

Bubble Island



Yavuz DEMİRKIRAN

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Emma loved the sea. Every morning she put on her yellow raincoat with white polka dots, pulled on her blue rubber boots, and ran to the beach with her little red backpack. She hunted for shells and watched the waves roll in. But today the waves were extra sparkly. Something wonderful was waiting for her.



Out past the rocks, Emma saw a giant clear bubble floating above the water. Inside it was a tiny island with green hills and little houses that shimmered in the sun. 'A bubble island!' Emma gasped. She rowed her little boat closer. The bubble surface wobbled like a soap film, and then a small door opened with a soft pop.



Emma stepped inside and blinked. The island's houses were made of soap bubbles! They shone pink and blue and gold. Little creatures with mint-green skin and tiny wings zoomed around. One bounced up to her. 'Hi! I'm Pip,' he said, adjusting his goggles. 'Welcome to our floating home!' Emma smiled. 'I'm Emma. This is amazing!'



Pip gave Emma a tour. They passed Granny Mist, a plump lavender creature with a silver bun, who waved from her bubble porch and poured tea from a bubble-shaped teapot. 'Mind the wind, dears,' she called. 'It's been gusty today.' Emma noticed the big bubble shield around the island. It hummed and sparkled, but it also shivered a little.



Pip led Emma to the Bubble Keeper, a tall round creature with pearly-blue skin and fluffy white hair. He wore a long silver coat trimmed with tiny iridescent bubbles. In his hand, a wand held a glowing bubble. 'I am the guardian of our shield,' he said softly. 'But the wind is growing stronger, and I'm worried.'



Just then, a powerful gust shook the island. The bubble shield stretched and creaked. 'Oh no!' cried Pip. 'The wind might pop it!' The Bubble Keeper raised his wand, but his hands trembled. 'I've tried everything,' he sighed. 'But I can't make the shield strong enough alone.' Emma looked at the worried creatures. 'We can help!' she said.



Emma had an idea. 'What if we all blow bubbles together?' she asked. 'Lots of small bubbles might make a big, strong shield!' Pip's eyes lit up. 'Yes! And we can use my bubble machine!' He zoomed off and returned with a contraption of pipes and a crank. Granny Mist gathered the islanders. 'Let's all help,' she said warmly.



Everyone got to work. Pip cranked his machine, and streams of bubbles floated up. Emma blew bubbles through a wand. The Bubble Keeper waved his magic wand, and the bubbles joined together. But the wind kept blowing them away. 'They're too light!' Emma shouted. 'We need something to hold them in place.' She thought hard.



Pip had an idea. 'What if we weave the bubbles with something sticky?' he said. 'Like Granny Mist's honey drops!' Granny Mist hurried to her bubble house and brought a jar of golden honey drops. 'These will make the bubbles stick together,' she said. They added the honey to the bubble mix, and the bubbles became stronger and stretchy.



The Bubble Keeper smiled. 'That's it! We'll weave a net of bubbles around the island!' Everyone joined hands. Emma and Pip blew bubbles. Granny Mist stirred the honey mix. The Bubble Keeper guided the bubbles into a sparkling net. The net grew bigger and bigger, wrapping around the island like a warm blanket. The wind howled, but the net held firm.



The big wind pushed and pushed, but the bubble net stretched and bounced back. It didn't pop! The islanders cheered. 'We did it together!' Emma laughed. The Bubble Keeper looked at the smiling faces around him. 'I thought I had to protect the island alone,' he said. 'But teamwork made us stronger than any wind.'



The wind finally died down. The sun came out, and the bubble shield sparkled brighter than ever. Granny Mist poured tea for everyone. 'To our new friend Emma,' she said, raising her cup. 'And to teamwork!' added Pip. Emma felt warm and happy. She had helped protect their floating home, and she had made wonderful new friends.



Emma visited Bubble Island every day after that. She and Pip tested new bubble ideas, like rainbow bubbles and giant bouncy bubbles. The Bubble Keeper taught her how to shape bubbles with a gentle breath. Granny Mist always had tea and honey drops ready. The island was safe and sparkling, and Emma knew she would never forget it.



One breezy afternoon, Emma stood at the edge of the island, watching the sea below. The Bubble Keeper came to stand beside her. 'You showed us that sharing the work makes us strong,' he said. 'The shield is better than ever.' Emma smiled. 'And I learned that even a big problem can be solved when friends join hands.'



When it was time for Emma to go home, all the islanders gathered. Pip gave her a tiny bubble that never popped. 'So you can always find us,' he said. Granny Mist wrapped her in a warm hug. The Bubble Keeper waved his wand, and a bubble bridge formed, leading down to Emma's boat. 'Come back soon!' everyone called.



Emma rowed home with the tiny bubble glowing in her pocket. She looked back and saw Bubble Island floating above the sea, its shield shimmering like a thousand smiles. She knew that as long as friends worked together, the places they loved would stay safe and sparkling. And that was the best magic of all.