

The Giant's Tiny Garden



Yavuz DEMİRKIRAN

The Giant's Tiny Garden

Yavuz DEMİRKİRAN



In the green valley, where rivers sang and bluebirds looped through the sky, lived Bruno. He was the biggest, strongest giant around—fifteen times taller than a human, with hands as big as carts. His warm tan skin was freckled across a broad nose, and thick curly auburn hair topped a round, friendly face. But Bruno's favorite thing was not stomping or shouting; it was his tiny garden.



Bruno's garden was no bigger than a dinner plate. In it grew the smallest flowers in the valley: pink pimpernels, tiny blue speedwells, and little white daisies. His huge knuckled hands could lift boulders, yet they trembled near a single petal. He wore a soft green tunic with rolled sleeves and kept a small magnifying lens on a cord around his neck. 'Careful, Bruno,' he whispered to himself, 'gentle as a breeze.'



Every morning, Bruno knelt by his tiny garden with his magnifying lens. He squinted through it, checking each leaf for thirsty soil. His hazel eyes were kind, but his fingers were clumsy. One day, his thumb brushed a daisy and snapped its stem. 'Oh no!' he groaned. 'I'm too big for this.' He sat back on his leather sandals, fretting over the little broken flower.



Bruno decided to build tiny tools. From twigs and bent pins, he made a rake no longer than his thumbnail and a watering can from an acorn cap. He worked all afternoon, his bushy beard dusty with sawdust. But when he tried to use them, his huge fingers fumbled. The rake flipped over, and the acorn cap spilled. 'I need help,' Bruno sighed, 'and maybe smaller hands.'



That evening, a family of mice scurried past Bruno's foot. The leader, Pippa, wore a red knitted scarf and a little apron with a seed packet pocket. She stood tall on her hind legs, tiny pink paws on her hips. 'We've watched you struggle,' she squeaked. 'We know about tiny gardens. We could help.' Bruno's round face lit up. 'Would you? Please?'



Pippa brought her family: her practical sister, her playful pups, and old Tobias. Tobias was a dusty brown mouse with grey streaks, long white whiskers, and half-closed thoughtful eyes. He wore a blue waistcoat with brass buttons and round spectacles. He moved slowly, but his voice was calm and wise. 'Gardening,' Tobias said, adjusting his specs, 'is mostly patience.'



Bruno showed the mice his tiny garden. Pippa marched around each plant, her tiny gardening gloves on. 'This one needs less water,' she said. 'That one needs more sun.' Tobias knelt by the soil, his notched ear twitching. 'Soil should be soft as a cake,' he said. 'And never rush a seed.' Bruno nodded. 'I'll try,' he said, 'I'll try to be gentle.'



Day by day, Bruno practiced being gentle. He held the tiny rake between two fingers and moved it slowly. Pippa sat on his thumbnail, pointing. 'Not so fast. Easy does it.' When Bruno accidentally squashed a seedling, he sighed. 'I'm sorry, little plant.' Tobias patted his toe. 'Mistakes happen. Patience, Bruno. Patience.' And Bruno kept trying, one careful movement at a time.



One morning, Bruno found a strange sprout in a corner of his garden. It had silver-blue leaves that glowed faintly. 'That's the valley's rarest flower,' Pippa whispered. 'It blooms once every hundred years.' Tobias nodded. 'It needs the gentlest care of all.' Bruno built a small shelter of woven willow around it and checked it every hour, his big heart thumping with hope.



The flower grew taller, reaching as high as a human knee. Its thin green stem was fragile, and its downy leaves shivered in the breeze. Bruno brought it water in a thimble, drop by drop. 'You're doing great,' Pippa said, sitting on his shoulder. 'I've never seen it bloom,' Tobias said softly. 'This will be a day to remember.' Bruno smiled, his hazel eyes shining.



Then one afternoon, the sky turned dark. A big storm rolled over the valley, with wind that howled and rain that pelted. Bruno's tiny flowers bent low. The rare flower's silver-blue petals trembled. 'It won't survive!' cried Pippa. Bruno's huge body could block the wind, but he had to move carefully. 'Get inside!' he told the mice. 'I'll protect it.'



Bruno knelt beside the willow shelter, his huge body a wall against the storm. Rain soaked his auburn hair, and wind tugged his beard. He cupped his enormous hands around the flower, leaving a tiny gap for air. 'Easy now,' he murmured. 'I've got you.' The mice huddled nearby, watching. Tobias called out, 'You're doing it, Bruno! Gentle and strong!' And Bruno held on, patient as a mountain.



For hours, Bruno stayed still. His arms ached, and his knees hurt, but he didn't move. The storm raged, but inside Bruno's careful hands, the flower glowed softly. One by one, the silver-blue petals opened wide. A golden center shone like a tiny sun. The storm began to fade. Bruno's eyes filled with tears. 'It bloomed,' he whispered. 'It really bloomed.'



When the sun returned, the whole valley came to see. The rare flower stood tall and bright, its silver-blue petals sparkling. The mice cheered, and Pippa hugged Bruno's thumb. 'You saved it,' she said. Bruno shook his head. 'We saved it. I couldn't have done it without your help.' Tobias smiled. 'You learned what matters most: patience and gentleness.'



From that day, Bruno's tiny garden grew more beautiful than ever. He built more willow shelters and tiny tools, and the mice family became his dearest friends. Giants from far away came to see the garden. 'How do you do it?' they asked. Bruno held up his huge hands. 'With a gentle touch and a patient heart,' he said. And the mice nodded, for they knew it was true.



So if you ever meet a giant with curly auburn hair and a magnifying lens, don't be afraid. He might be the gentlest soul in the valley. Bruno still tends his tiny garden every day, and the rare flower still blooms. And everyone knows that being kind and patient can be a giant's greatest strength—even bigger than his hands.