

The Little Costume Dragon



Yavuz DEMİRKIRAN

The Little Costume Dragon

Yavuz DEMİRKİRAN



In a cozy village nestled between green hills, there lived a little dragon named Ember. He was small for a dragon, about the height of a child, with soft mint-green scales and tiny wings. Ember wore a bright red sewing apron with big pockets, and a yellow measuring tape hung around his neck. He loved to sew and create, but he kept his hobby mostly to himself.



Every year, the village held a grand parade. Mayor Bramble, tall and stooped with white curly hair and a red-feathered hat, organized it with great care. He loved tradition and expected a simple march. "A straight line, nice and orderly," he would say, tapping his wooden cane. The villagers nodded, though some secretly wished for a little more fun.



Ember watched the preparations from his little workshop. He had a secret: he loved making costumes. In his cozy room, he stitched and sewed, turning ordinary fabric into magical designs. His best friend, Pip, a curious boy with freckles and a small drum, often helped him. "One day, everyone will see your talent," Pip said. Ember just smiled shyly and kept sewing.



As the parade day drew near, Ember worked harder than ever. He measured everyone with his yellow tape, though they didn't know why. Granny Willow, with her silver bun and lavender shawl, lent him extra fabric and thread. "Hidden talents are like seeds," she said wisely. "They just need a little sunshine to grow." Ember nodded, his amber eyes sparkling with an idea.



The night before the parade, Ember couldn't sleep. He tiptoed to the village square with a bundle of costumes. One by one, he hung them on the backs of chairs, each labeled with a name. There were sparkling capes, feathered hats, and shimmering skirts. He worked quietly, his thimble glinting in the moonlight, until every costume was in place.



The next morning, the village woke to a surprise. On every doorstep lay a beautiful costume. Pip found a drum major's jacket with gold braid. Granny Willow discovered a shawl covered in embroidered flowers. Mayor Bramble gasped at a tall hat with a rainbow feather. "Where did these come from?" everyone wondered. Pip just grinned and pointed toward Ember's workshop.



Ember peeked from behind his curtain as the villagers tried on their costumes. They laughed and twirled, amazed at how wonderful they felt. The plain parade was forgotten. Instead, people began to dance and skip. Pip grabbed his drum and started a lively beat. "This is better than a simple march!" cried Mayor Bramble, his eyes twinkling.



The parade began, but it was like no other. Villagers in costume marched with a spring in their step. The baker wore a giant cupcake costume, the blacksmith sparkled as a knight, and the children fluttered like butterflies. Ember, still shy, watched from the side. His red apron and yellow tape were all he wore, but his heart swelled with joy.



Mayor Bramble called for attention. "Who made these marvelous costumes?" he asked. Everyone looked around. Pip pointed to Ember. "He did!" The little dragon blushed, his mint-green scales turning pink. The villagers cheered. "Speech! Speech!" they chanted. Ember shuffled his feet, his tiny wings fluttering nervously. He wasn't used to so much attention.



Granny Willow stepped forward. "Ember has a gift," she said. "He sees beauty where others see plain cloth. We should celebrate his talent." The villagers nodded, and Mayor Bramble declared, "From now on, Ember will be our official costume designer!" Ember's amber eyes widened. He had never felt so proud. He smiled, and his thimble gleamed in the sun.



The celebration continued with music and dancing. Pip drummed a happy tune, and everyone joined in. Ember was lifted onto shoulders and carried around the square. He laughed, his shyness melting away. "I just wanted to make the parade special," he said. "You did more than that," said Mayor Bramble. "You made it unforgettable."



As the sun set, the village square glowed with lanterns. Ember stood with his friends, feeling warm and happy. He realized that sharing his talent had brought everyone closer. "Maybe being a little different is a good thing," he thought. Granny Willow winked at him. "See? Hidden talents shine brightest when shared." Ember nodded, his heart full.



The villagers promised to wear their costumes every year. Ember's workshop became a busy place, filled with fabric and laughter. Children came to learn sewing, and Pip helped with music. The plain parade was gone forever, replaced by a spectacular festival of color and fun. And Ember, the little costume dragon, was at the center of it all.



From that day on, Ember never hid his talent again. He made costumes for every occasion, and the village became famous for its joyful celebrations. Mayor Bramble retired his simple march and embraced the new tradition. "Change can be wonderful," he said, adjusting his rainbow-feathered hat. Ember smiled, his yellow tape measure always ready.



The yearly parade became a grand theatrical festival. Each year, Ember designed new costumes, and each year, the villagers discovered new talents. They learned that everyone has something special to share. And they all lived happily, celebrating together with music, dancing, and laughter.



And so, the little costume dragon taught his village a gentle lesson: unexpected talents should be valued. When we share what we love, we make the world brighter and more joyful. Ember still wears his red apron and yellow tape, but now he wears them with pride, knowing that even a small dragon can make a big difference.