The Yeti's Summer Garden

Yavuz DEMİRKIRAN

The Yeti's Summer Garden

Yavuz DEMİRKIRAN

High in the snowy mountains, where the wind whistled and the pines wore white hats, lived a cheerful yeti named Yuki. His fur was as soft as a cloud, with pale blue shading on his hands and feet. He wore a red knitted scarf and carried a moss-green satchel. Every morning, Yuki stepped out of his icy cave and smiled at the sparkling world. He loved the snow, but he often wondered what it would be like to grow something green.

One bright morning, a jolly voice called through the crisp air. It was Merchant Mira, a short, stocky woman with warm brown skin and twinkling eyes. She wore a patched orange coat and a wide-brimmed hat. Her basket overflowed with colourful seed packets. 'Tropical seeds!' she announced. 'From faraway jungles where the sun shines hot!' Yuki's amber eyes grew wide with wonder. He traded a bundle of soft moss for a handful of tiny, shiny seeds.

Mira gave Yuki a red knitted scarf as a gift. 'For luck,' she said with a wink. Then she trudged off down the mountain, her boots leaving deep prints in the snow. Yuki hurried to his cave, clutching the seed packets. He read the names aloud: mango, papaya, hibiscus, and bird-of-paradise. He imagined juicy fruits and bright flowers. 'I will grow a tropical garden right here!' he declared, his fluffy tuft bouncing with excitement.

Yuki chose a sunny spot near his cave, where the snow was thinnest. He dug into the cold earth with his big, gentle paws. He planted each seed carefully, patting the soil and whispering, 'Grow, little seeds, grow!' He watered them with melted snow from a hollow stone. Every day, he checked on them, his red scarf flapping in the chilly wind. But the seeds stayed hidden. Nothing green appeared. The soil remained cold and bare.

Days turned into weeks. Yuki's garden showed no signs of life. He sat on a rock, his broad shoulders slumped. 'Maybe I did something wrong,' he sighed. 'Maybe tropical seeds don't like the snow.' He thought about giving up. But then he remembered Mira's twinkling eyes and her words: 'For luck.' He decided to ask for help. Just then, a tall, slender figure appeared on the path, carrying a notebook and a magnifying glass.

It was Doctor Fern, a botanist with short silver-white hair and bright green eyes behind round spectacles. She wore a deep blue coat with many pockets and yellow gloves. 'Hello!' she called. 'I'm visiting the mountain to study alpine plants. What's troubling you, friend?' Yuki pointed to his bare patch of soil. 'My tropical seeds won't grow,' he said sadly. Doctor Fern knelt down and examined the cold ground. 'Ah,' she said gently. 'I see the problem.'

Doctor Fern pulled out her magnifying glass and showed Yuki the seeds. 'These seeds come from a warm, sunny place,' she explained. 'They need heat and light to wake up. Your mountain is beautiful, but it's too cold and dark for them.' Yuki's ears drooped. 'So I can't grow them here?' Doctor Fern smiled. 'Not outside,' she said. 'But we can make a special home for them—a greenhouse!' Yuki's amber eyes lit up with hope.

Together, they gathered recycled glass from an old cabin and wooden frames from fallen branches. Yuki's strong paws made the work easy. Doctor Fern showed him how to angle the glass to catch the sunlight. They built a small greenhouse next to the cave, with a stone floor that soaked up warmth during the day. 'The glass traps the sun's heat,' Doctor Fern explained. 'It will keep your tropical plants cozy, like a little summer.'

Inside the greenhouse, Yuki planted the seeds again, this time in warm, soft soil. Doctor Fern gave him a small thermometer to check the temperature. 'Keep it warm and watered,' she said, 'and be patient.' Yuki nodded, his red scarf wrapped tight. He visited the greenhouse every morning, even when snow piled high outside. He talked to the seeds and made sure the glass was clean so sunlight could stream in.

One morning, Yuki lifted a pot and gasped. A tiny green sprout pushed through the soil! Then another, and another. 'They're growing!' he cheered, dancing around the greenhouse. Doctor Fern came running and clapped her yellow-gloved hands. 'You did it!' she said. 'You gave them what they needed.' Yuki's heart swelled with pride. He had learned that different plants need different things—and that was perfectly okay.

As the weeks passed, the greenhouse filled with lush green leaves. A mango seedling stretched toward the glass, and a hibiscus bud appeared, bright as a jewel. Yuki showed Doctor Fern his notebook, where he had drawn each plant and written notes about its needs. 'You're a true gardener now,' she said. 'You understand your plants.' Yuki beamed. 'I couldn't have done it without you,' he said. 'And without Mira's seeds!'

Merchant Mira returned on her yearly route, her basket full of new treasures. When she saw the greenhouse, her eyes sparkled. 'A tropical garden in the snow!' she exclaimed. 'How wonderful!' Yuki gave her a ripe papaya from his first harvest. 'Thank you for the seeds,' he said. 'They taught me that with a little warmth and care, anything can grow.' Mira hugged him, and they shared the sweet fruit together.

Doctor Fern packed her notebook and magnifying glass. 'I must continue my journey,' she said. 'But I'll write to you about plant care.' Yuki waved goodbye, his red scarf fluttering. He looked at his greenhouse, glowing in the afternoon sun. 'I'll keep learning,' he promised. 'And I'll share my garden with anyone who visits.' The mountain felt warmer now, not just because of the greenhouse, but because of the kindness he had found.

That evening, Yuki sat by his cave, watching the stars twinkle above the snowy peaks. He thought about how the tropical seeds had changed his life. He had learned that every living thing has its own needs, and that understanding those needs is the key to caring for them. He smiled, his amber eyes reflecting the starlight. 'Tomorrow,' he whispered, 'I'll plant another seed.' And he did.

From that day on, Yuki's greenhouse became a little haven of green in the white mountains. He grew mangoes, papayas, and bright hibiscus flowers. He even started a small garden of mountain herbs outside, because he learned that some plants love the cold. Visitors came from far and wide to see the yeti with the tropical garden. Yuki always greeted them with a warm smile and a cup of herbal tea.

And so, high in the snowy mountains, a cheerful yeti proved that with curiosity, kindness, and a little help from friends, you can grow wonderful things—even in the unlikeliest places. Yuki's summer garden bloomed all year round, a reminder that learning about different environments helps us care for living things. The end.