

# The Iceberg Library



Yavuz DEMİRKIRAN

# **The Iceberg Library**

Yavuz DEMİRKİRAN



Far out in the icy sea, where the water shines like glass, a giant iceberg floated all alone. But this was no ordinary iceberg. Inside its blue-white walls was a cozy library, warm with lamplight and the smell of old paper. Snowflakes tapped softly on the ice windows, and every book sat neatly on its shelf, waiting for a reader.



The librarian was a small, round penguin named Pip. He wore round glasses, a neat little tuft of feathers on his head, and a knitted teal scarf with red stripes. Every morning he polished the shelves and checked each book with care. "Knowledge is a treasure," he liked to say, "and treasures need protecting." Then he would smile and stamp a library card with a happy thump.



Pip's favorite helper was Millie, a young seal with silvery-grey spotted fur and a bright yellow waterproof apron. She could swim faster than anyone and balance a tower of books right on her nose. Grandpa Walrus came too, huge and gentle, with long white tusks and a red woolly hat. The three friends kept the iceberg library bright and busy all winter long.



One morning, Pip noticed something strange. The ice beneath his feet felt slippery and soft, and a thin ribbon of water ran down the shelf. He pressed his beak to the window and gasped. A warm current was nudging the iceberg, pushing it slowly, steadily, south toward the sunny sea. The books would melt and ruin if nobody acted fast.



"Wake up! Wake up!" Pip called, waddling down the icy hallway. Millie popped her head from the water, whiskers twitching. Grandpa Walrus rumbled awake and straightened his spectacles. Pip pointed south with one flipper. "The warm current is carrying us away," he said. "We must rescue every single book before the ice gets soft." The helpers nodded bravely.



First, Pip made a plan. He opened his little brown satchel and pulled out a list, checking every shelf with quick, careful eyes. "Millie, you carry the heavy stacks," he said. "Grandpa Walrus, you push the crates. I'll slide the picture books down the ramp." Everyone knew exactly what to do, and they started right away, working fast and steady.



Millie dove into the water and swam to the lowest shelf. With a flick of her strong tail, she lifted a stack of storybooks and balanced them on her nose. "Easy does it!" she chirped, gliding along the icy tunnel. Behind her, Grandpa Walrus pushed a wooden crate with his big tusks, humming a slow, rumbling tune that made the shelves shake just a little.



The iceberg creaked and tilted as the warm current tugged it along. Small drips began to fall from the ceiling, plip, plip, plop. Pip slid the picture books down a shiny ramp, one after another, catching each one before it hit the floor. "Careful with the big atlas!" he called. "That one has a map of every ocean in the world."



By noon, the library was a busy blur of sliding books and splashing flippers. Millie stacked volumes on her back until she looked like a spotted book mountain. Grandpa Walrus rolled a barrel of encyclopedias across the ice, his red pompom hat bouncing. "Ho ho!" he chuckled. "This is the fastest our little library has ever moved!" Pip smiled, though his heart was thumping.



But the warm water was rising faster now, trickling between the shelves. A puddle crept toward the poetry section, and the ice beneath the reading corner glowed a dangerous blue. Pip checked his list and saw one shelf still full. "The fairy tales are trapped!" he cried. "Millie, hurry! Grandpa, push the big crate closer to the wall!"



Millie shot through the water like a silver arrow. She squeezed into the narrow gap and gently scooped the fairy-tale books onto her back. Grandpa Walrus leaned his huge shoulder against the crate and shoved it across the slippery floor, right up to the dripping shelf. "Got them!" Millie squealed, her whiskers dripping. "Every last one!" Pip stamped his flipper on the list, cheering loudly.



The last book was a tiny, soggy volume of bedtime stories. Pip tucked it carefully into his satchel, next to the library cards. Grandpa Walrus and Millie pushed the final crate down the ramp, and the friends piled onto a wide, safe raft of ice. Behind them, the old library gave a soft, gentle sigh as the warm current carried it away.



"We saved every book," Pip said, breathing hard. Millie flopped beside him, her yellow apron soaked but her eyes shining. Grandpa Walrus tipped his red hat. "Not every book," he said with a wise, gentle smile. "We saved every story, every map, every poem. That is the real treasure." The little raft drifted north, away from the warm sea, and the friends huddled close and warm.



Days later, they found a new iceberg, tall and cold and strong. Together, they slid the crates inside and set the books on fresh, snowy shelves. Pip hung a sign that read, in neat painted letters, the iceberg library. Millie stacked the picture books on her nose, and Grandpa Walrus settled into a big, cozy reading chair, ready to share a story with anyone who swam by.



Word spread across the icy sea, and soon penguins and seals and gulls came to visit the new library. Pip polished the shelves each morning and checked every book with care. "Knowledge is a treasure," he told each new helper, straightening his striped scarf. "And treasures need protecting." Then he stamped a card with a happy thump, and the cozy library glowed warm inside the cold, bright ice.



And if you ever swim far out across the icy sea, look for a blue-white iceberg with a lamplight glowing inside. You might see a small penguin in round glasses, a seal in a yellow apron, and a walrus in a red pom-pom hat. They will welcome you warmly, share a story, and remind you that some treasures, once saved, float on forever.