

The Singing Fountain



Yavuz DEMİRKIRAN

The Singing Fountain

Yavuz DEMİRKİRAN



In the heart of the village square, a stone fountain stood like a dear old friend. It was no ordinary fountain. Whenever someone made a wish, it sang a soft, shimmering melody. Mira, a small girl with curly black hair in two puffs, loved to listen. She often sat on the fountain's edge, her yellow polka-dot dress spread around her, making secret wishes and smiling at the songs.



Mira's best friends were Toby and Lily. Toby, with his round glasses and gap-toothed grin, always carried an orange backpack full of craft supplies. Lily, tall and graceful, wore a silver star pin and carried a wooden flute. Together, they skipped to the fountain every morning. 'What will it sing today?' Toby asked. Lily closed her eyes. 'Something happy, I hope,' she said, and the fountain trilled a bright tune.



One morning, Mira raced to the square, her red canvas shoes tapping on the stones. But the fountain was silent. No melody. No shimmer. Nothing. She waited. She wished. Still nothing. 'Where is the singing?' she whispered. Toby and Lily arrived, and their smiles faded. 'It's never been quiet before,' Lily said softly, holding her flute. The whole village seemed to hold its breath.



Grandpa Sol, tall and stooped, leaned on his carved walking stick. His white beard moved as he spoke. 'Long ago, the fountain sang only when wishes were shared with hope,' he said. 'People used to gather, make wishes together, and celebrate. But lately, everyone has been too busy to share.' Mira's dark brown eyes grew wide. 'Then we must remind them!' she declared. 'We can bring the celebration back!'



Mira gathered the children in the square. 'The fountain needs our shared wishes,' she said. 'Let's make a celebration with music, dancing, and hopes for everyone!' Toby's cowlick bounced as he nodded. 'I'll build lanterns and decorations!' Lily raised her flute. 'I'll teach the songs!' The children ran home to prepare. That afternoon, they met again with paper, paint, and big ideas.



Toby's orange backpack spilled ribbons, glue, and colored paper. He made paper lanterns shaped like stars and moons. His round glasses slid down his nose as he worked. 'Oops!' he laughed, dropping a glue stick. 'It's sticky everywhere!' Mira cut ribbons and wrote invitations. Lily practiced a new tune on her flute. 'This song is for hope,' she said. The children worked until sunset, their hearts full of plans.



Lily taught the younger children the celebration tune. 'Follow the notes like a happy river,' she said, her beaded braids swinging. The little ones hummed and clapped. Mira wrote wish notes on small slips of paper. 'Write your dearest hope,' she told everyone. 'We'll read them at the celebration.' Toby hung lanterns across the square. 'It's going to be beautiful!' he cheered, tripping over a bucket but catching himself just in time.



Word spread through the village. Parents, grandparents, and neighbors peeked out of windows. 'A celebration?' they asked. 'For the fountain?' Some smiled. Some shrugged. But the children's excitement was contagious. Grandpa Sol walked slowly through the square, his straw hat shading his kind eyes. 'When I was a boy, we sang and danced until the fountain bubbled with song,' he told them. 'Shared wishes are powerful.'



On the day of the celebration, the square was full of people. The fountain stood quiet and grey. Mira stood on a low wall, her curly puffs bouncing. 'Welcome, everyone!' she called. 'Today we share our wishes!' Toby's lanterns glowed in the afternoon light. Lily lifted her flute and played the first notes. The children sang, and their voices rose like birds. The fountain remained still.



Toby led a silly dance, his mismatched socks making everyone laugh. Some grown-ups tapped their feet. Then Grandpa Sol spoke. 'Let us each make a wish, not for ourselves alone, but for our neighbors too.' People looked at each other. Slowly, they began to write their hopes on Mira's wish notes. A little boy wished for his grandmother's garden to grow. A baker wished for warm bread for all.



Lily played her flute, and the children sang louder. Mira read wishes aloud: 'A safe home for the birds.' 'Friendship for the lonely.' 'Enough rain for the crops.' The villagers listened, and their hearts opened. Someone started clapping. Another joined in. Soon the whole square was clapping and swaying. The air felt warm and bright. And then, a tiny sound—like a hummingbird's whisper—came from the fountain.



The fountain bubbled. A single, shining note rose into the air. Everyone froze. Then another note, and another, until a melody poured out like a ribbon of sunlight. 'It's singing!' Mira shouted. The fountain's song was the sweetest they had ever heard, full of hope and joy. People cheered and hugged. Toby jumped up and down, his glasses askew. Lily laughed and played her flute along with the fountain's tune.



Grandpa Sol raised his walking stick. 'The fountain sings when wishes are shared with love,' he said. 'Today, you all remembered.' The villagers nodded, some wiping happy tears. They made a promise to gather every season to share their hopes. Mira looked at the fountain, its water sparkling. 'We'll never forget,' she whispered. The fountain sang on, a gentle reminder that together, they were stronger.



From that day on, the village square was always busy. The fountain sang every time someone made a wish with a kind heart. Children played nearby, and grown-ups stopped to chat. Mira, Toby, and Lily became the official celebration planners. They kept a big jar of wish notes on the fountain's edge. 'Every wish adds a note to the song,' Lily said. And the fountain hummed its happy agreement.



As the sun set, the village held hands around the fountain. Its melody wrapped around them like a warm blanket. Toby's lanterns twinkled like stars. Mira smiled, her satchel full of wish notes. 'When we share our hopes,' she said, 'our community grows stronger and happier.' Everyone nodded. The fountain sang a lullaby, and the village felt like one big family, ready to dream together.



That night, under the stars, the fountain kept singing. Its song drifted through windows and into dreams. Mira hugged her friends. 'We did it,' she said. Toby grinned his gap-toothed grin. Lily played one last note on her flute. The village slept peacefully, knowing that shared wishes had brought the fountain back to life. And the square, with its singing fountain, would always be a place of hope and joy.