

The Shy Yeti



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High on a snowy mountain, where the wind sang soft songs, lived a shy young yeti named Yuki. His fur was fluffy and white as fresh snow, and his amber eyes sparkled like warm honey. Yuki loved two things most: collecting pretty stones and making snow sculptures. But whenever he saw the village children far below, his tummy did a nervous flip, and he hid behind a snowdrift.



Yuki's satchel was woven from grass, and a blue stone dangled from its strap. In his pocket, he kept a smooth grey pebble for luck. His best friend was Pip, a small snow hare with a tiny red scarf. Pip's ears had grey tips, and his nose twitched at everything. 'Why don't you say hello?' Pip asked, but Yuki just shook his head and whispered, 'Maybe tomorrow.'



Down in the valley, the village buzzed with plans for the winter snow festival. Children built snowmen and hung paper lanterns, and Grandpa Toma, the village elder, organized the snow sculpture contest. His white beard wagged as he gave instructions. 'This year will be the best festival ever!' he said. Yuki watched from behind a pine tree, wishing he could join the fun.



One day, a curious girl named Mira spotted Yuki peeking from the trees. She wore a red pompom hat and a mustard-yellow coat, and her two black braids bounced as she waved. 'Hello!' she called. Yuki's heart thumped, and he ducked behind a bush. Pip nudged him forward, but Yuki whispered, 'What if they don't like me?'



Mira didn't give up. The next morning, she left a small gift at the edge of the forest: a bright orange carrot for Pip and a shiny blue bead for Yuki. Yuki's eyes grew wide with wonder. He carefully placed the bead in his satchel and smiled a tiny smile. 'She's kind,' he whispered to Pip, who twitched his nose in agreement.



Yuki wanted to thank Mira, but his shyness felt like a heavy blanket. He decided to make her a snow sculpture instead. All day, he shaped a beautiful snow rabbit with long ears and a fluffy tail, just like Pip. He placed it where Mira would see it. When she found it, she gasped with delight. 'It's wonderful!' she cried, and Yuki's heart glowed.



Mira told the other children about the mysterious sculptor. They left little gifts too: a ribbon, a pinecone, a painted stone. Yuki collected each one, his satchel growing full. He began to sculpt more snow creatures: a bear, an owl, a fox. The children giggled and clapped, and Yuki's smile grew wider. But he still felt too nervous to step out and say hello.



Then one afternoon, a low rumble echoed across the mountain. The snow on the high slopes shifted and cracked. Grandpa Toma looked up and shouted, 'Avalanche! Everyone to the square!' The children ran, their hearts pounding. Yuki saw the wave of snow rushing toward the festival sculptures. Without a thought, he bounded down the mountain, his big feet thumping through the drifts.



The avalanche crashed toward the village, but Yuki planted his huge hands and pushed back against the snow. His fluffy white fur stood on end, and his amber eyes blazed with determination. 'Hold on!' he roared. With all his might, he shoved the snow aside, creating a safe path. The sculptures stood untouched, and the villagers stared in awe.



When the snow settled, Yuki stood panting, his fur dusted with white. Mira ran to him and threw her arms around his leg. 'You saved our festival!' she cheered. Grandpa Toma hobbled over, leaning on his walking stick. 'Thank you, young yeti,' he said warmly. 'You are a true friend to our village.' Yuki's cheeks turned pink under his fur.



The villagers gathered around Yuki, offering thanks and smiles. Mira took his big hand in her small one. 'Please join us for the festival,' she said. Yuki's heart raced, but Pip gave him a gentle nudge. 'Small brave steps,' Pip seemed to say. Yuki nodded and let Mira lead him into the village square.



At the festival, lanterns glowed like tiny moons, and the air smelled of gingerbread. Children showed Yuki their sculptures, and he showed them his satchel of pretty stones. 'This one is from the river,' he said softly. 'This one sparkles like frost.' The children listened with wide eyes, and Yuki forgot to be shy.



Grandpa Toma announced the winner of the snow sculpture contest: Yuki's beautiful rabbit. Everyone clapped, and Mira placed a wreath of pine on Yuki's head. 'You made our festival special,' she said. Yuki beamed, his amber eyes shining. He realized that courage didn't mean being unafraid; it meant taking one small step at a time.



As the festival ended, Yuki promised to visit often. He returned to his mountain with a happy heart and a satchel full of new treasures. Pip hopped beside him, and the blue stone on Yuki's satchel jingled. 'Same time tomorrow?' Mira called. Yuki nodded and waved, his smile as bright as the winter sun.



From then on, Yuki wasn't a shy yeti anymore. He still loved collecting stones and making snow sculptures, but now he shared them with friends. Every week, he visited the village, and the children ran to greet him. Yuki learned that friendship begins with a single brave step, and kindness makes the world warm and bright.



And if you ever climb that snowy mountain, you might find Yuki sculpting a new snow creature. His fluffy white fur glistens, and his amber eyes sparkle. Pip wears his red scarf and twitches his nose. They are always ready for a new adventure. After all, there's nothing like a friend to make the snow feel warm.