

The Friendship Telescope



Yavuz DEMİRKIRAN

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Oliver sat on his porch steps, chin in his hands. The afternoon felt quiet and a little lonely. His best friend Emma had moved far away last month, and the house next door stood empty. He missed her laugh and the way she always shared her cookies. A small green backpack hung from his shoulder, as if ready for an adventure that never came.



Oliver decided to explore the attic to cheer himself up. Dusty boxes and old chairs filled the corners. In a wooden chest, he found a brass telescope with a note tied to it: 'For looking at friends far away.' Oliver's amber eyes widened. He carried the telescope to the window and peeked through. At first, he saw only clouds and rooftops.



Then the telescope wiggled and glowed! Through the lens, Oliver saw a cozy room with a lavender bed. There was Emma, writing at a desk, her red ponytail swaying. She looked sad, just like him. Oliver gasped. 'The telescope shows distant friends!' He watched as Emma sighed and stared out her window, missing her old home.



Oliver's heart thumped. He wanted to call out, but the telescope only showed pictures. Emma picked up a pencil and wrote slowly. Oliver wished he could tell her he missed her too. He remembered the note: 'For looking at friends far away.' Maybe the telescope was a hint to do something more than just watch.



Oliver grabbed paper and a pencil. He wrote: 'Dear Emma, I miss you. The telescope shows me you. Do you miss me too? Write back!' He drew a little telescope and a smiley face. Then he ran to the mailbox, his red sneakers slapping the sidewalk. He sent the letter and hoped with all his heart.



Days passed. Oliver checked the mailbox every morning. No letter. He peeked through the telescope and saw Emma reading a book, her star hair clip shining. She didn't look happy. Oliver worried. Maybe she forgot him? He decided to write again, this time with a joke: 'Why did the telescope go to school? To get a little brighter!' He mailed it and waited.



On Friday, a lavender envelope appeared! Oliver tore it open. 'Dear Oliver, I miss you tons! The telescope is amazing. I saw you writing too. Let's be pen pals. Write soon!' Oliver jumped so high his green backpack bounced. He ran to the telescope and saw Emma smiling at her window, holding his letter.



They began sending messages back and forth. Oliver wrote about his new friend in art class. Emma wrote about her cat climbing a tree. Each letter made Oliver feel less lonely. The telescope showed Emma laughing as she read his jokes. It was like a secret window into each other's days, and Oliver loved it.



One day, Oliver looked through the telescope and saw Emma frowning at a blank paper. She looked stuck. Oliver wrote: 'Having trouble? Write about your favorite star.' Emma replied: 'I wrote about our friendship—it's my brightest star.' Oliver's freckles crinkled as he grinned. The telescope showed her giggling, and he felt warm inside.



Oliver realized the telescope wasn't magic—it was just a nudge to reach out. He started writing weekly letters without needing to peek. Emma did too. They shared stickers and drawings. Their friendship grew strong again, even though miles stretched between them. The telescope sat on his shelf, a reminder of the adventure that brought them back together.



Then Oliver had an idea. He wrote: 'Let's send a message in a bottle—well, a box! We can each put in a small treasure.' Emma agreed. Oliver packed a shiny marble and a joke. Emma sent a star sticker and a pressed flower. When the boxes arrived, they opened them on the same day, and the telescope showed them both smiling.



Oliver looked through the telescope one last time and saw Emma waving at her window. He waved back, though she couldn't see him. He knew now that friendship needs staying in touch, like watering a plant. The telescope had shown him that Emma missed him too, and that a simple letter could bridge any distance.



Oliver wrote a final note for that week: 'Dear Emma, let's promise to write every week. No matter what.' Emma's reply came fast: 'Promise! You're my best friend forever.' Oliver taped her letter to his wall. The telescope gleamed on his shelf, a quiet helper that had turned loneliness into a happy adventure of words.



Weeks passed, and the letters never stopped. Oliver's green backpack now carried stamps and paper everywhere. He and Emma traded stories about school, pets, and dreams. The telescope showed them both laughing more. Oliver learned that keeping a friend close takes a little effort—and a lot of heart.



One evening, Oliver sat on his porch, writing a letter under the sunset. He looked through the telescope and saw Emma doing the same, her red ponytail glowing in the light. They couldn't talk out loud, but their letters spoke volumes. Oliver smiled, feeling lucky to have a friend who was far away but always near in his heart.



The telescope taught Oliver that friendship is like a bridge—you have to build it a little every day. He and Emma still write every week, and the telescope stays on his shelf, ready for new adventures. Oliver knows now that staying in touch keeps friends close, no matter how many miles apart they are.