

# The Frozen Music Box



Yavuz DEMİRKIRAN

# **The Frozen Music Box**

Yavuz DEMİRKİRAN



Mika and Tobi were explorers. They loved snowy days and secret places. One morning, they followed a trail of sparkling ice. It led them to a giant glacier that hummed with cold, blue light. 'What a treasure map!' Tobi cheered, his orange scarf flapping. Mika smiled, her red pom-pom hat bouncing. 'Let's see what's waiting,' she said.



The glacier stood tall and shiny, like a frozen castle. Mika and Tobi stepped carefully on the crunchy snow. Their boots made soft squeaks. Tobi's curly ginger hair peeked out from his hood. 'Do you think there's a cave?' he asked. Mika nodded. 'Maybe. But we must be gentle. Ice can be delicate.' They walked slowly, looking for clues.

Like finding.  
One were using lush.



Suddenly, Mika stopped. 'Look!' she whispered. Deep inside the ice, something glowed. It was a small box, silver and pale blue, with tiny snowflakes painted on it. 'A music box!' Tobi gasped. He wanted to grab it, but Mika held his arm. 'Wait,' she said. 'We can't just break the ice. We need a plan.'



Tobi jiggled his satchel. 'I have a wooden tool,' he said. 'We could chip the ice.' Mika shook her head. 'Not too fast. The box is old and delicate. If we rush, we might hurt it.' She looked at the frozen treasure. 'We need patience. Like when we build a snowman, one snowball at a time.' Tobi nodded, though his fingers tingled with excitement.



They began to work. Mika used her blue mittens to brush away loose snow. Tobi tapped the ice gently with his wooden tool. Chip, chip, chip. Tiny pieces fell away. 'Slow and steady,' Mika said. Tobi grinned, his chipped tooth showing. 'Slow and steady,' he repeated. The glacier creaked softly around them, as if watching.



Hours passed. The sun moved across the sky. Tobi's arms grew tired. 'Can we go faster?' he asked. Mika pointed to the box. 'See how pretty it is? If we hurry, we might crack it. Let's take a break and drink some cocoa.' They sat on a snowbank, sharing warm cocoa from a flask. Tobi felt better.



After the break, they worked again. Mika noticed a pattern in the ice. 'The box is frozen in a bubble of air,' she said. 'If we chip around it, the ice might loosen.' Tobi nodded. He tapped very lightly, like a woodpecker. Mika brushed away the bits. Slowly, the bubble grew clearer. The music box seemed to glow a little brighter.



Tobi's curiosity bubbled over. 'What kind of music does it play?' he wondered. Mika smiled. 'I don't know. But we'll find out when it's free.' She hummed a little tune. Tobi joined in, making up words. Their song echoed off the glacier. For a moment, the air felt warmer. The ice around the box seemed to soften, just a tiny bit.



Then, a problem. A big chunk of ice blocked their way. Tobi tried to push it, but it wouldn't move. 'It's stuck!' he said. Mika studied the chunk. 'We can't force it. Let's find another way.' She looked around and spotted a thin crack. 'If we chip here, the chunk might slide away.' They worked together, patient and careful.



Chip, chip, chip. Tap, tap, tap. Finally, the chunk shifted and rolled aside. 'We did it!' Tobi cheered. Mika clapped her blue mittens. Now the music box was almost free. Only a thin layer of ice held it. Mika said, 'Now we must be extra gentle. Like holding a butterfly.' Tobi nodded. He held his breath.



Mika used her mittens to melt the last bit of ice with her warm hands. Slowly, the music box came loose. It was cold and shiny. Tobi held it carefully. 'It's so small,' he whispered. 'And look, a tiny key!' A silver key hung from its side. Mika turned it gently. The box opened with a soft click.



A melody began to play. It was a winter song, soft and sweet, like snowflakes dancing. The ballerina inside twirled. Mika and Tobi listened, eyes wide. 'It's beautiful,' Tobi said. The glacier seemed to hum along. The air grew warmer, and the ice sparkled brighter. The forgotten song filled the frosty air.



As the music played, something magical happened. The glacier stopped creaking. Instead, it seemed to sigh happily. Tiny icicles tinkled like bells. 'The glacier likes it,' Mika said. Tobi hugged the music box. 'We saved it.' They sat together, listening until the song ended. Then everything was quiet, but the warmth stayed.



Mika looked at Tobi. 'You were eager, but you learned to be patient.' Tobi grinned. 'And you knew just what to do.' They decided to leave the music box in a safe spot, where others could hear it. 'Maybe someone else will find it and remember to be gentle,' Mika said. They placed it on a ledge of ice, where it glowed softly.



On the way home, Tobi said, 'That was the best treasure ever.' Mika nodded. 'And we didn't break anything. We protected it.' The sun set, painting the snow pink and gold. Their hearts felt full. They knew that patience and care had brought back a forgotten song. The glacier behind them felt a little happier, and so did they.



That night, Mika and Tobi drank cocoa by the fire. 'I'll never forget that melody,' Tobi said. Mika smiled. 'Me neither. And we learned something important: some treasures are delicate, and they need slow, gentle hands.' They promised to always be patient explorers. And somewhere, the music box played on, its winter melody warming the cold, blue ice.