded them. It came from everywhere and nowhere. Amara spun around, her red scarf flying. "It's like the dunes are talking to us!" she laughed. Samir pressed his ear to the sand. "I can feel it buzzing," he said. He wrote: The sand vibrates. Amara asked, "Why does it only happen here?" Samir shrugged. "Maybe it's the shape of the valley."



They walked along the valley floor, and the music changed with every step. Sometimes it was a deep hum, sometimes a high whistle. Amara danced, her arms out wide. "This is the best discovery ever!" she said. Samir smiled his gap-toothed grin. "But we still don't know why it happens," he said. Amara stopped dancing. "You're right," she said. "We need to investigate."



They sat on a dune and watched the wind. Samir noticed that the sand grains were different sizes. "Look," he said, pointing. "The big grains and the small grains are mixed together." Amara scooped up a handful. "Maybe that's why it makes music," she said. "Like different instruments in a band!" Samir wrote: Sand grains of different sizes. Amara added, "And the wind is the musician!"



The wind blew harder, and the music grew louder. Amara and Samir covered their ears and laughed. "It's like a concert!" Amara shouted. Samir nodded. "But why does the wind make the sand sing here and not other places?" he asked. Amara looked around. "Maybe because the valley is shaped like a giant instrument," she said. They decided to test their idea.



They climbed to the top of the valley wall and looked down. The wind was funneled through the narrow gap, rushing over the sand. Samir sketched the valley in his notebook. "The wind gets faster in the gap," he said. "And the sand is loose and dry." Amara nodded. "So the wind makes the sand grains rub together and hum!" she said. They felt proud of their discovery.



Suddenly, the wind died down, and the music stopped. The valley was silent. Amara looked worried. "Did we break it?" she asked. Samir shook his head. "No, the wind just stopped," he said. "The music will come back when the wind blows again." They waited, and soon a gentle breeze returned, and the sand began to hum. Amara sighed with relief. "It's like magic," she said. "But it's real."



As the sun began to set, the music softened. Amara and Samir knew they had to go home. "We should tell everyone about this place," Amara said. Samir closed his notebook. "But we should also protect it," he said. "So the sand can keep singing." Amara agreed. "We can teach others about the singing sand," she said. "And maybe they can help us learn more."



They climbed out of the valley, the music fading behind them. Amara's red scarf fluttered in the evening breeze. "That was the best day ever," she said. Samir smiled. "And we discovered something new," he said. "Nature is full of surprises." Amara looked back at the dunes. "I want to learn more about how sand makes music," she said. "Maybe there are other singing dunes in the world!"



On the way home, they talked about their adventure. Amara asked endless questions: "Why do some dunes sing and others don't? Does the sand ever get tired? Can we make sand sing at home?" Samir wrote them all down. "We can look for answers," he said. "We can read books and ask experts." Amara grinned. "And we can come back here and listen again," she said.



That night, Amara lay in bed and listened to the wind outside her window. She imagined the sand humming in the hidden valley. She knew that the world was full of wonders, just waiting to be discovered. She couldn't wait to explore more with Samir. "Tomorrow," she whispered, "we'll find another mystery." And she fell asleep with a smile on her face.



The next morning, Amara and Samir met again. They looked at Samir's notebook, full of notes and sketches. "We have so much to learn," Samir said. Amara nodded. "Let's start by finding out more about singing sand," she said. They walked toward the library, ready for a new adventure. They knew that nature's music would always call them back to the whispering dunes.